THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illust Weekly Magazine
Founde Benj. Franklin

APRIL 2, 1910

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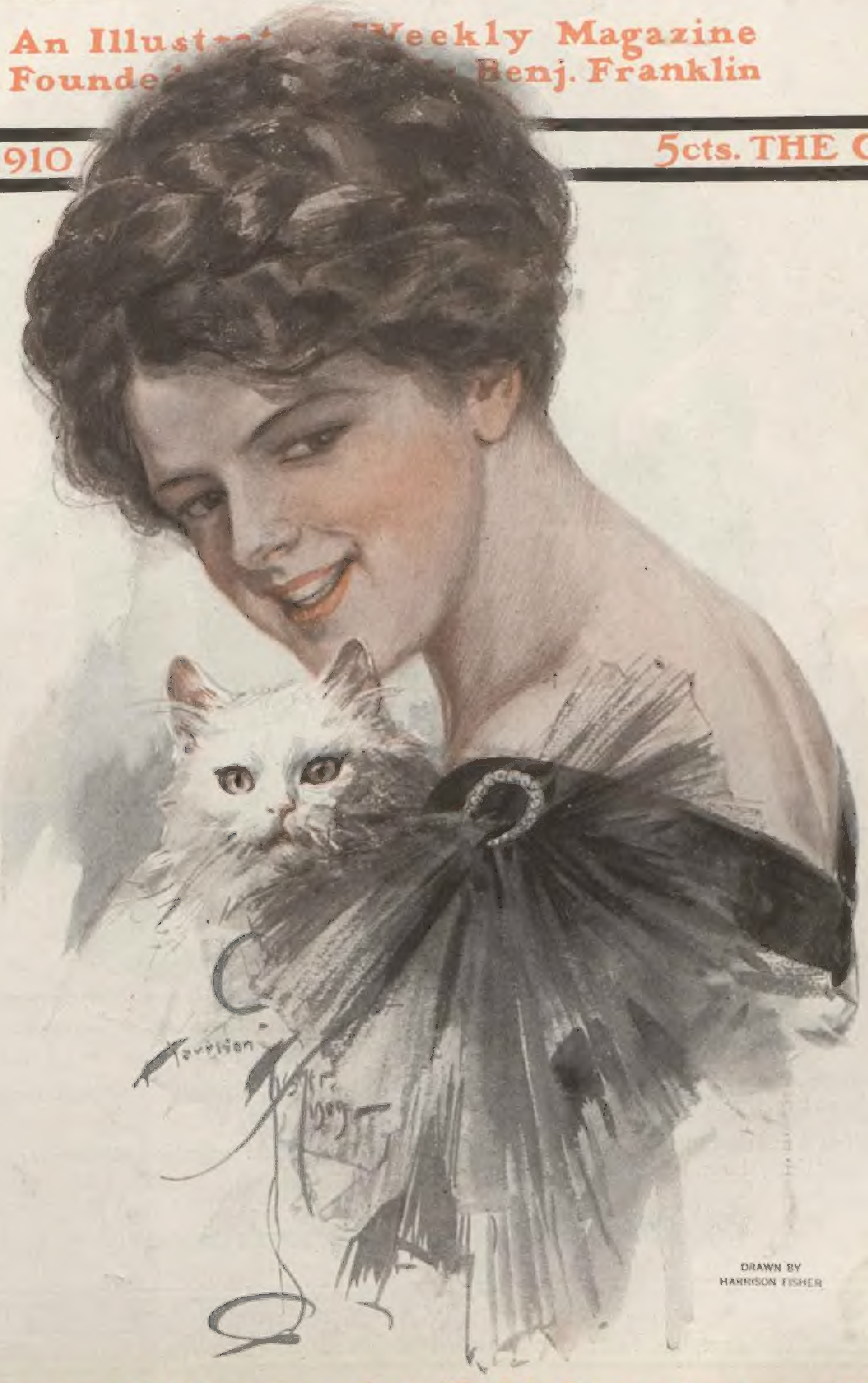
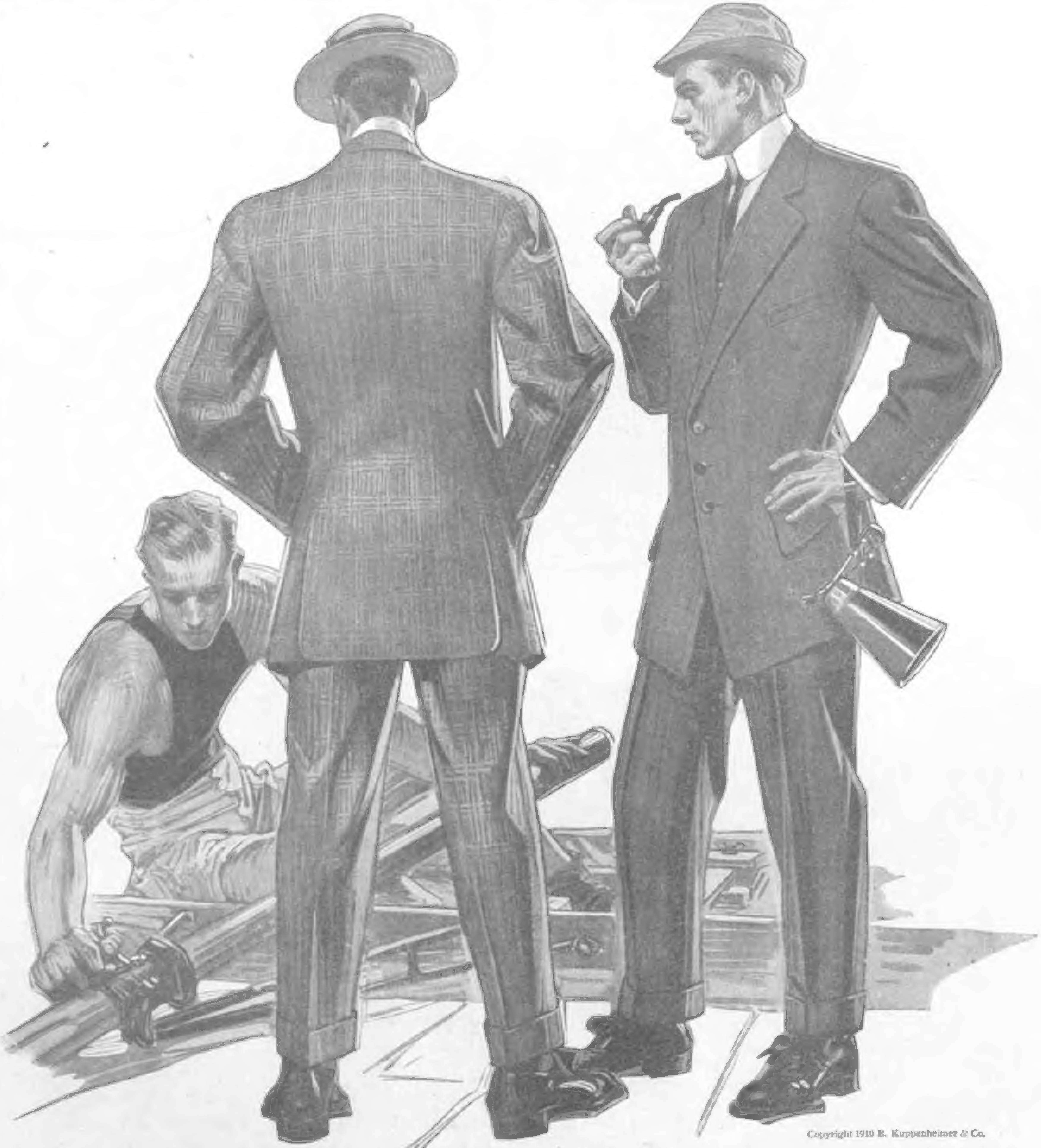


DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

More Than a Million and a Half Circulation Weekly



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The man who is active and athletic, wants clothes that yield perfect freedom—yet retain their shape and beauty—clothes that have right lines, real style, snap and color.

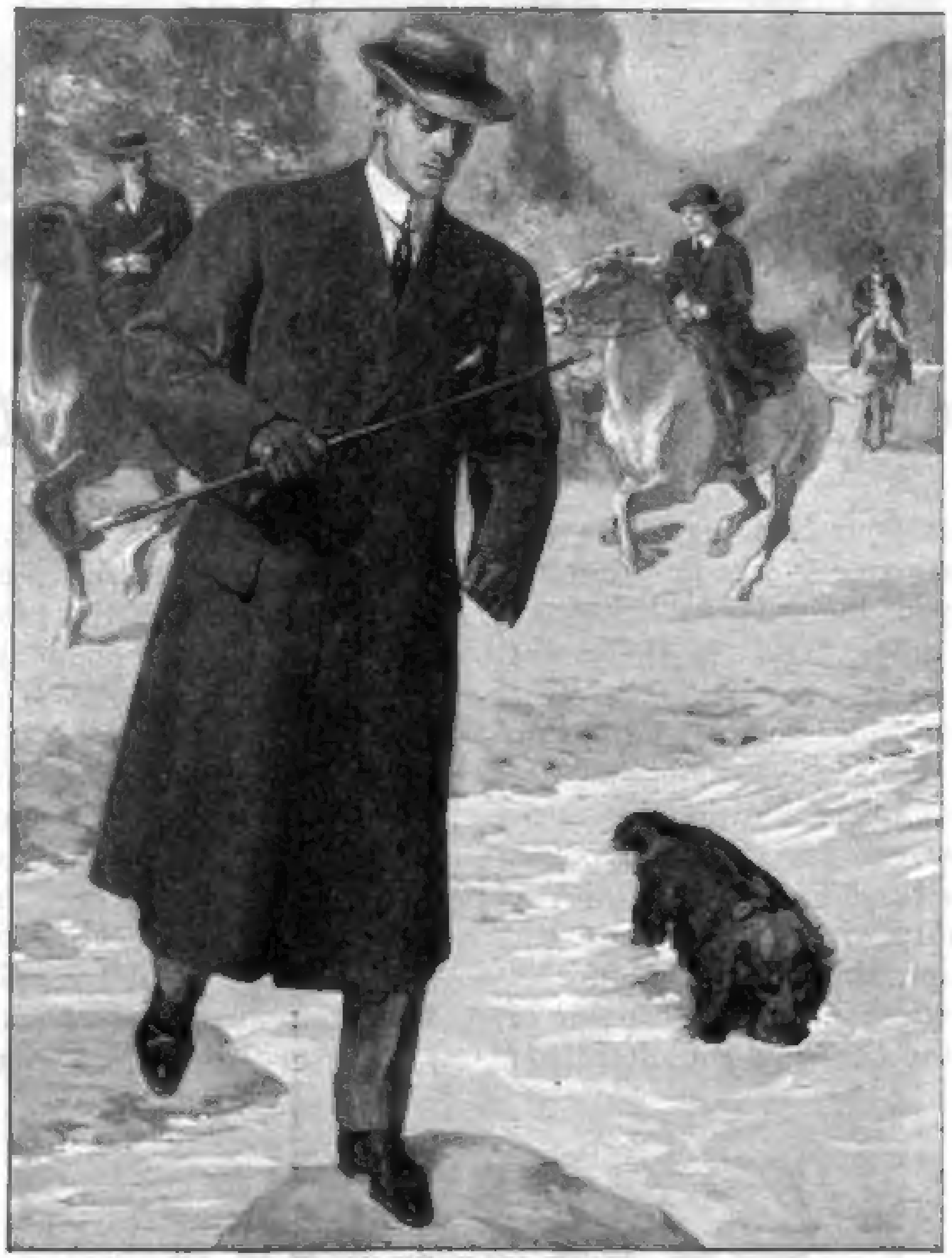
Kuppenheimer Clothes meet the hardest requirements—are as serviceable as they are beautiful—pure virgin wool fabrics.

You'll find the patterns and designs that please you best among our new spring and summer models—now being shown by the better clothiers.

Send for book, Styles for Men.

The House of Kuppenheimer

Chicago New York Boston



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The retail merchant who is so eager to make his own profit that he forgets his customer's profit, isn't doing business in a fair way. The best merchant is one who is as careful about the value he gives as about the value he gets.

READ that paragraph over; it is quoted from a book sent by us about a year ago to all dealers in Hart Schaffner and Marx clothes. It expresses our idea of our business and our merchandise.

This giving of value is the main idea with us; we believe that it is the main idea of all merchants who sell our clothes. In these days of steady deterioration in clothes, our all-wool security, fine tailoring, and style supremacy are at a premium.

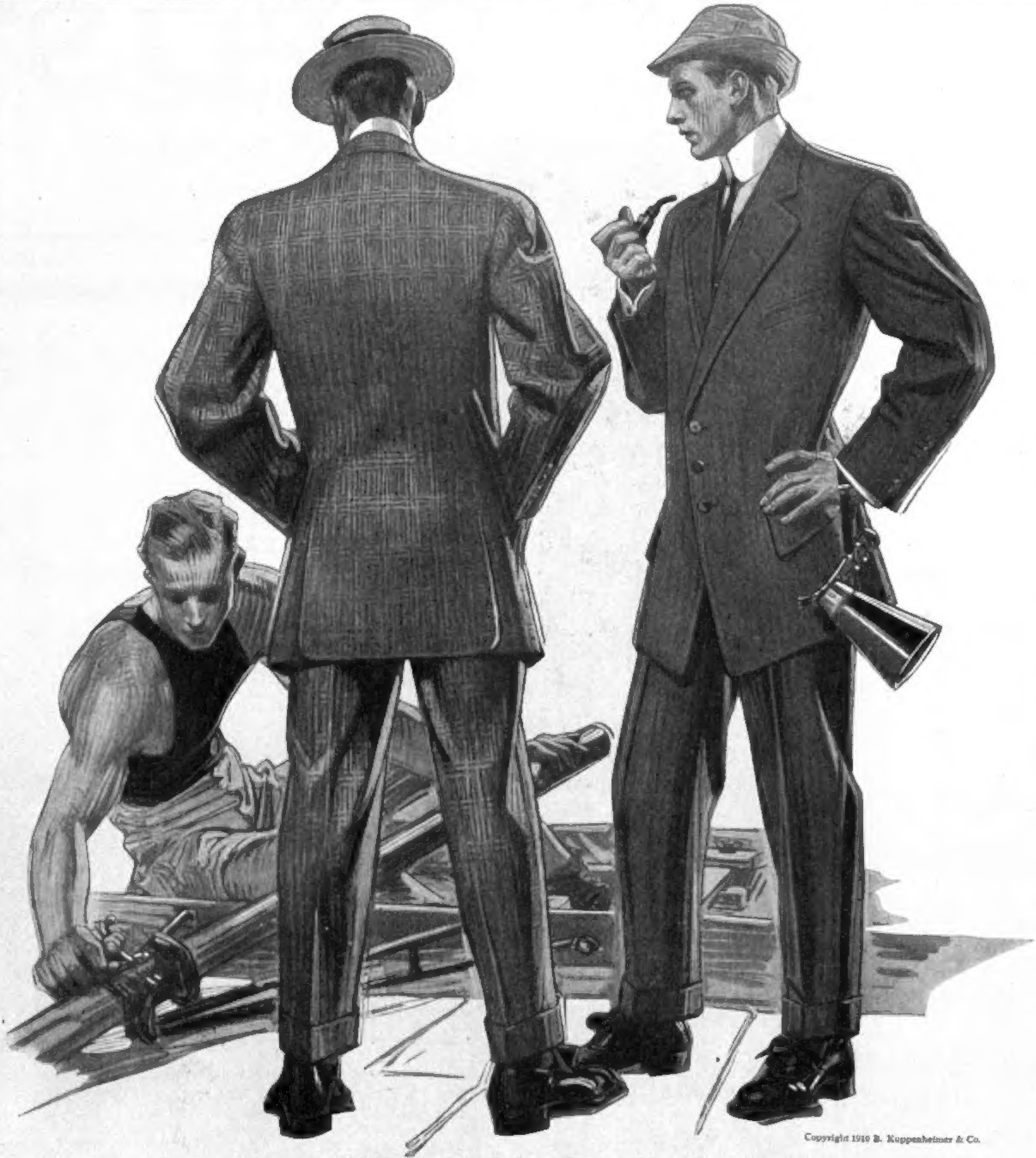
Our dealers realize that a merchant who sells five suits at more than a fair profit could easily sell ten if he were fair to his customer; ten fair profits are better for the merchant than five that are too large, because ten satisfied customers are better than five uncertain.

If you buy Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes, and are not fully satisfied at any time, your dealer will make it right; we speak for all of them. Every dealer in our goods understands our policy in this matter, and that we will go to any length, as a matter of self-respect, to justify the confidence of the public in our quality.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York



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The House of Kuppenheimer

Chicago New York Boston

Paint Your Home With Carter White Lead

Good paint is decay insurance—it protects your buildings from the elements—wind, rain, heat and cold. *Good* paint costs less than lumber and repairs—it is judicious economy to keep your buildings well painted.

Poor paint—adulterated paint—on the other hand, is the worst extravagance. Only the rich can afford poor paint. It costs exactly the same to apply poor paint, as good. Poor paint affords your buildings no protection—it soon cracks, scales and fades, leaving your buildings in worse condition than before painting. Then comes the additional expense of burning and scraping it all off before you can successfully repaint.

When you consider that labor represents three-fourths the expense of every painting job; consider the desirability of *good* paint and the disastrous conditions resulting from poor paint, the full importance of choosing reliable paint is apparent. The question is, are *you* capable of distinguishing pure and reliable paint from the cheap and adulterated?

What Is Reliable Paint?

Pure White Lead and pure linseed oil, mixed with the color at time of painting, have been for hundreds of years the only safe and reliable paint. Here are the reasons:

Pure White Lead is the only pigment that thoroughly combines with linseed oil—the two blend into one perfect combination—PAINT. Pure White Lead and linseed oil paint forms a tough, elastic film, that expands and contracts with the weather changes. It will never crack or scale—only years of wear will remove it.

When your buildings are painted with Pure White Lead, they are, in reality, sheathed with a coating of metallic lead—you know how ductile, plastic and elastic metallic lead is. You can stretch or twist it in any form, but it will not break.

Pure White Lead and linseed oil, mixed at time of painting, insures *fresh* paint. Your painter can mix the paint to order (any color) to the proper consistency to fit the particular requirements of *your* buildings. This cannot be done with other paints.

When substitutes are added to the white lead, cracking and scaling result, allowing moisture to reach the wood, and your buildings are no longer protected. Substitutes for white lead, such as barytes, silica, clay, whiting, chalk, etc., have no paint value, but are added for the sole purpose of cheapening the product.

CARTER
Strictly Pure
White Lead
"The Lead With the Spread"

Zinc is another pigment often added to some brands of white lead to make them white. Zinc, the pigment, has the qualities of zinc, the metal. Zinc is very brittle. This brittleness prevents paints containing zinc from contracting and expanding with the weather changes. Such paints soon crack and scale, and afford your buildings but little protection.

Time and experience prove the superiority of pure white lead and linseed oil paint. There are, however, many brands of pure white lead, but a vast difference in their quality. Carter Pure White Lead is recognized by discriminating painters and consumers as the *purest* and *whitest*, and, consequently, best white lead you can buy.

Carter White Lead is the only lead on the market produced by a modern and scientific process. This process eliminates every particle of impurity and discoloration. Carter is, therefore, the *whitest* pure lead made.

Whiteness is the positive proof of quality in a pure lead. *Whiteness* means fineness of grain—the reduction of the metallic lead is perfect. This fineness makes Carter spread farther, just as a cup of flour will spread farther than a cup of wheat—it means economy in painting. *Whiteness* means even quality. Every ounce in every keg of Carter is just like every ounce in every other keg. *Whiteness* means strong, true, brilliant and durable colors. Remember this point in particular.

Carter White Lead will not crack nor scale. It forms a tough, durable and elastic film, and will protect your buildings for years. When necessary to repaint, the surface will be in good condition—no expensive burning or scraping off the old paint, when Carter is used.

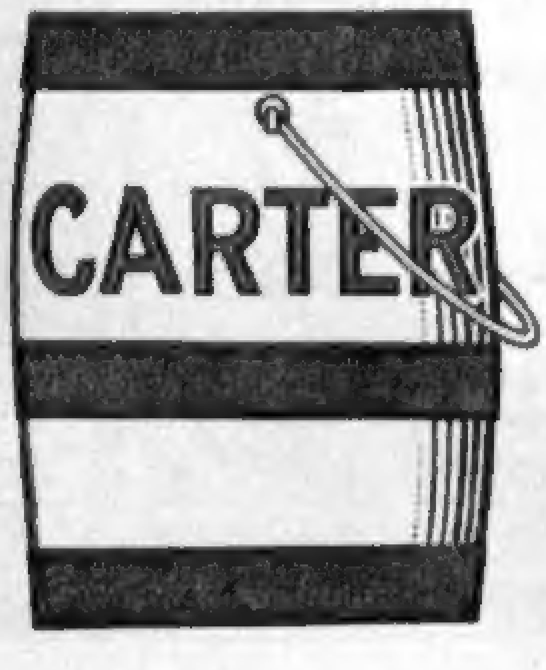
By the pound, Carter costs slightly more than other leads, but figured by years of satisfactory service, it is the most economical paint on the market. Your dealer can supply you with Carter—take no substitute.

A Good Painter is Important

Having decided to use Carter White Lead, then secure a *good* painter to apply it. Engage the painter of known ability and integrity who makes an *honest* price—not necessarily the lowest bid. The lowest bid may not mean the cheapest job, as the first cost of a poor painting job is only the beginning.

Pay a *good* painter an *honest* price—give him sufficient time and opportunity to properly mix and apply Carter White Lead, to exactly fit the needs of your buildings, and you can be certain of beautiful and durable painting.

"To be Sure it's Pure, Look for *CARTER* on the Keg."



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The color plat-s have been prepared with great care and at large expense. They will give you a nearly exact idea of how you want to paint your house. No doubt you will find among them a type of house similar to yours and a color scheme to match. A postal card will bring the book and the color schemes—send for them today.

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INSURGENT INDIANA

By Samuel G. Blythe

THE Republicans of Indiana are on the warpath in a prudent, Hoosier way. Occasionally they let loose a scream of defiance when assembled in one of their numerous conventions, but, normally, they are insurging with calmness and deliberation, which, political history records, is the manner that usually gathers results.

Out in Kansas, when they insurge they insurge all over, but in Indiana they insurge with circumspection, throwing no fits, but sticking to it until the fateful end. Do not think from this that the movement of protest in Indiana has frills and furbelows on it, is a sort of a dilettante revolt. That is far, far from true. It is blood-raw, but it isn't noisy. When a Hoosier gets his mind set his mind is set. That is what has happened.

The bulk of the Republican party in Indiana—much more than the majority—is firmly convinced of three things: The first is that President Taft isn't living up to his advance notices; the second is that Nelson W. Aldrich is an incubus—only, they don't call him that exactly; and the third is that Uncle Joe Cannon must retire to the rear and cease cluttering up Congress with himself as Speaker. Coupled with these firm impressions is another, namely, that the revision of the tariff perpetrated under the names of Representative Payne and Senator Aldrich and signed by President Taft, is a betrayal of party pledges, a direct playing into the hands of the interests, a swat for the ultimate consumer, and an outrage on the body politic.

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Senator Albert J. Beveridge

Now, when a Hoosier gets ideas like these firmly fixed in his mind there is but one thing for him to do. He is not like many of his Eastern brethren, who think of politics only during the last weeks of a big campaign and never go far enough into motives or results to form a decided opinion on anything. The Indianian thinks of politics all the time. He rarely thinks of anything else. No matter where he may live he mixes in the local, county, district, state and national contests so far as he can. He debates and discusses. He reads and forms conclusions. He does not delegate his political powers to any boss or set of bosses. He is an individual in the game, not a pawn. Usually, he is a good party man. He believes in organization, but when he is convinced that the organization is wrong, when he thinks he could do things better himself, he rises up and says so, and then proceeds to try.

Indiana is largely an agricultural state. The farmers read and reflect and talk among themselves. They keep posted. Thus it is folly for any set of machinists to try to influence them against their convictions, just as it is folly for any leaders to try to make them see the error of their ways. There is complaint among certain of the leaders of the Indiana Republicans that the newspapers of that state devote too much space to a discussion of tariff matters. They say it keeps the farmers all wrought up. The utter futility of this complaint is found in the fact that the newspapers of Indiana, like the newspapers of every other commonwealth, know what their readers want and print it, being business institutions, in a sense, and not entirely educational.

How Indiana Feels About the President

HOWEVER, that has nothing much to do with the case. The fact is that the bulk of the Republican party in Indiana is opposed to the revision of the tariff as it was accomplished by the present Congress. There are, of course, a large number of Republicans, principally manufacturers, who are high protectionists and who claim that much of Indiana's prosperity has been attained under the high protective system. This may be true. Still, it does not influence the farmer, himself at this moment more prosperous in Indiana than he ever has been, nor does it affect the other divisions of citizens who can be widely classed as consumers. Indiana Republicans, by a large majority, have it firmly in their minds that the latest tariff revision was a swindle and a confidence game, and they deprecate it and say so.

Leaving the tariff for the moment, let me return to the other three items that have caused discontent among the Indiana Republicans. The feeling against President Taft is not one of aversion or anger. The President is liked for his many engaging personal qualities and for his acknowledged ability. The truth is that Indiana is disappointed in the President, is sorry he has not done what was expected of him, regrets sincerely that he has felt compelled to align himself with Aldrich and Cannon, and hopes—somewhat against hope, it is true—that pretty soon he will do something that will convince them he is not working with the interests, that he is not subservient to Aldrich and Cannon, and that he is the man they thought him to be when he took office.

They speak of the President in Indiana about as a father would speak of a son who has been disobedient. There are no attacks on him. There are no aspersions except among the most radical. Everybody is disappointed and says so in the kindliest manner, without, however, cloaking the disappointment at all. I was not able to gather exactly what the Indiana Republicans expect or expected the President to do. It was usually expressed to me that he ought to do "something." He has been in office a year, they say, and has accomplished nothing except a tariff bill that he should have vetoed and a trip around the country that he should not have taken, judging from some of his speeches. Until Taft began that trip Indiana, while regretting the signing of the tariff bill, thought, perhaps, he couldn't help it and had signed it as a movement in the right direction and would take steps to remedy its defects as soon as he could. Thus, when the President gave Senator Aldrich the pat on the back and told what a noble man he was, in one of his earliest speeches, the Indiana people were amazed, and when the President, in his Winona speech, defended the tariff bill they were shocked. The state has been growing radical slowly. That Winona speech set the radicalism among the Republicans a long way forward. "Well, well," the Indiana Republicans said, "it is evident we are mistaken in this man Taft. It is a great disappointment. We are sorry."

Aldrich the Target

THE continued discussion of the tariff by the state newspapers has caused this feeling of dissatisfaction to grow. Newspapers may be able to create public opinion; undoubtedly, newspapers can foster public opinion. That is what they did with the tariff question in Indiana. It was not so hard. Indiana, swinging back from the great pluralities given for Roosevelt, went for Taft by only a few thousand and the Republican governorship and legislature were turned over to the Democrats. Local conditions had something to do with this, but not all. There was a certain amount of Republican unrest.

Thus, with this condition, it was easy for the Indiana Republicans to find good and sufficient reasons for becoming insurgent. Their only Republican Senator, Mr. Beveridge, had fought the tariff bill from first to last and had voted against it, correctly gauging the sentiment of his constituents as well as carrying out his own convictions. Then, too, the tariff discussion had increased the discussion of Aldrich and Cannon. They saw the President apparently aligned with these men and they rebelled. It was no sudden revolution. It came calmly, deliberately, but vigorously, and it came to stay.

It is hard to lay a finger on a cause for the antipathy to Aldrich except that he is held to "represent the interests." The people of Indiana have little personal acquaintance with Aldrich. What they know of him they know through reading. Ten years ago Aldrich, just as powerful as he is now and doing the same things, was no more an issue before the people of any state than any other active and influential Senator. Then the writers began to discover him as the real boss of the Senate and, consequently, the boss of the Congress. It didn't take long to fix Aldrich in the popular mind as a devious and undesirable person not pledged to the well-being of the masses, but working for the constant protection of the special interests. All discussion as to the justice of this condemnation aside, it is the fact that Senator Aldrich, not only in Indiana, but in many other parts of the country as well, is held to be the incarnation of all that should not be in the way of a legislator, and in Indiana as firmly as elsewhere. Probably more so.

This opposition to Aldrich, which could only vent itself in Indiana in distrust and dissatisfaction with his party, grew rapidly during the last half dozen years and culminated during the tariff discussion. Indiana was a strong Roosevelt state. It was pointed out that Mr. Roosevelt had never found it necessary to enter into partnership with Aldrich to get results, an entirely specious political view, but powerful. Taft did enter into a combination with Aldrich. Ergo, Taft is no better than Aldrich, and more dissatisfaction resulted. They think in Indiana that Mr. Aldrich is the evil genius of the Republican party. There isn't one man in a hundred who can tell why, but they all think so, all are opposed to him and, incidentally, coming into opposition to his party. As Kin Hubbard sapiently remarked: "There is gettin' to be a hull lot of former Republicans around here."

It is the same with Cannon, to a lesser degree. Indiana knows Cannon. He has spoken in the state time and time again. Indiana used to like him, but that was in the days before the shift came and the publicists ceased referring to Uncle Joe as a shrewd, kindly, homespun, Abe Lincoln sort of a man, and began calling him a villain and a traitor to the state. It isn't very tangible, either, what Cannon has done to inflame the populace against him, but there is no doubt the populace is inflamed. He is coupled with Aldrich in the denunciation. He is a twin incubus, so to speak, one of the horrendous Incubus Brothers. From liking, they have come to detest and protest against this benign—or malign—citizen; and they demand his head on a charger.

It isn't all personal with Aldrich and Cannon, although a good deal of it is. Indiana Republicans think Cannon and Aldrich type a fault in the Republican party, that they are reactionaries—which they are—and that Indiana, being a progressive state, wants its party leaders to be progressives. Indiana wants some housecleaning done. The bulk of the party desires to have Aldrich and Cannon hung out on the line and not taken in—not all the party, mark you, for there is still a considerable element of reactionaries in Indiana among the followers of the old Fairbanks-Hemenway machine, but any candid observer of Indiana politics will tell you that the large majority of the party is disappointed in Taft and disgusted with Aldrich and Cannon. Therefore, Indiana is insurgent.

Beveridge the Main Issue

THUS, largely outside the regular breastworks, the Republican party is preparing to go into one of the hardest fights in its history. The asset and the issue of that fight is Albert J. Beveridge, present Republican Senator from Indiana and a candidate for reëlection for a third term. There may be injected into the campaign a phase of the liquor question or other questions, but the main issue is the reëlection of Beveridge and, as I have just stated, the main asset of the party also is Beveridge. A few minor state officials are to be elected next November and one hundred and twenty-five out of one hundred and fifty members of the legislature. There are twenty-five hold-over Senators. Of these the Democrats have the majority. The present legislature is Democratic on the joint ballot, and the present Governor is a Democrat. In addition to the election of Beveridge the control of the legislature is supremely important, for it will have charge of the redistricting of the state under the apportionment of the census to be taken this year. The control of the state, so far as future legislatures go, depends on this legislature; for Indiana politicians are like the politicians of every other state, and if they get a chance to gerrymander a bit they will do it. By the same token, they will have the chance.

Practically, the result of the present campaign will hinge on the question: Shall Beveridge be returned? He will be the issue. Republicans will be elected or defeated on the straight-out question of whether they are for Beveridge or against him. It is the intention to run all candidates for the legislature on that platform. Thus the personality, the accomplishments, the record of the Senator will determine the question of regaining the legislature from the Democrats and carrying the state.

Like every other positive man, Beveridge has friends and enemies in Indiana. Not one of these is deluded into the thought that the fight that is coming will be an easy one. It will be war—bitter, cruel war—with Beveridge leading on one side, and his enemies in his own party and the Democrats on the other. Beveridge's position is a terribly difficult one. Not only has he to contend with the Democrats, well organized and hopeful, but he has reason to expect opposition in his own party. He has never admitted this last fact nor charged it, and is in no way responsible for this statement, which I make personally as a result of my own investigations and on my own responsibility.

Beveridge is in accord with the majority of his own party in Indiana. He opposed the passage of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill and voted against it, in company with other progressives in the Senate. There are in Indiana those—mostly affiliated with the old-line leaders or what is left of them—who declare that Beveridge, after opposing the bill to the extreme limit, should have retained his party regularity by voting for the bill on the ground that it was a party measure and that he was thus bound to support it in the final showdown. You do not hear the great bulk of the party men saying this. If Beveridge had not voted against that bill, which they consider to be iniquitous, not in consonance with party pledges and not in stride with the spirit of the state, he would have been dropped like a hot potato. As it is, he is the most popular and the most powerful man in the state today, in full control of the organization, and will be the unopposed candidate of his party for Senator. He has elected the majority of the State Committee, will undoubtedly be indorsed by the State Convention, which had not been held when this was written, and will go into the campaign as the choice of most of his party and, nominally, of his entire party.

No man acquainted with Indiana politics but will say to you, if he talks candidly, that without Beveridge the party would not have a ghost of a show. Many men with whom I talked said if there is any criticism of Beveridge it is not because he is too radical, but because he isn't radical enough. All admit that he is the issue in the state of Indiana.

When Beveridge completes his present term on March 3, 1911, he will have served his state for twelve years as Senator. In that twelve years the Fairbanks-Hemenway machine has disintegrated. Formerly all-powerful, Fairbanks has gone out and Hemenway has been retired. Others in the machine, notably Watson, who was defeated for Governor in 1908, have also been retired. Many Republican Representatives were defeated in 1908. Beveridge remains, by virtue of his position in the Senate, the leader. This does not mean that the old machine, which always looked with disfavor on Beveridge, is now for him. The remnants of that machine have been fighting him ceaselessly. They tried to influence the mind of President Taft against him and deprive him of the patronage that was his by right. They failed in that, and it is unlikely that they will stop trying to defeat him during this campaign.

The Foes of the Progressives

THE leaders of the opposition to Beveridge are Hemenway, who was defeated for Senator after having been promoted from the House when Fairbanks became Vice-President, and Watson, who was in Congress, was named for Governor and was beaten, although Taft carried the state at the same election. These men never have liked Beveridge and they never will like him.

The principal danger to Beveridge lies in the attitude of these men and their followers. They are politicians and they play the game. If the defeat of Beveridge can be accomplished by James Hemenway and James Watson it will be accomplished. That much at least seems certain.

It seems improbable that the antipathy of these two beaten politicians should accomplish the defeat of Beveridge, for a great many men who formerly belonged to that machine are now honestly and avowedly for Beveridge. Ninety-nine per cent of the men who were prominent in politics in the old days are for Beveridge. Here and there there are men who will not be reconciled. Combined with these men are high protectionists who are opposed to Beveridge because of his course on the tariff bill, and, also, there will be an effective and vigilant Democratic opposition. Thus, it can be seen that the fight that is coming in Indiana will be more than a local one. It will be a fight for reëlection by a man who stands for the progressive policies of the Republican party in a state where those progressive policies are held to be the only right ones, typing the whole progressive movement and entailing a last and desperate struggle of men of the old school of politics to hold the progressive movement in Indiana in check.

No man who knows Beveridge is insensible to his faults, but no man who knows him will honestly contend that his faults are not largely temperamental. He is something of an egoist, given to vainglorious conversation and declamation, and has an extreme faculty for irritating many with whom he comes in contact. However, when you consider the intrinsic worth of the man, his splendid mind, his large grasp of public questions, his faculty for looking out for his people, his great skill as an orator and debater, and know that after the froth and fulmination he can get to the bottom of a proposition quicker and more sanely than almost any other Senator, and that after a certain amount of byplay he is sound as a nut on public questions, his limelight-seeking can be overlooked as temperamental, as I have already said, and his other fine qualities freely acknowledged.

There has never been any question of Beveridge's courage, nor of his integrity. He could have made things very comfortable for himself in the Senate by voting for the tariff bill, even after he had opposed it up to the last ditch. He might have secured the aid of powerful influences toward his reëlection. Instead, he voted against the bill and now goes to his state for justification and indorsement. So far as being the unanimous choice of his party for Senator and so far as being the issue in the campaign are concerned, he will have that measure of justification and indorsement that comes before the supreme event of the elections.

It isn't likely there will be in the country a clearer-cut chance to demonstrate the exact feeling of the insurgent Republicans against the present conduct of affairs in the Republican party than will occur in Indiana. Here is an insurgent state, with the bulk of the party dissatisfied with Taft and openly antagonistic to Aldrich and Cannon, displeased with the tariff law, in favor of honest revision and at outs with many of the announced policies of the Administration, and it will have the chance to reëlect a Senator who represents the sentiment of that state on all vital points.

There will be no other large issue. Candidates will be for Beveridge or against Beveridge. It will be, in a sense, a national campaign.

The Line-Up Against Beveridge

CONSIDER the situation and its difficulties: There is a legislature to elect. It is now Democratic on joint ballot. More than half of the twenty-five hold-over Senators are Democrats. The Democrats will make a hard fight, for Thomas Taggart, present Democratic leader in Indiana, has senatorial aspirations. The burden is on the Republicans, and the insurgent Republicans at that.

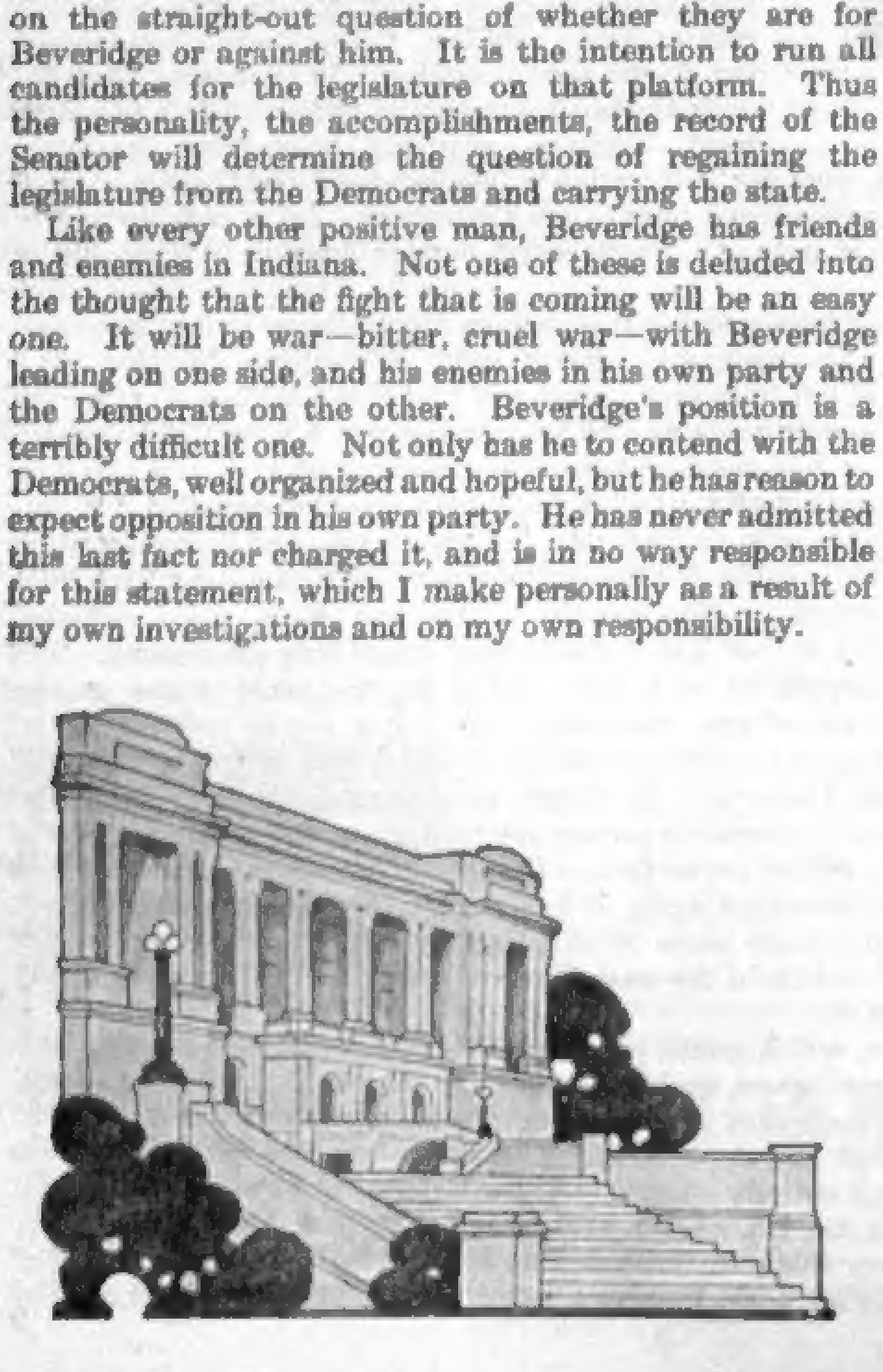
Thus, Beveridge's problem is to win by changing the complexion of an already Democratic legislature, and to win notwithstanding such opposition of whatever kind as may develop in his own party. It must not be thought that his own party opposition extends to the rank and file. It exists only among former leaders, and discredited leaders at that, to be put into force through such political manipulations as they may contrive.

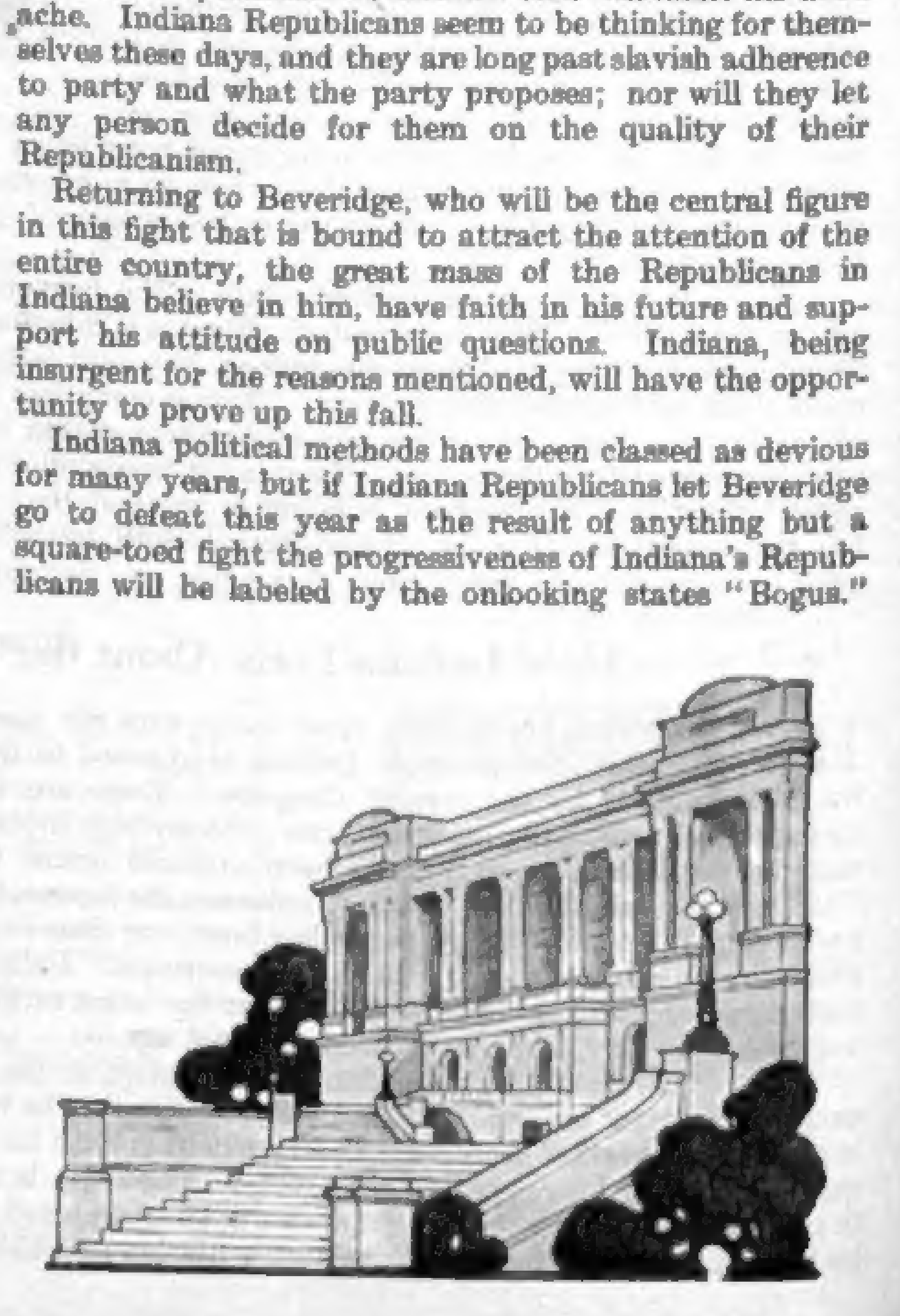
It is said that it is the intention of Watson, a man of great personal magnetism and of much power as an orator, to go into the state during the campaign and speak from the stump, with the argument that any man who voted against the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill is not a Republican, that the vote for or against that bill, which was a party measure, was the test of party loyalty, and that the Republican party cannot elect any man who is not a Republican. It is stated that he intends to say that opposition to that bill was opposition to Taft and that Taft is the leader of the party, the titular head, as Taft put it himself, and that non-support of Taft predicates treason to the Republican party.

I hardly think Mr. Watson will attempt to enunciate this fine old Bourbon doctrine on the stump in Indiana. He is a smart man, not a chump. If he is chump enough to do it I am of the opinion that he will get a response from the Republicans of Indiana that will make his head ache. Indiana Republicans seem to be thinking for themselves these days, and they are long past slavish adherence to party and what the party proposes; nor will they let any person decide for them on the quality of their Republicanism.

Returning to Beveridge, who will be the central figure in this fight that is bound to attract the attention of the entire country, the great mass of the Republicans in Indiana believe in him, have faith in his future and support his attitude on public questions. Indiana, being insurgent for the reasons mentioned, will have the opportunity to prove up this fall.

Indiana political methods have been classed as devious for many years, but if Indiana Republicans let Beveridge go to defeat this year as the result of anything but a square-toed fight the progressiveness of Indiana's Republicans will be labeled by the onlooking states "Bogus."





OUTCASTS By CALVIN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. STEVENS

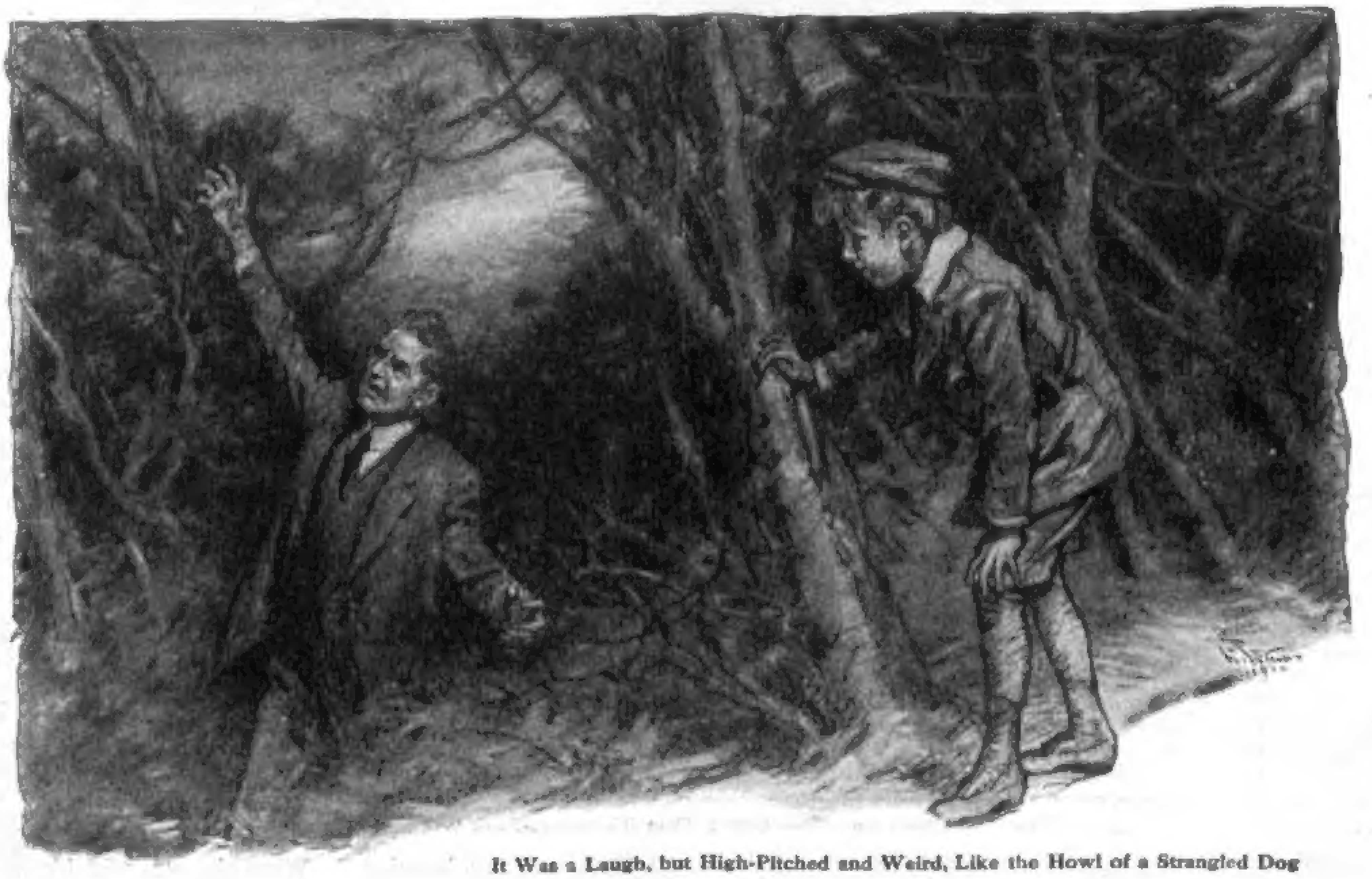
The Empty Purse and the Savings-Bank

THIS part will have to be told our best, Writer, or else Janie will outshine us in her part of the story.

Of course there's nothing in the world like money and I didn't blame Father and Mother for discussing it. She needed all she could get and he wanted all he could keep, so I got a good many pointers from their arguments, which began at breakfast.

One morning Mother concluded by saying: "For the last time, am I to have money to meet that debt?"

"Certainly you may have it," he replied politely, and producing his pocketbook he shook out bills and coin before her on the table. "Take it all, to the last cent." Only one article he picked up and replaced in his pocket; this was his railroad ticket to the city. Then he dropped the empty purse to the floor. She took the money, studying him meanwhile in a shrewd way; then she rose and passed from the room without another word.



It Was a Laugh, but High-Pitched and Weird, Like the Howl of a Strangled Dog

But I was scared, and after she'd gone beyond earshot I laughed a little.

"What's the joke, Bob?" asked Father, looking up and lighting his cigar.

"Why, that's a good one about its being the last cent."

He looked me over and let the cigar go out. "Fact is," he said, "your mother has the deuce of a temper and it requires a joke like that to take the edge off it. But in spite of her extravagance she's a good woman at heart, Bob."

"Sure," I told him. "That's what makes her extravagant."

He twisted a little in his chair. "I hadn't thought of it in that way," he said. "Say, old fellow, suppose that wasn't such a joke—about the last cent, you know? You'd not mind; you'd stick to the old 'un? What a dunce I am to ask such a question; you'd swear by me to the very end of things," he went on, as I looked around the dining-room.

That was a cloudy morning in late November and I remember thinking how splendid it was to sit like some old lord in his castle hall, with the glare of silver against the black oak, and colored stars shooting among the glass when the grate fire licked out its tongue.

"It's like this," he said, dropping his words more and more slowly, as I walked to a window and looked over the estate to the hills beyond: "You'd stick ——" Then suddenly he became quite still.

"You never can tell," I said, turning on him, for I didn't want him to think I'd joke about such a thing.

He passed his hand through his hair and there was a curious look about the eyes, as if they had sunken quickly into his head.

After a moment he repeated: "No, you never can tell; that's right, Bob." He felt absently in his pocket, as though making sure that his railroad ticket was safe. Then he rose, and, though like all Southern gentlemen I knew he wasn't afraid of anything that breathed, I saw him glance quickly about as if wary of some danger that couldn't be seen.

"Why, it wasn't worth while, after all," he said to himself, and left the room without taking further notice of me.

I felt something pulling at me, this way and that. There was one sharp pain, and then my whole heart set in toward the splendid things around me; I seemed to take them all into my arms.

"Outcasts," I thought of the world without, particularly of the Peacelanders down the valley.

Then I walked out past the terrace and through the beds, pretending not to see the under-gardener. But when I glanced back along the path of trampled shrubs I saw him watching me; not angrily, but in a half-smiling, sorrowful way. I thought of this a good while afterward, it so happened.

I didn't care, though, and whistled as I went over the wall into the lane. Somehow I wished to have a look at the Peacelanders and so struck into a path along the ridge. Those people were only natives—of course, we were born Cumberlanders, too, but not natives as I took it. They lived on the edge of our estate and Jeff, our under-gardener, was the head of the brood.

Pretty soon I saw Janie, the Peaceland girl, standing in the path. I thought of whooping to scare her, but she did look so little—just a brown thrush with shabby, ruffled feathers—that I felt it wouldn't be quite the thing; so I only said, "Hello!"

She started a little, anyway, and turned with her hands pressed tightly to her breast. Janie has very dark eyes, and they seemed so full of something she'd been seeing that I believe she hardly knew I was there for a moment.

"What were you staring at?" I asked.

She looked at me steadily a moment. "Magics," she answered, and then blushed a little. "I didn't know anybody real was so close by."

"I don't see anything," I said, staring out over the hills.

"I wish I could point 'em out," she said with a little sigh; "but they ain't ever where you point. Gracious! my hair's blown down and I forgot I was cold all over."

Of course I pitied anybody who talked and acted so unreasonably and I wondered if all outcasts were like this.

"Maybe that's what makes them outcasts," I suspected. "Do you natives ever get down to your last cent?"

"Not quite; we always keep three for luck," she answered.

Well, this was pretty nearly as bad. "I believe I'll go down and see how you get on," I told her.

"I just wish you would," replied Janie. "There's more interestin' things down to Peaceland. I guess you'd like Granny best. She interests me more every day I grow up. I can beat you down the valley."

She went down the path and among the rocks like a squirrel, and I was pretty well blown when I caught up with her at the gate.

"We keep this tied up so the Fambly won't break out and scatter," she said, pulling out the knot in a rope around the post.

A boy about six years old, with his thumb in his mouth, was on the watch. He took it out to yell that Janie had come home to 'em again, and then put it back.

"This is the Fambly," explained Janie, and she tried to lift him up to show him to me.

"I can see him on the ground," I told her. "You'll break your back."

"He can lif' me up," mumbled the Fambly, and I did a little ways. Then we went into the house which was patched up in places with two or three layers of boards.

"That makes the holes the warmest part of it," explained Janie, and then she showed me a baby in a crib made of a cracker box. "Granny needed that box for kindlin'," she went on, "but nothin' ain't too good for him"; and an old woman coming out of a corner, she told how I had raised the Fambly off the ground.

"There's more ways than one o' raisin' famblies," the old woman began. "Some raises 'em up with a skelyton. Boy, look in that closet."

I was surprised, but opened the door.

"Do you see any skelyton? No! Well, there ain't any in this fambly, excep' me."

"That you ain't, either," cried Janie, clasping her hand, while the Fambly sat down where he was and began to moan and rock back and forth.

"Who? Me?" said Granny. "I reckon I know what I am, chile. A ole skelyton. Boy, did you ever look into your closet at home?"

"No, ma'am," I answered, for I was a little startled, and could feel her eyes running over me in the dusk of the room.

"Well, don't you ever; you might see me inside."

She was much satisfied with this and lit a little stone pipe without once taking her eyes off me. Then her fresh-ironed calico dress rustled, as, picking up her stick, she hobbled to the door spryly as any boy could have done. There she beckoned me to the light.

"Eyes, hair and shoulders all Sumner," she said. "But where did you get that mouth?"

I shook my head, and Granny added: "Well, we can't expect the airth," and tapped me across the shoulders with her stick. "Secrets!" she whispered; "there's no judgment in luggin' skelytons into the open day where everybody can stare. Honor bright!"

"Honor bright," I repeated, knowing by this that I wasn't to tell what I heard, and Janie clapped her hands together.

Granny was bent with rheumatism, but her eyes twinkled like sparks and her lips twitched in a way that meant mischief, as, glancing cautiously around to make absolutely sure that no one had overheard, she clicked back into the cabin.

"I allus rub my eyes after she's been like that," whispered Janie. "She's one thing and then another, and never does let you rest for wantin' to know what it's all about."

"Where's the sign?" I asked, to change the subject.

"Well, Pa painted it over, and it looked so bright and fresh that we took it from above the door to set inside the house, where there ain't any weather."

We went in to look at it. "Peaceland," it said in red letters. Then after a time Janie's mother came in from the village, and her father, Jeff, our under-gardener.

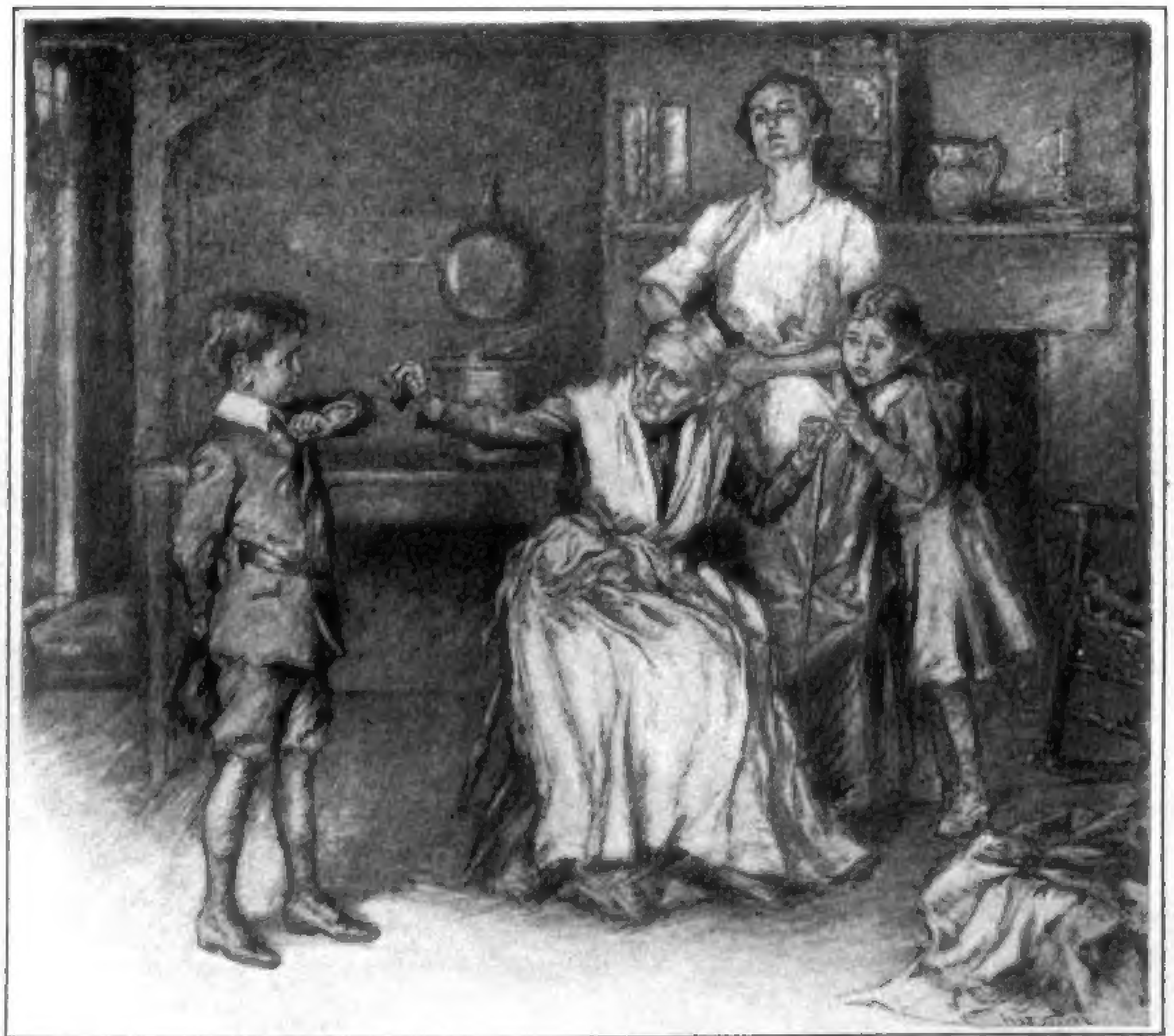
He called me plain "Bob," without saying mister like the other servants about the estate. But that was because he didn't know any better, living outdoors so much. I stayed to dinner, where the Fambly and I had an eating match and I couldn't lift him afterward.

"Jeff, I want a lot o' money," said Janie's mother suddenly, and I listened, thinking, "Here it comes."

"So do I," answered Jeff. He was smoking his pipe by the fire, but now he laid it down with a scowl and toed a certain crack in the floor.

"Powerful folks to quarrel," said Granny, who looked at me from time to time, but had said very little during dinner.

I thought Janie's mother was quiet and good-humored, but now Jeff laid hold of her arm and almost dragged her to the crack he'd been toeing. She looked toward me



"This Purse Ain't Any More Empty Than His Savin's-Bank Will be to Him"

and was laughing and blushing in a most unaccountable way.

"Why doesn't she get mad, or cry?" I asked Janie.

"The Fambly will 'tend to that," she whispered.

"If you want that money you'll have to beat me," said Jeff. "Now, ready! I ain't goin' to let anybody break into my bank." But she jerked away from him and they both made a wild rush at the old clock, on the chimney shelf. There they scuffled a moment while we were all terribly excited. But Mrs. Jeff got the best of it and broke into the clock where the money was hidden; then she counted it on the table—forty-eight cents.

"Put three cents back," commanded Granny. "Nobody in this house would ever look at a clock if it wasn't full o' money."

"Umph," I said; "I thought there must be a thousand dollars in it"; and then the Fambly raised a howl because his father had got the worst of it.

But that was the only voice I heard and soon I realized that they were all watching me.

"Oh, it was only a play game," said Janie.

I couldn't help laughing. "I guess you folks ain't used to money," I told them, "or else you'd know it's the only important thing in the world. You shouldn't make a play of it."

They looked at me in a puzzled way; all except Granny. "The mouth," she said, and pointed with her stick. I didn't like this, for I knew my mouth was like mother's; so I turned around and went out.

But as I started away I remembered that I'd eaten dinner there and it wouldn't do to go without a word; so I nodded through the door with my cap off and called:

"Had a piping dinner, Mrs. Jeff, and a good time."

"Shoulders!" cried Granny, and, without knowing exactly why, I held them braced back as I climbed the hill.

It was now about mid-afternoon and I didn't feel like going straight home. People on the neighboring estates had scattered away before the winter—why we stayed on was a mystery and our house was lonesome without visitors. So I cut a stick and walked around by myself.

Pretty soon I began to feel angry toward the Peacelanders. "They try to set 'emselves up," I thought; "but they're only snobs—making such a fuss over forty-eight cents! And Granny ought to be taken down more than any of 'em."

There was something about her I couldn't understand, and I wondered over and over what she meant by saying that I might see her inside my closet, like a skeleton. It couldn't have been a joke, because she looked mischief, and she seemed to be hitting at my Mother in calling "Mouth."

"Well," I wound up, "that's all I could expect of people who live in such a contemptible house. It's neat enough, but they have to keep it that way to live in it."

Thick twilight came on, almost before I knew it, and a mist swept in before a driving northeast wind. I'd walked a long ways and was near the boundary of the estate, when turning back along the ridge I saw a man's figure below at the head of a little gulch. In this spot was a wide, deep pit which had once been sealed up with heavy boards, then long timbers thrown across them, as if a giant had been playing jackstraws there.

The man seemed to be peering among the timbers for a glimpse of the Black Pit, part of whose covering had rotted away and fallen out of sight. As I watched he straightened up and raised his hand toward it, while a curious broken sound came to me through the wind and mist. It was a laugh, but high-pitched and weird, like the howl of a strangled dog. I stood shivering and then ran a little way in sudden fright. This was strange, for there wasn't much to be afraid of, even in that lonesome spot, and feeling ashamed of myself I returned a moment later. But the man had disappeared, and after looking all over for him I started home. It was black night when I got there.

I was the only one at dinner, for Mother sent the maid to say she had a headache, and it seemed that Father had gone to the city, where business took him two or three times a month.

The lights seemed very bright inside; the log fire very cheerful. For I could hear the wind piping through the big pine near the window and little flaws of rain bursting against the glass. So I took particular pains and a great deal of time to eat, wishing the outcasts could see me, and frowning at George Third, the butler, and the other splendid things as I had a right to do, being brought up to it.

"That shabby, little brown thrush wouldn't dare cheep here," I thought; "and those people whose only bank is their old clock. But the Fambly would burst himself."

This was so amusing that I came down and told old George about them all—that is, all except Granny. When I came to her my tongue stuck, and I could see her, quick-eyed and withered, standing before me with pointing stick, while the wind made a noise like the rustle of her fresh-ironed calico.

I didn't like this a bit, but having so much the best of such people I could afford to be satisfied, anyway, and pushing back my chair I walked toward the fireplace. Now it was only a few steps from my chair to the fireplace, but I was much older before I got there.

I saw something lying on the floor and stooped to pick it up. I held the leather pocketbook which my Father had dropped there that morning after emptying it on the breakfast table. And with a scared, sickening feeling I looked into the folds and found a penny stuck fast—one copper cent was all it had left.

Then, in a flash, I saw the gulch that ended in the Black Pit; the wanderer peering among the old timbers; the despairing way he had thrown up his hand; the laugh——

"Father!" I exclaimed; then I caught George Third watching me from the corner of his eye and, putting the last penny and the purse into my pocket, I whistled and went to my room. After a time I crept to bed without looking into any closets, for I had more important things to think about.

Next morning Mother asked me where I'd spent all of yesterday, and when I told her she forbade my going near the Peacelanders again, or even speaking to them. "Particularly that wretched old woman," she added.

"They are outcasts," I said comfortably, for I had once heard her use that word in speaking of the Peacelanders.

"Yes," she cried angrily; "yes; outcasts!"

She dropped the subject here, but soon after I saw her summon Jeff to the terrace and speak to him with a quick gesture and a few sharp words. He nodded, and presently putting on his coat went away for good and all.

Well, he was a snob, anyhow, with his forty-eight cents, and I didn't care much.

Several times I went to tell her that I had seen Father near the Black Pit, but always changed my mind, for she was very cheerful that morning and I liked to see her smiling, and fresh and beautiful, without any look or sign of trouble.

But I was troubled in a vague way, with the picture of that solitary, wind-beaten figure always before me, and had hard work to hide it from her. The wind and rain drove in again from the northeast and I passed all the day close to her side, while she embroidered and planned travels abroad before the drawing-room fire. With that last cent and the empty purse in my pocket, however, I didn't venture near the fire in the dining-room.

"Father must be on his way to the city," I thought. "Still, he might be standing out in the rain by the Black Pit"; and I wasn't quite so comfortable as I had been.

But all the incidents of the day ran cheerily enough until evening fell black and chill, with gusts like blows of a giant's fist falling against the house. Then the mail from the village was brought in and I noticed that Mother, after reading a certain letter, sat frowning and holding it.

At this moment I laughed a little to myself for worrying about Father. "As if he would stay at the Black Pit in such weather," I thought.

Mother stared at me. "Is it a great joke, Robbie?" she asked, just as Father had done when I laughed for him the morning before.

This was all she said, but from that moment a kind of blight seemed to settle on our household and it began to wither in a dismal though very splendid way.

When the next morning Mother ordered out the auto and went down the valley to say good-by to the last remaining friend of the autumn colony, I was left to myself and wandered out along the path leading to Peaceland.

I felt in higher spirits for the clearing weather, till, suddenly, I came across Janie, who sat perched on a big boulder in the path with an old shawl around her. She did not speak at first, but looked at me in a solemn way; her eyes seemed bigger than usual and her hands were clasped in her lap.

"Are you goin' down to look us over again, today?" she asked. "Well, it ain't worth your while. Everybody but Granny is sky-blue, and Papa Jeff has gone away to hunt another job. They're pretty skurse, too, now."

"That so?" I said, for I'd forgotten that Jeff would have to get another job of some kind.

"Your mamma said we were outcasts," she went on; "but you don't think so?"

I sighed, but nodded "Yes." "But you can't help that, you know, being born that way," I added.

This didn't seem to comfort her much. "It's like this," said Janie, while her eyes flashed: "I didn't s'pose you were proud, for all your fine clo'es and house; but I've found you out now and don't care about you any more."

This was twisting things about. It was my place to tell her that I didn't even care to speak to her again; but now she'd said it first, so all I could do was to get mad and stare. But with her bright, angry face and the way she came to stand straight before me, I couldn't help thinking that Janie carried herself with as fine a manner as anybody.

I wouldn't answer and was turning away when, all at once, the bright look died out of her face and in another moment she was draggled and tear-stained, and hiding her face against the rock.

I didn't know why, but I simply couldn't leave her this way. I was miserable, too, and spoke her name. Janie didn't answer and I touched her arm, but she drew herself away a little farther.

"Janie!" I shouted in her ear, "let up. Be a good fellow. Want me to tell you about my pony?"

I was pretty anxious for a bit till, thinking she nodded her head, I went on as fast as I could to tell her everything I knew about ponies. Then I started on my other things and, growing interested, she dabbed her eyes with her shawl and turned her face toward me.

It took a good while to finish, but when I did she thought a minute and said in a low voice with her head drooping:

"You have a right to be proud with so many splendid things. We ain't nothin' and have nothin', too—excep' hard times. Oh, well, I ain't felt this way long, 'cause I didn't know I was a outcas'. But I ain't happy any longer. I wish I had everything fine, instead o' raggedness."

She jerked at the old shawl until it tore across, then she looked sorry, but satisfied.

"I s'pose I'll have to mend it tomorrow," she told me, "but I'm glad I tore it today. Good-by!" And she walked off with her head in the air and I didn't know what to make of her, though I must have sat there ten minutes figuring it out.

By next day something strange had come into our house, like a thief. I could feel it stealing things away from us—the obedience of the servants, whose faces became hard and sneering; the grandness and comfort which had made our home all a home should be. The color of our lives seemed to pass quickly, and in a single day we were moving like gray, threatened figures in a thick, still dusk.

I wandered all through the house, but this dusk came on from room to room and I retreated before it, closing door after door behind me. That evening all the servants but one were sent away, and Mother, taking me into her arms, said with quiet bitterness:

"Hereafter you and I are alone in the world."

"Where is Father?" I asked.

"I do not know; he has deserted us."

I left her and thought by myself a long time. But when I went back and we sat before the drawing-room fire I looked at her proud, pale face and thought she had trouble enough. I could not tell her of my last sight of Father peering into the Black Pit and all I asked was:

"Are we down to the last cent?"

"Yes," she answered in contempt, and since we had come to that, anyhow, I was now sorry I hadn't kept my Father along with it.

I never knew days to slow up as they did at this time. A single one would stretch out till it seemed to cover half a lifetime, while, hour by hour, a terror grew on me that my Father had fallen into the Black Pit. I could not speak of this to Mother, and only once did I summon courage to go near the spot. Then it was by playing hide-and-seek.

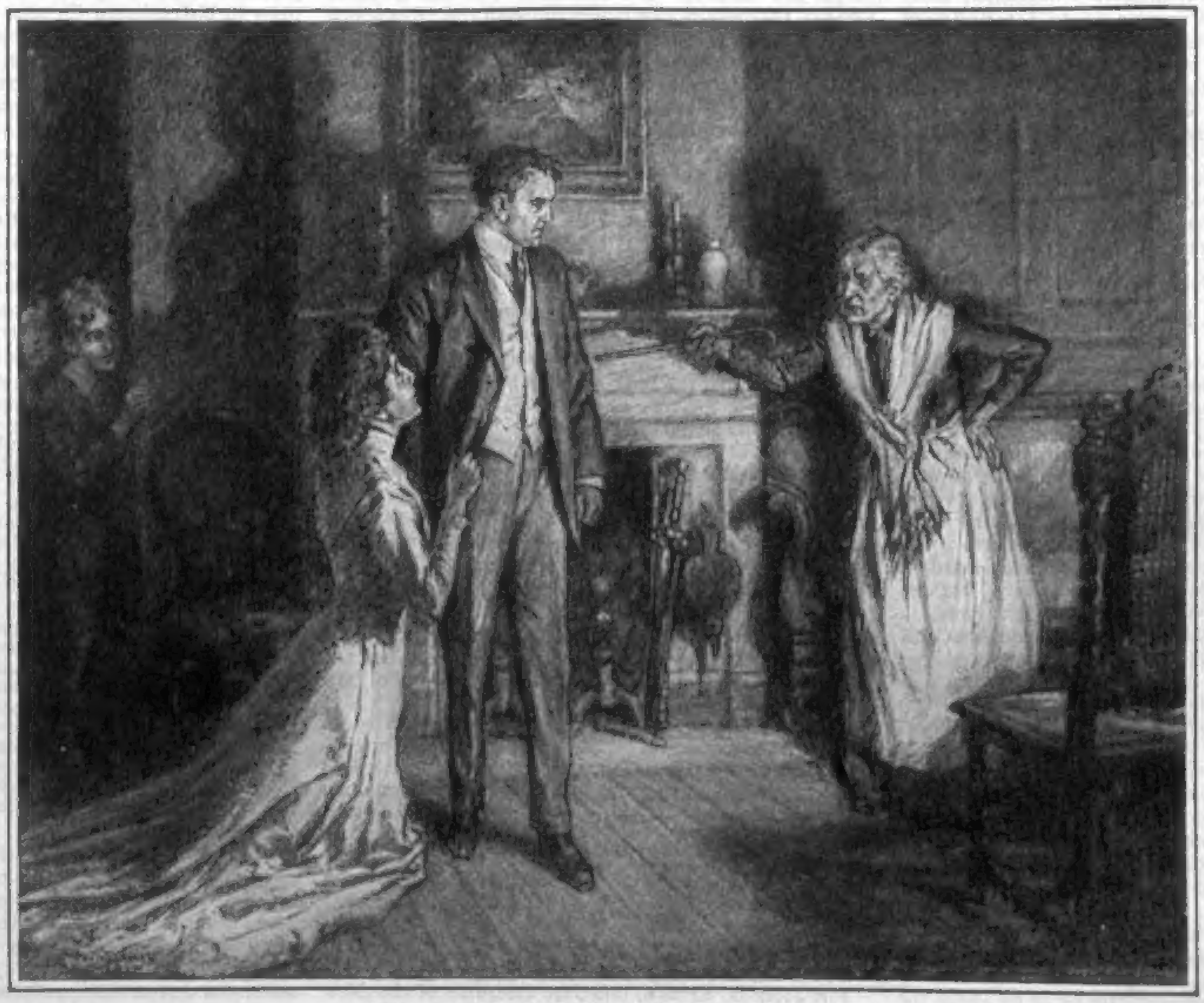
"There's no use hiding any longer," I shouted through the timbers; "I see you there." Only silence in a dreadful voice of its own answered me, and I tried again though stiff to my very throat.

"O' course I'll stick to the last cent; I have it here with me. Come and see."

Then I ran away and stayed close to Mother's side the rest of the day. She would pet me, hardly realizing who was there, and mutter over and over to herself:

"What was he about? What could he have done with all of it?"

She was still thinking of the money, never suspecting that anything worse than its loss could happen, and I thought it would relieve her mind of this trouble to tell her what I knew. But when her pride seemed to break suddenly and she came into my room in the early morning with her hair disordered and cried, sobbing: "Bobby, why doesn't he come back to us with what he has?" Then I had to keep the secret from her.



"I Forgive; I Forgive! There is Nothin' to Forgive!"

We used only four or five rooms now, and all the north wing of the house was deserted. Though I didn't believe in such things, I kept thinking of Granny's skeleton, and wouldn't have looked in the north wing for love or money.

The thought took possession of me that I must see Janie once more, but when I mentioned the Peacelanders Mother spoke of them with a hatred that made me shiver; and this in the midst of her distress seemed almost wicked.

Of course I wanted to do my duty, so I began casting around for some duty that would take me to Peaceland, and this is what came of it.

In the middle of one blowy night I half dreamed that something moved softly about my room. This might have been my Mother, but when I woke suddenly in the strangest excitement and called, there was no answer. Next morning, happening to go through the hall toward the north wing, I found the door locked. The doors of both the upper and lower halls were locked; the north wing was cut off. Well, I wondered some at this, but as I'd only wished to take a peep through the keyhole I wasn't much disappointed.

Then the last servant left and the most curious things began to happen. For Mother, who had suddenly become a still, frightened-looking woman, would cook things and place what was left from our meals in a certain pantry. And every morning a great part of it was gone.

"She couldn't eat so much in the middle of the night," I thought. "It's something else and she pretends not to notice for fear of frightening me. But no wonder she looks scared and stops to listen every minute."

That skeleton had certainly come out of its closet at the wrong time, for we didn't have any too much to eat as it was.

"Granny's got something to do with this," I told myself. "I haven't lost anything in that north wing, but I'll go down to Peaceland and take a look. If she's eaten all that food it ought to show on her by this time." So thinking of a fine excuse for going down there I stole away from home one morning.

I'll live a good while longer before I forget the way I was received at Peaceland.

The Fambly was in the yard, and without taking his eyes off me he backed all the way to the door, where he tripped and fell inside. At the door I came face to face with Janie. But I hardly knew her. Instead of brown, her face was almost white, and she looked at me silently with her big, black eyes. I didn't know what to do, for I remembered too late that I'd explained she was an outcast the last time we met, and, perhaps, she had come to hate me for it.

So I let my hands hang down and I suppose stood in a discouraged way, while Janie stared without a word, just as the Fambly had done. I felt suddenly that she never would forgive me, and was fairly ready to bolt, when she said "Come in," in a very little voice, and touched the fingertips to the black eyes as if feeling tears in them.

"Come, look us over, Sumner." Granny called me by my last name, from the far side of the room, and going over to her I could only mumble that I'd brought her something.

Mrs. Jeff was there, looking on with an anxiety that made her tremble. Her face wasn't as round and rosy as it had been, and I was puzzled to see Granny herself as thin and rustling as a dried leaf. She could never have eaten all that food we'd missed.

Granny took what I gave her; held it in her hand a moment, hesitated, and then opened it.

This was the empty purse, for I'd thought they would rather keep their money in regular style than in an old clock.

Mrs. Jeff, leaning over her shoulder, gave a sharp cry. "It's empty; empty!"

Granny looked me through and through; her eyes did not twinkle now, and her face was hard set and forbidding. "It would always be empty to us," she said quietly; "and I broke my pride to take it and look into it."

"This purse," she cried, holding it up and falling into a harsher tone—"this purse has always been full and open to folly and extravagance; and empty to charity that was a duty. It is your Father's purse"; and she shook it in my face.

I felt that I was being beaten about the head with heavy blows and raised my arm to fend them off. I knew that she was accusing my Father of something dreadful and asked her not to talk so about him. "I can't stand it," I said. But she went on quickly, without heeding this:

"They bring us to bitter need and then send us an empty purse. Wait! Wait, till he comes to need. Well, this purse ain't any more empty than his savin's-bank will be to him. There's where the skelyton hangs; in his money closet."

She laughed grimly: "His savin's-bank! With the skelyton on guard."

This time I knew she meant herself to be the skeleton, and the change in her was so peculiar and threatening that I called up all the pride and courage I had to answer her look.

Not a word was spoken and I never felt real loneliness till that moment. Suddenly I thought my heart would burst with the secret it held, but I managed to keep up my head and start toward the door.

"Tell her you'll stand by your Father to his last cent," kept running through my mind, but I hadn't even told him that. It was too late now and I couldn't be such a hypocrite.

One more step and the door would have closed between our family and everything that makes life worth while; but Janie caught me by the sleeve.

"Granny," she said, almost in a whisper; "Granny, look at him! Only just look at him!"

Indeed, all their faces began changing into the expression they'd first met me with. There was no mistaking; it was one of pity, and I saw the corners of Granny's mouth quiver suddenly, as with pain. I should have resented pity from such folks, but instead my pride broke and as I blinked hard to keep my eyes clear, Granny said:

"There, there, Sumner, don't mind. I'm much to blame for hurting you. Now, all of you go out to play; shout, pull and haul each other, fight! Only just let me hear you. And when you are all tired out, come in to tell me good-by."

We did play, because we were all desperate for a game, and the Fambly had a hard time of it. For Janie, who was generally fiery and quick tempered, would lay hold of me very gently, and I could hardly shout at her above a whisper, so we took it out on the Fambly, who went in tousled and whining like a bear cub, to tell his troubles, three separate times.

Afterward I explained why I'd brought the purse. They said it would make the best bank and looked into the clock; but there wasn't a blessed penny inside, so I lent them my last cent for luck.

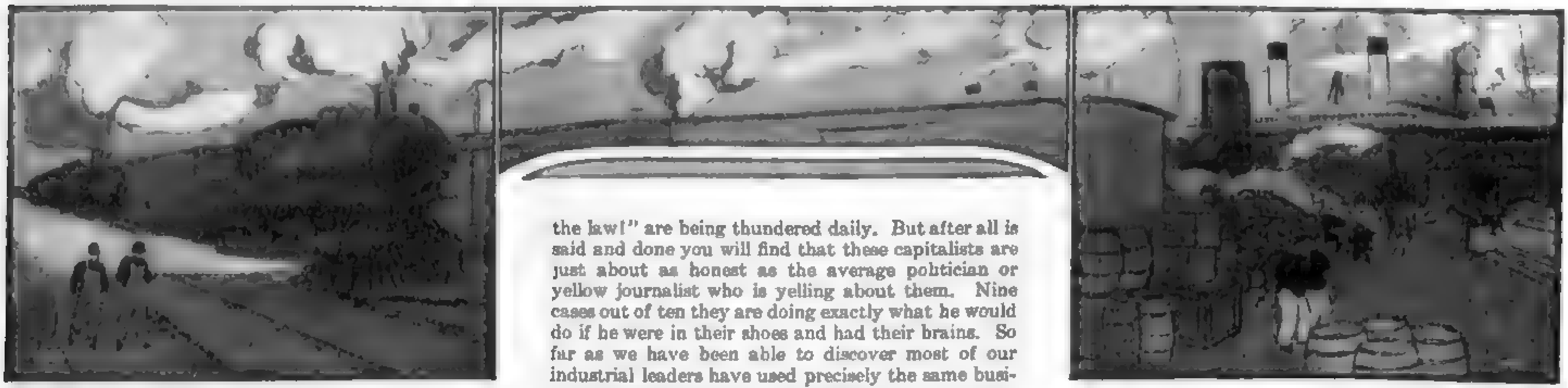
This time on my way home, the farther I got from the cabin, the brighter and cozier it seemed—like a lighthouse far out in the stormy ocean. And I knew it held something

(Continued on Page 53)

The Rate Question From a Consumer's Standpoint

By Clifford Thorne

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON



THE tariff question from the consumer's standpoint has been a favorite topic for many years. But where in magazine, book, newspaper or speech can you point to one solitary attempt to discuss the rate question from the same point of view? We have been content to say that the consumer pays the freight, and then we proceed to let him do so, without giving any thought or consideration whatever as to what might be his interests.

The relative importance to the consumer of the tariff and railroad rates is amazing. The total customs revenue of the United States last year was, in round numbers, three hundred million dollars; while the total railroad earnings amounted to over two billion four hundred million dollars.

The exact figures for the year ending June 30, 1909, were: Customs revenue, $300,977,438; railroad earnings, $2,439,721,012. The same items for 1908 were: Customs revenue, $285,180,653; gross railroad earnings, $2,424,640,637. Railroad earnings for the year ending June 30, 1909, were compiled from Bulletins Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 of Revenue and Expenses of Steam Roads in the United States, prepared by the Bureau of Statistics and Accounts of the Interstate Commerce Commission; those for 1908 are taken from the Twenty-second Annual Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The amount of the customs revenue was secured from Government officials. In connection with the foregoing comparison it must be distinctly remembered that the evil of excessive tariff rates is not simply the charge paid on the article imported, which is ultimately paid by the consumer, but also the additional amount paid directly to the local manufacturer because of excessive or prohibitive tariff rates. For general purposes, however, the comparison used is justifiable in order to give some conception of the magnitude of the railroad tax which we pay.

Freight Paid by the Consumer

THE consumer pays a rate tax eight times larger than his tariff tax. We have been talking about all phases of the tariff for centuries; but the magnitude of the railroad question is just dawning upon us.

In all the hearings before Congressional committees concerning railroad legislation innumerable shipping associations have been represented, but I have been able to find only one occasion when we consumers were heard from; and upon that occasion we had just one representative, a person who volunteered his services without compensation, a gentleman of the highest standing and ability, but one with no experience whatever in handling freight rates.

From the organization of the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1887 down to the present time there have been thousands of complaints filed, the Commission has rendered hundreds of decisions and prosecuted numerous investigations. In not one of these cases have the interests of the consumer been the controlling factor.

All of these things have had their natural effect. With regard to matters other than railroad rates our rate law is a direct benefit to the consumer, for it tends to prevent competition in different lines of industry from being frozen out of existence. But as to the freight rates that we pay, you will find that this Interstate Commerce Act is of absolutely no value whatever.

What is the important fact we consumers have learned from the remarkable investigations that have been conducted by the Government during the past few years?

The trend of current comment seems to be about the dishonesty of our industrial leaders. "Be honest!" "Obey the law!" are being thundered daily. But after all is said and done you will find that these capitalists are just about as honest as the average politician or yellow journalist who is yelling about them. Nine cases out of ten they are doing exactly what he would do if he were in their shoes and had their brains. So far as we have been able to discover most of our industrial leaders have used precisely the same business methods on a large scale which are, and always have been, practiced in the corner grocery store on a small scale. The disclosures about graft and fraud and rebates and trickery have lent spice to the work. They have served their purpose; they have sounded the alarm, awakening us, arousing us to action; and now, after all the smoke and stench and turmoil have passed away, there loom up before us some real questions to decide.

The great problem lying back of all the astounding facts that have been unearthed during the past few years, from one end of the continent to the other, is purely a business question.

A Clear-Cut Business Proposition

I HAVE no panacea, no cure-all, no solution for the grave situation confronting us in connection with our public-service corporations; and nobody else has. But there is one simple, clear-cut business proposition in connection with this controversy which I believe you will accept, regardless of what happens to be your particular financial relation to the subject.

On many matters the interests of the railroads and the people are common. But railroads are built to make money; they secure this money through the rates which they charge; and upon the question of the size of these rates the interests of the roads and the people are diametrically opposed to each other. It is to the interest of the railway companies to charge just as high rates as they can, as long as such rates do not seriously interfere with general business activity; and, upon the other hand, it is to the interest of the consumers of the United States to secure this transportation for the lowest possible rates that are consistent with the reasonable prosperity and further growth of our railroads. There is nothing dishonest about this. It is the same old situation of buyer and seller. It is good business, that is all.

We are the purchasers of transportation. The railway companies are the sellers. It is to their benefit to have high rates, and to ours to have low rates. How are they looking after their interests, and how are we looking after ours?

The railroad companies are organized. I have before me a publication of the Southwestern Tariff Committee which announces rates between many thousands of towns. In this one paper-bound book there are several million rates, all issued by one man, Mr. F. A. Leland, who acts as agent and attorney for two hundred and ninety railroads! Whenever any of these rates are attacked the shrewdest and best-trained experts that money can hire are prepared to defend them.

How are the consumer's rights being protected? You pay these rates; do you know whether or not they are reasonable? And whom have you employed to take care of such matters in your behalf?

It must be conceded at once that our rate law is of great value to the shipper, for he can afford to prepare a complaint, go before the Interstate Commerce Commission, commence suit and prosecute the same, when large sums of his individual money are involved. And it may be noted that the Interstate Commerce Act was largely framed to meet the demands of the shippers. The consumer and the shipper have entirely different interests at stake. The consumer is interested in low rates, while the shipper does not care whether the rates are high or low.

The following statements are typical of the attitude of shippers in general:

Mr. John D. Kernan, one-time chairman of the New York State Railroad Commission, and credited with being the author of the original Interstate Commerce Act, said before a committee of the Fifty-seventh Congress on April 17, 1902: "The Commission never had any difficulty about lowering rates. The shippers do not care what rates are charged. It is the relation of rates between competitors; that is the thing they want fixed."

Mr. Kindel, of Denver, Colorado, who is said to have had much experience in rate affairs as a representative of shippers, stated in a speech before the Interstate Commerce Law Convention held at Chicago just before the recent amendment of the Act to Regulate Commerce: "Now with all the controversies I have had with the railroads. I never once contended for low rates."

All the shipper insists upon is that his competitor shall pay the same charges demanded of him; then the freight can be added to the cost of the article, and the consumer foots the bill.

But where am I protected?

Where do I, the consumer, come in? I am the man who pays the freight.

The shipper will not protect me. What would be the practical inducement for a man shipping cattle from a town in Nebraska to Chicago to complain against and assume the extra burden of proving the unreasonableness of the rates on cigars or calico, or any of the other eight thousand articles in the different classifications, between any of the thousands of towns in the United States? His case will be confined to cattle.

Why Shippers are Slow to Act

WHEN a man brings a suit in our civil courts, does he attempt to settle the legal troubles of his friends and neighbors? He may have money enough to do this, but he simply does not care to do so. The average shipper is very loath to take the initiative even in his own affairs.

The reasons for this have been tersely stated by the late Justice Peckham, of the United States Supreme Court:

> There is such an infinite variety of facts entering into the question of what is a reasonable rate, no matter what standard is adopted, that any individual shipper would, in most cases, be apt to abandon the effort to show the unreasonable character of a charge, sooner than hazard the great expense in time and money necessary to prove the fact and at the same time to incur the ill will of the road itself in all his future dealings with it. (U. S. vs. Trans-Mo. Freight Ass., 166 U. S. 290.)

The Interstate Commerce Commission has had occasion to observe the same thing:

> An extensive shipper is dependent upon the railroad company. That company may completely crush him before we can afford him the slightest relief and in spite of any action which we can commence in his favor. If it doesn't openly discriminate against him there are innumerable ways in which it can annoy and injure him. Shippers fully understand this. Complaints received by us are often accompanied by the request that the name of the complainant may not be made known to the carrier. (11th Annual Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, page 32.)

Many of the reasons that deter the shipper from acting on his own behalf, such as the complexity of the questions involved, apply also to the consumer. These reasons are magnified a thousand-fold in the consumer's case because of the multitude and smallness of the claims.

If a railroad has a monopoly of transportation to my section, or if several railroads can combine—and they have combined for a quarter of a century in all parts of the

United States—so that they can fix the size of this tribute, I am liable to suffer. What protection have I against this contingency?

Today there is not one man in this nation authorized to take the initiative on behalf of the consumers of the United States in connection with railroad rates; and yet the consumers pay all these rates, which amount to over two billion dollars every year.

The simple fact that there is no machinery in our system of government to protect the consumer, and the fact that the shipper does not care what the rate is so that his competitor pays the same, make it possible for the railway companies to cause uniform advances in freight rates all over the country, on thousands of articles, without a hand being lifted in opposition.

It has been suggested that the power to initiate proceedings concerning rates should be given to the Interstate Commerce Commission. What could we reasonably expect to accomplish by this method?

It was intended and it was generally understood that the Commission had that power for a number of years in its early history, until the Supreme Court held that the Commission had authority only to pass an opinion upon the reasonableness of rates, but not to fix maximum rates.

The Limitations of Commissions

THE original act was liberally construed, no complaint being required to give jurisdiction. See: Matter of Grand Trunk Railway Co., 2 I. C. C. Rep. 504. ("The statute confers jurisdiction, with or without a complainant who has sustained damage, both to ascertain whether its provisions have been violated, *and to deal with actual violations*." Id. "Neither a formal complaint, nor direct damage to a complainant is necessary to give jurisdiction to the Commission." Id.) This continued to be true up to the amendment of the Act in 1906, which gave to the Commission the power to fix maximum rates, but specifically withheld the initiatory power so far as fixing rates was concerned.

During all those years the authority to take the initiative concerning rates remained a dead letter on the statute books. Over thirty states have given this power of initiative to their railroad commissions, and most of them have had such authority for a generation. Yet these commissions originate practically nothing. All their important rate cases are commenced and are prosecuted through to the end by outside sources. This is precisely as it should be; it is right. There is a good and sufficient reason for all this. You cannot expect a man or body of men to act as judge, deciding a matter at issue, and at the same time act as prosecutor, bringing the action and fighting it out before himself; also, incidentally, being the star witness and jury. Can you conceive of a judge, jury, prosecuting attorney and witness all rolled into one? Such a conglomeration is certain to be a failure. It is contrary to the entire legal history of the English-speaking race.

It is doubtful if there has been a solitary case, either in civil or criminal law, on English or American soil, since the days of the Star Chamber, when any judge ever prosecuted a case before himself. Since the foundation of our Government the only attempt to form such a tribunal for this nation was when the Interstate Commerce Commission was organized in 1887; but this attempt met with utter failure because of the wisdom of the members of that Commission. Early in their history they saw the futility of being both prosecutor and judge, and whenever they have passed upon the reasonableness of rates, they have, without exception, exercised solely the functions of a judge.

We have public prosecutors for violations of our criminal laws, our bankruptcy laws, our corporation laws, our insurance laws; and the framers of the Interstate Commerce Act correctly felt the necessity for some public official to take the initiative in the prosecution of violators of that law, because the evil results were of such a public character and affected the people at large. The error they fell into was combining prosecutor and judge in one tribunal. Experience demonstrated this folly, because the Commission totally failed to act as prosecutor.

The providing of a special court, which will take the place of the Federal courts in hearing appeals from the Interstate Commerce Commission, may serve to expedite matters under the present system. But this change will not improve the situation of the consumer, for there will still be no one to champion his cause.

The authorizing of the Department of Justice to bring suit to enforce the orders of the Commission and to defend it in the courts does not tend in the least to relieve this situation.

It has been proposed to authorize the Commission to establish a schedule of maximum rates for the entire country, a plan followed in England and in certain states in America. We will pause only to suggest that the conditions in different parts of the United States are far more varied than conditions in England; that there are a vast number of rates in the United States—Mr. Stickney has estimated the number at two trillion five hundred million—that the Commission at present is overworked; and that it is probable that the Commission, with its present personnel and with present conditions, would simply adopt the rates substantially as they are today and thus rivet the present scheme more firmly upon us. Thereafter, a party seeking a reduction or change in transportation charges would not only have to overcome long-established rates accepted by the railroads and the public, but he would have the additional burden of overcoming the presumption of reasonableness attached to a commission-made rate. This has been the actual result in almost every state where that course has been followed. Wherever commissions have established state schedules we find that nothing more of any consequence has been accomplished for a quarter of a century or so, and then only after a long and bitter agitation in newspapers and on the stump.

The Commission has already exercised the power to establish maximum rates for thousands of articles between hundreds of towns. It may be that in this way we shall gradually build up a new scheme of rates for the entire nation. In such cases the Commission has always heard from both the railroads and the shippers.

But what is the consumer to gain by either of these methods? There is no attempt here to provide any means of presenting his side of the controversy.

Some one has suggested that the Commission be given control over the capitalization of railway companies. The practical effect of this would be mainly for the benefit of the individual purchaser of stock, enabling him to act more intelligently on the stock market.

Dividends on Watered Stock

THE permission of the Government to overcapitalize, it is claimed by some, should estop the Government from reducing rates although the given rates are unreasonably high, on the ground that the innocent purchaser is entitled to dividends on his watered stock. There can be little practical force to such an argument, for the fact is, there is no real connection whatever in a purchaser's mind between the par value of a stock and its actual value. Stocks vary on the market from a few cents to several hundred dollars for each share which has a par value of one hundred dollars. That purchaser who is so extremely innocent as to rely upon the capitalization of a company, or, in other words, upon the par value of a company's stock, to tell him the value of that stock, needs a guardian to take charge of his affairs.

Overcapitalization does not affect me. A company is not entitled to charge unreasonable rates in order to earn dividends on watered stock.

Our esteemed ex-President has very truthfully said that the people "will not tolerate efforts to make the public pay dividends on watered stock." (Quoted in The Outlook, Vol. 85, page 314.) And our Supreme Court has ruled: "If a railroad corporation has bonded its property for an amount that exceeds its fair value, or if its capitalization is largely fictitious, it may not impose upon the public the burden of such increased rates as may be required for the purpose of realizing profits upon such excessive valuation or fictitious capitalization." (Smyth vs. Ames, 168 U. S. 171.)

So, what matters it to me, as a consumer, whether a railway company pays forty per cent on its capitalization of a hundred million dollars, like the Standard Oil Company, or four per cent on a billion-dollar capitalization, like the Steel Trust? If the actual investment is a hundred million dollars both are equally reprehensible, and no amount of stock juggling or use of the modern hose of high finance should divert our attention from the real pith of the question so far as we are concerned. Both methods, that adopted by the Standard and the one followed by the Steel Trust, have exactly the same effect. The same service would cost me precisely the same amount of money in either case.

All of these proposals have valuable features, which may prove of much benefit. But not one of these propositions helps the consumer in any practical or substantial manner.

After a long, hard struggle commencing over thirty years ago we have finally secured a disinterested Commission for the purpose of deciding rate cases. The details of the organization of this Commission, its jurisdiction, its power, the finality of its decisions, are all important and vital details to be worked out through experience and by some hard fights from year to year. But the great step has been taken—we have the Commission.

The Unrepresented Consumer

THE tribunal has been chosen. And the railroads are organized; they have their brilliant galaxy of counsel and traffic officials and rate experts; they are ready for the fray; they are prepared to gather the data, present arguments and make their contests before this disinterested Commission, with respect to the reasonableness of any and all rates. But where are we consumers? Where are our champions, our counsel, our rate experts, our representatives? Hunt from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, and you will find none. Here is the glaring defect in the present system from the consumer's standpoint. We have no one to fight our battles. The vast fortunes involved, aggregating hundreds of millions of dollars, would justify the employment of trained and competent men, who should be provided with abundant facilities of all kinds and character that can possibly be of assistance. We should be represented before the Interstate Commerce Commission by men who are just as able, just as learned and just as well-trained as those the railroads have. The people who are vitally affected by uniform advances in rates are the consumers. The only people who want high rates are the railway companies, and the only people who want low rates are the consumers. There is the conflict of interests, plain and clear.

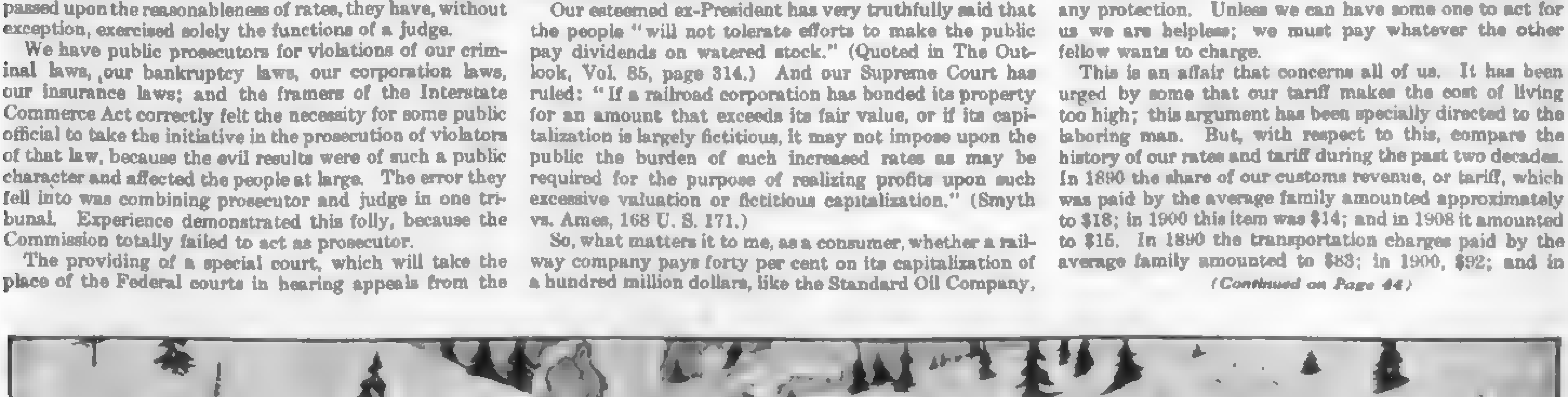
A Commission for deciding these issues has been secured. Now the next great step is to provide for a competent presentation of the consumer's interests before this tribunal.

At present the business of the Interstate Commerce Commission is wholly taken up with the affairs of shippers, who, because of large interests under few heads, are capable of effective organization and initiative on their own behalf.

We consumers are not organized. We do not have anything to say about this subject. The rate on any single article is too small to justify the consumer in commencing action. To initiate proceedings covering a large group of articles is assuming a colossal task, a task which is the function of a Government rather than an individual. And the physical impossibility of getting several hundred thousand people to make the required complaint stands in the way of the consumer's securing any protection. Unless we can have some one to act for us we are helpless; we must pay whatever the other fellow wants to charge.

This is an affair that concerns all of us. It has been urged by some that our tariff makes the cost of living too high; this argument has been specially directed to the laboring man. But, with respect to this, compare the history of our rates and tariff during the past two decades. In 1890 the share of our customs revenue, or tariff, which was paid by the average family amounted approximately to $18; in 1900 this item was $14; and in 1908 it amounted to $15. In 1890 the transportation charges paid by the average family amounted to $83; in 1900, $92; and in

(Continued on Page 44)



Marrying and Giving in Marriage

By MONTAGUE GLASS

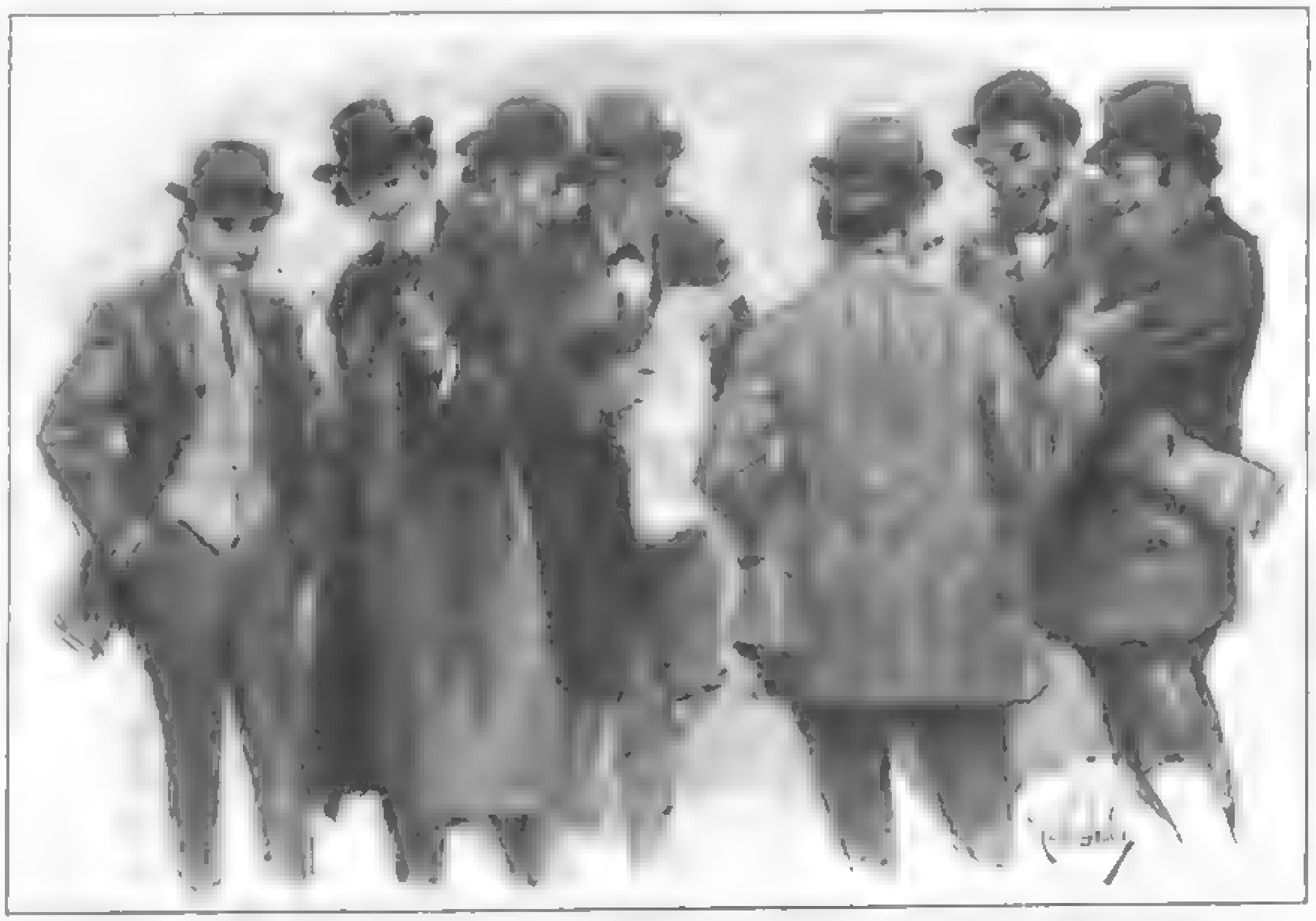
ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"I'M VERY funny that way," Louis Fishbein admitted. "I would sooner give it a lawyer two hundred dollars than pay a sucker two cents which I don't owe him at all."

"But you got to admit, yourself, Fishbein," Max Blintz protested, "that we did give an order for the piece goods."

"Supposing we did," Fishbein said. "Must we got to accept goods which we know beforehand we are stuck with?"

"That ain't Mendelbaum's fault we are stuck with 'em," Blintz declared. "We ordered the piece goods from Mendelbaum to makeup them 3029's for Simon Horowitz, and just because Horowitz sends us a cancellation, Fishbein, ain't no reason why Mendelbaum should lose money. Mendelbaum orders 'em from the mills, Fishbein, and he's got to pay for 'em, and you got to remember Mendelbaum is a new beginner, who couldn't stand it so good as Horowitz. Also, Mendelbaum would sue us, Fishbein, and we would got to defend it in court, anyway. My idee is that we would sue Horowitz and make him take the goods."



"That's a Miſtake From My Wife's. All of a Sudden She Gets Them Fancy Idees About No Cards"

Fishbein stared at his partner indignantly.

"A fine chance we would got it with Simon Horowitz," he said. "I guess you forget that Horowitz got four daughters and three of 'em is married to lawyers. That feller ain't stuck us enough for cut glass and sterling silver engagement and wedding presents that he should send us cancellations yet."

"Well, we ain't out much," Blintz replied. "We give the two oldest daughters plated ware and the other one, which married Harry Taub, we give it an olive dish which we got it cracked from Teitelmann on Division Street."

"Sure, I know," Fishbein rejoined; "but we give Mawruss Tickman sterling silver coffee spoons."

"That was your idee, Fishbein," Blintz interrupted. "I told you for that shyster, Mawruss Tickman, nutpicks was plenty good enough, but you got to send 'em sterling silver coffee spoons yet."

This had been a vexed question between the two partners and Fishbein made a conversational diversion.

"Tickman ain't no shyster, Blintz," he said. "The feller is a wonder. He's got an office in 320 Broadway like a bank already. I bet yer he makes an income at the very leastest twenty thousand dollars a year. Simon Horowitz was telling me only last week already that Tickman's got so much to do, either he must get a partner or he must get nervous prostration. That young feller, Gubiner, which is engaged to your Hattie, should be such a shyster. That's all I got to say."

"Don't worry yourself about my Hattie, Fishbein," Blintz replied. "Markie Gubiner is young yet and, anyhow, Fishbein, my Hattie didn't got Simon Horowitz for a father, y'understand. She ain't got all them extravagant ideas which Horowitz' daughter got it. Her mommer ain't brought her up that way. I bet yer them daughters from Horowitz couldn't cook a potato already, Fishbein; but you take my Hattie, Fishbein, and the *Kreploch* which that girl cooks it, you wouldn't believe at all. You give that girl eight dollars a week to keep house, and Vanderbilt couldn't set a better table."

"I'm glad to hear it," Fishbein replied, "because if Markie Gubiner don't make out in the law business he could open a restaurant."

"That boy would never got to open no restaurants, Fishbein," Blintz went on. "He's got a headpiece, y'understand. I came downtown with Leon Sammet yesterday and he says he was called for a juror in the city court last week, and Markie tried a case there. Leon Sammet says the front that boy puts up is something remarkable. Three times the judge is got to call him down for making so much noise. I tell yer, Fishbein, that boy ain't afraid from nobody."

"You don't got to tell me that, Blintz," Fishbein agreed. "I know Gubiner's father from the old country yet. The whole family is fresh, one worser as the other."

"What d'ye mean, fresh?" Blintz protested. "A lawyer is got to be fresh, Fishbein, otherwise he ain't no lawyer."

"Well, there's a difference in being fresh and being *fresh*, Blintz," Fishbein said sagely, "and this here Markie Gubiner is *fresh*, y'understand, and that's all there is to it."

A scathing rejoinder had just suggested itself to Blintz when the door opened and the mail carrier entered. He handed Fishbein a blue envelope, which the latter burst open with his thumb. "Here's a letter from Mendelbaum," he said. "I wonder what that sucker wants from us now."

Fishbein was not long in doubt, however, for Mendelbaum's letter had a simplicity and directness that appealed to even Fishbein's limited intelligence. It read as follows:

L. MENDELBAUM
FINE WOOLENS AND WORSTED FABRIKS
ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR THE SUIT AND SKIRT TRADE
843 ELDRIDGE STREET, NEW YORK

Sept. 24, 1909.

MESSRS. FISHBEIN & BLINTZ.

Gents: Your esteemed favor of the 23rd inst. to hand, and in reply would say what do you take me for, anyway? Either you would accept the goods as shipped or either I would sue you in the courts. Such suckers like you I wouldn't have no mercy on at all.

Yours respectfully,
L. MENDELBAUM.

"That's a fine loafer for you!" Blintz commented as he handed the note back to Fishbein. "Calls us suckers yet."

"What could you expect from a sucker like that?" Fishbein asked. "But, anyhow, it wouldn't do us no good to call the feller names, Blintz."

"I bet yer it wouldn't," Blintz agreed. "I will write that feller a rotten letter which he wouldn't forget in a hurry."

"Don't you do nothing of the kind," Fishbein said. "You shouldn't go writing letters to a feller which makes bluffs he would sue you. Otherwise you would get yourself into all kinds of trouble, Blintz. Why don't you see it Markie Gubiner when he comes round to call on your Hattie tonight, and get from him an advice?"

Blintz slapped his thigh with his hand.

"That's what I will do, Fishbein," he said. "I got a lot of confidence in that young feller, Fishbein."

"Sure, I know," Fishbein replied. "And besides, we wouldn't spend no money on lawyers till we got to, Blintz."

II

NATURE had bestowed on Markie Gubiner a deep bass voice, and Markie helped Nature out by wearing long hair, an impressive frown and a flowing black tie. He was essentially a jury lawyer and, if necessary, could weep genuine tears in presenting the defense of non-protest in an action on a promissory note. Moreover, his impassioned gestures had cracked every table in the municipal courthouse on Madison Street, and it was, therefore, generally acknowledged that he had a great future at the bar.

Unfortunately, the legal profession in New York is much overcrowded, and Markie's practice was still too small to warrant his marriage. Accordingly, his attentions to Hattie Blintz had not yet crystallized into an engagement, although he had a client in the children's clothing business whose affairs were in a critical condition, and in the event of a catastrophe Markie expected to buy Hattie Blintz a diamond ring from the retainer.

"Popper wants to speak to you," Hattie announced when Markie arrived at Blintz' Lenox Avenue flat that evening.

Markie grew white.

"He'll never get an extension, Hattie," he said, "and right now I'm drawing a petition in bankruptcy to be filed by his brother-in-law as soon as the creditors close down on him."

"Take your mind off of business oncet in a while, Markie," said Blintz, who had emerged unnoticed from the living-room. "I want to ask you an advice."

"Fire away," Markie said. "I'm ready."

Blintz led his prospective son-in-law into the dining-room and handed him a cigar.

"Me and Fishbein got a little trouble," he explained after they were seated. "We bought some piece goods from a feller called Mendelbaum, and he writes us this letter." He handed Mendelbaum's ultimatum to Markie, who read it over carefully.

"Why did you return the goods?" he asked.

"Because we bought 'em to make up an order which a feller canceled on us," Blintz explained; "so naturally we returned the piece goods."

"But that ain't a legal excuse for returning 'em," Markie said.

"No?" Blintz questioned.

"What you should have done was to have the goods examined by a sponging concern and return them as defective," Markie continued. "As it is, you ain't got a leg to stand on."

Blintz nodded.

"That's the way it is with Fishbein, Markie," he said. "If I told him oncet I told it him a hundred times he shouldn't do things in such a hurry. What could we do now?"

Once more Markie read over the letter.

"Why, it's very simple," he replied. "Write Mendelbaum it was all a mistake and ask him to return the goods. See? And then you could have them examined by the sponging people and, of course, they prove to be defective."

"But suppose the sponger should say them goods is all right?" Blintz asked.

"I've got a client, B. Gelb, in the cloth-sponging business," Markie answered, "and if he don't find them goods defective I'll eat 'em."

"And then what?" Blintz inquired.

"And then you fire the goods back at Mendelbaum," Markie elucidated. "And the very next day you serve him with a summons and complaint in an action in the city court for damage for breach of contract because he didn't send the piece goods you ordered. Then, the first thing you know, Mendelbaum will be glad to call the whole thing off if you will discontinue the suit."

Blintz looked at his daughter with tears of gratitude in his eyes.

"Hattie, *Leben*," he said, "me and Mommer seen it a parlor suit on a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street last night, and if Markie and you would be going out tonight just give it a look."

"But ——" Markie began.

"But nothing," Blintz interrupted. "Teitelmann, from Division Street, showed it me a solitaire diamond ring yesterday which he wanted to sell me for a hundred and fifty. If you could get it for a hundred and twenty-five, Markie, take it. I will pay for it, and when Mendelbaum calls off the whole thing you should send us a bill for a hundred and twenty-five, and when Fishbein sends you a check you should turn it over to me."

Markie seized his future father-in-law by the hand.

"You've got a big heart," he said.

"Don't mention it," Blintz protested

"Sure not," Markie replied. "I'll just send in a bill in the usual way to Fishbein & Blintz for a hundred and fifty. Like as not Fishbein'll trim it to a hundred and twenty-five, but if he shouldn't you'll get the benefit of the extra twenty-five, anyhow."

Blintz embraced his daughter enthusiastically.

"What a head that boy got it!" he exclaimed. "You should positively advertise the engagement in next Sunday's Herald and the reception will be a week from Sunday. Aint it?"

"But supposing if Teitelmann wouldn't let Markie have the ring for a hundred and twenty-five," Hattie suggested.

"Then give him a hundred and fifty," Blintz cried, "and I will pay the other twenty-five out of my own pocket "

III

AT NINE o'clock the next morning Fishbein & Blintz mailed the following letter:

L. FISHBEIN "WHERE QUALITY IS PARAMOUNT" M BLINTZ

FISHBEIN & BLINTZ
COSTUMES, DRESSES AND SUITS
480 UNIVERSITY PLACE

CABLE ADDRESS
"FISHBLINTZ, NEW YORK"

TELEPHONE
[illegible]

L. MENDELBAUM. NEW YORK, Sept. 26, 1909.

Dear Sir: Your favor of the 24th inst. to hand and contents noted, and in reply we beg to state we must say we are surprised. We thought you was a gentleman, Mr Mendelbaum, as our shipping clerk through mistake sends you back the goods which was intended by us for a different party as you. Please return goods at your earliest convenience and oblige,

Truly yours,
FISHBEIN & BLINTZ.

At twelve o'clock a short, dark person entered the showroom of Fishbein & Blintz. His face was distorted into a smile of such amiability that his mustache was completely engulfed between his nose and his under lip, while his eyes were mere glinting slits in his ruddy, fat face.

"How do you do, Mr. *Fish*bein?" he said all in one breath. "Ain't it a fine weather?"

"So we are suckers, what?" Fishbein exclaimed. "You wouldn't got no mercy on us, Mendelbaum. Ain't it?"

"Couldn't you take it a joke like a joke, Mr. Fishbein?" Mendelbaum said pleadingly.

"Jokes you are making it," Fishbein retorted. "Well, all I got to say is if you was writing us jokes, Mendelbaum, you are lucky we don't make you a couple blue eyes yet."

Mendelbaum's amiable smile disappeared.

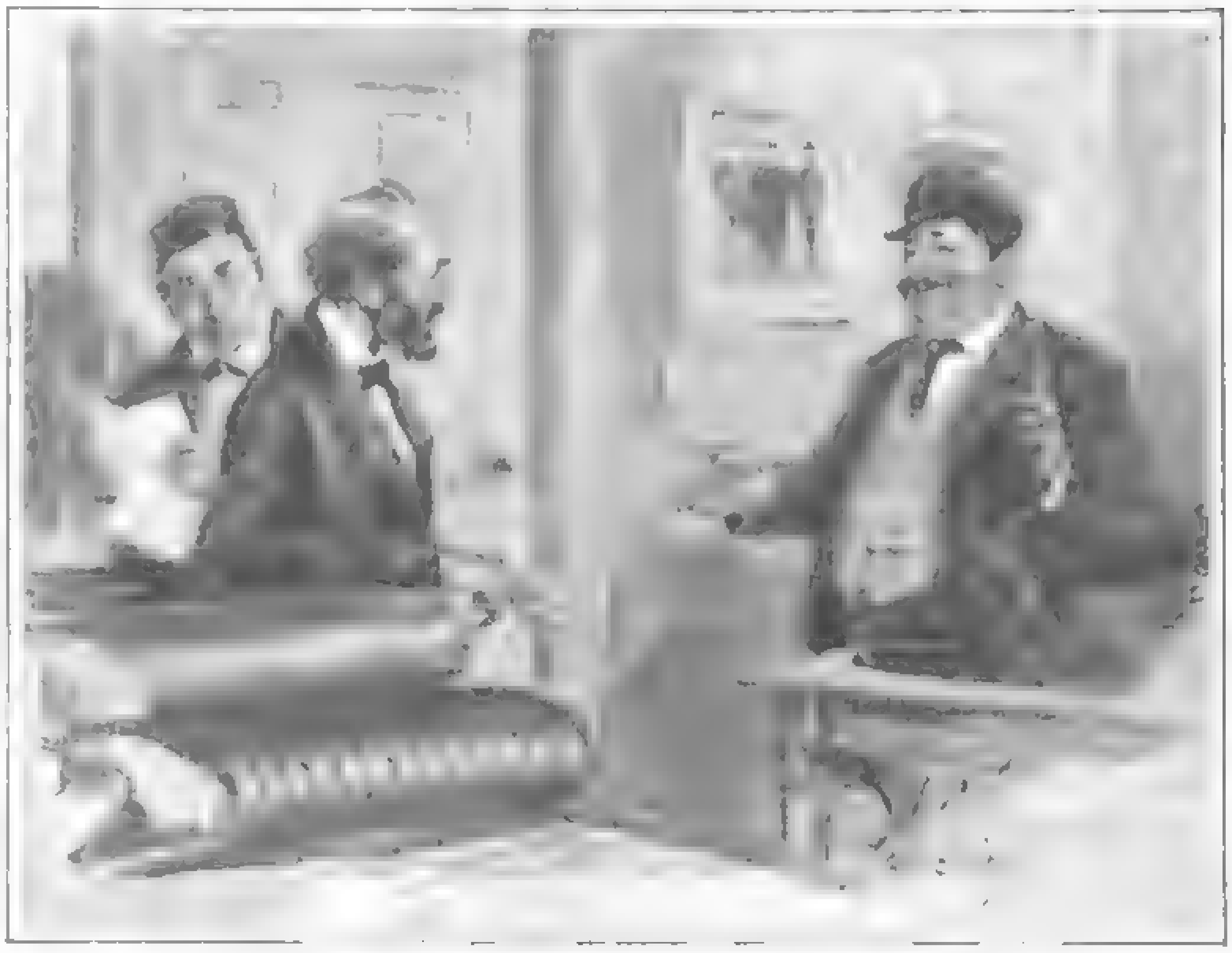
"You shouldn't talk that way, Fishbein," he said. "Take it from me, if anybody is going to make blue eyes around here it wouldn't be you, y'understand."

"Blintz," Fishbein called, and in response his partner entered the showroom. He had overheard the conversation from his desk in the firm's private office and he hastened to smooth matters over

"Hello, Mendelbaum!" he exclaimed. "Ain't it a fine weather?"

"I don't know if it's a fine weather or not, Blintz," Mendelbaum replied. "Your partner here wouldn't let me open my mouth already."

"You mustn't mind him, Mendelbaum," Blintz said. "He's got an idee your letter was a little too fresh, y'understand."



"Your Partner Here Wouldn't Let Me Open My Mouth Already"

"Well, I got reasons to write that letter," Mendelbaum said. "If your shipping clerk makes a mistake, Blintz, that ain't my fault, and ——"

"We wouldn't talk no more about it," Blintz replied. "Have a cigar, Mr. Mendelbaum. The next time we wouldn't none of us be in such a hurry."

"Certainly, I admit I don't got to call you boys suckers," Mendelbaum continued, "and I come up here to tell you I ain't got no hard feelings against you."

"That's all right," Fishbein said, extending his hand. "Let's forget all about it. How's business?"

"It could be better," Mendelbaum answered, "but I ain't kicking."

"Sure you ain't," Blintz commented. "A single young feller like you ain't got no family, y'understand, and even if business was bad, y'understand, you could always make out"

Mendelbaum smiled.

"If I was a single young feller," Mendelbaum said, "all right. But I ain't exactly single."

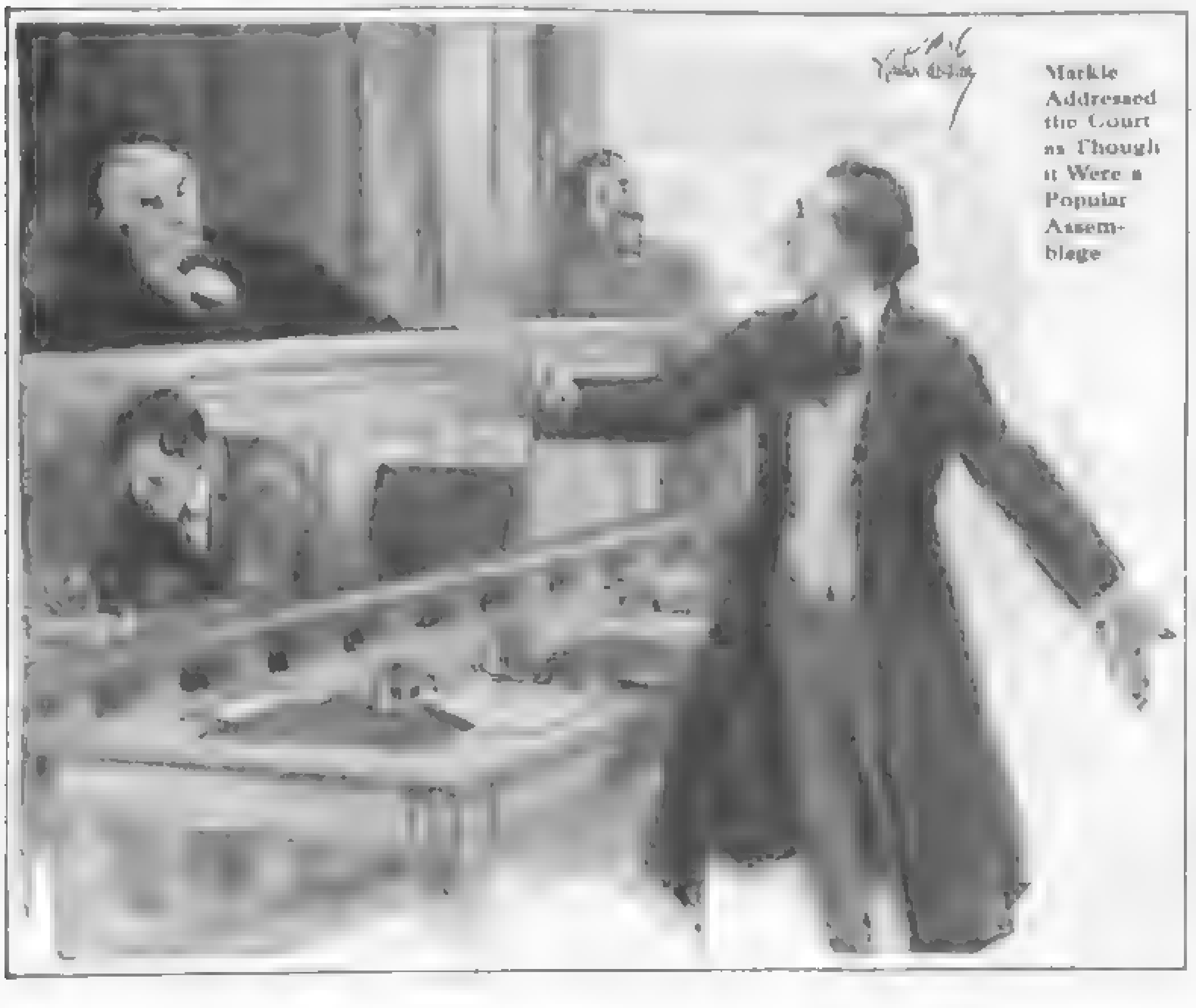
"Not exactly single," Blintz repeated. "Either a feller is single or married, Mendelbaum, and there ain't no exactly about it."

Mendelbaum shrugged his shoulders.

"He could be engaged. Ain't it?" he suggested.

"Is that so?" Blintz said. "I wish you joy. Who is the young lady?"

"Never mind," Mendelbaum said archly. "I ain't saying I am engaged exactly, y'understand, but look in the Herald Sunday, some time soon. That's all." He shook hands with the two partners and a moment later the door slammed behind him.



Markie Addressed the Court as Though it Were a Popular Assemblage

"That's a dangerous feller, Blintz," Fishbein declared, wagging his head. "Mind you, he wanted to make me a couple blue eyes. Did y'ever hear of such a thing, that a loafer like that should be engaged to a decent, respectable girl"

"Why, you don't even know the girl, Fishbein," Blintz said

"I don't got to know her," Fishbein retorted. "A girl is to be pitied which would get it a lowlife like him, no matter who she is."

"Well, anyhow, Fishbein," Blintz replied, "don't let us fool away our time here. The piece goods just came up the freight elevator and I'm going to ship them to B. Gelb right away. Markie sees Gelb this morning, and he tells Gelb he should positively find out that them goods is rotten, and Gelb wouldn't charge us nothing but the usual price"

"That should also include when he swears for a witness after we sue Mendelbaum in court. Ain't it?"

"Sure," Blintz replied; and ten minutes later Mendelbaum's piece goods were on the way to the sponger's.

IV

"SEEMS to me, Blintz," Fishbein exclaimed as the following week drew to its close—"Seems to me this here Gelb is taking his time about them piece goods."

"The feller's doing a good job, Fishbein," Blintz said. "He's examining every yard of them goods, and when he gets through I bet yer he'll find enough defects to satisfy anybody."

"But we should of started this here thing last week already," Fishbein retorted. "What are we waiting for, anyway?"

"Well, after next Sunday," Blintz began, "we would be ——"

"Say, lookyhere, Blintz," Fishbein interrupted, "must the whole world stand still because your Hattie gets engaged with Markie Gubiner? We couldn't go out of the cloak and suit business entirely, y'understand, just because you got an engagement in the family, Blintz."

"You shouldn't say nothing, Fishbein," Blintz rejoined. "When you fixed up that fifteenth anniversary which you and your Beckie got it last March, did I kick? And, anyhow, Fishbein, you didn't got to have no fifteenth anniversary. Me, when I was married fifteen years I was married fifteen years, and that's all there was to it."

"S'enough, Blintz," Fishbein cried. "You don't got to throw up that fifteenth anniversary to me. That was Beckie's idea. Cost me a whole lot of money and what did I benefit by it? A couple of pieces cut glass and a lot of *Schlurums* which you could get it in a five-and-ten-cent store yet."

"Well, this here engagement party will cost me enough, too, Fishbein, I could assure you," Blintz went on. "I. Schulman, which used to run it a coffee and cake saloon on East Broadway, opens up on Lenox Avenue and calls himself a cakerer yet. Nothing would do but that my Hattie engages him to fix up the supper. What a nerve that feller got it, Fishbein! Wants to charge me three dollars a couple. Believe me, he was glad if he got fifteen cents a couple on East Broadway, five cents apiece for coffee and one portion of *Mohnkuchen* between 'em."

He sighed heavily and lit a fresh stogy.

"But I wouldn't grudge the money, Fishbein," he went on. "Markie is a good boy and I'm well satisfied. Y'orter see the ring which that young feller bought it. Cost him two hundred and fifty dollars down on Maiden Lane."

He sighed again, for in adding a hundred dollars to Teitelmann's price he was reminded that he had been obliged to pay the extra twenty-five without hope of reimbursement.

"How much the ring cost I don't care at all," Fishbein said. "What I want to know is: What did the cigars cost which you bought it for next Sunday?"

"You shouldn't worry," Blintz retorted. "If you would got it cigars at your fifteenth anniversary which I bought it for Sunday it would of been a pleasure to smoke 'em, I could assure you."

"Well, I noticed you carried a couple of handfuls away with you," Fishbein replied. "My Beckie says to me at the time it was a lucky thing for us you couldn't get tchampanyer bottles into your vest pocket, Blintz."

"I wouldn't watch every mouthful you eat, Fishbein, when you come to my house," Blintz exclaimed.

Fishbein slapped his partner on the shoulder.

"I was only making jokes," he said. "Believe me, you was welcome to all the tchampanyer you could drink."

"All I could drink at your house wasn't much, Fishbein," Blintz replied, "because four bottles among twenty people don't go such a terrible long ways, y'understand."

"You got your money's worth, anyhow," Fishbein declared. "You got to remember, Blintz, that that ormolooy arrangement which you give us didn't bankrupt you exactly, neither."

"It didn't, hey?" Blintz roared. "Well, all I got to say is that you never bought it a suit of clothes which cost you so much as that ormolooy figger and cut-glass vase."

Fishbein laughed maliciously.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow?" he exclaimed. "Couldn't you take a joke like a joke, Blintz?"

Blintz nodded.

"That's all right, Fishbein," he said. "A joke is a joke, but this here engagement party is no joke, I can assure you. *Gott sei dank*, I only got one daughter to marry off, otherwise I would quick be in the poorhouse."

Nevertheless, Blintz spared no expense, and on the following Sunday afternoon his Lenox Avenue flat was completely transformed under the skillful hand of Ginsburg, the florist. The gas fixtures were draped in smilax, and potted ferns tripped up the unwary guest in every corner of Blintz' front parlor. At intervals, roses and carnations peeped out of the greenery with the frequency of oysters in a church-fair stew, and from the chandelier hung a huge bell in pink and white immortelles.

Blintz himself answered the doorbell, and his moonlike face was bathed in a gentle moisture of hospitality as he greeted the incoming guests.

"Hel-lo, Fishbein," he cried when his partner entered, "and Mrs. Fishbein! Come right inside and take off your clothes."

"I congratulate you," Mrs. Fishbein exclaimed, and while she was bestowing kisses on Mrs. Blintz in loud, staccato smacks Fishbein was unfolding the tissue-paper from a bulging object which he bore with him.

"Blintz," he said solemnly, "me and Mommer was wondering what we would give it your Hattie for an engagement present, and we couldn't make up our minds. So I got an idee that we couldn't do better as to get one of them ormolooy arrangements which you gave it us."

Here he pulled away the last vestment of tissue-paper and exposed the ornament in question. He handed it to his partner.

"We got to look around a long time before we could get one exactly the same, y'understand," he explained, "and at last we found one up in Fifth Avenue, the precisely same, similar thing. I hope you like it, Blintz."

"Much obliged," Blintz grunted. At the same moment he discovered a slight nick on the surface of the cut-glass vase which the ormolu figure bore, and the shock of this recognition so unnerved him that the figure and vase fell from his hands to the floor.

"It wouldn't harm it none," Fishbein exclaimed. "We knocked the thing over a hundred times already and you couldn't bust it with a meat axe yet. That is to say, I mean we knocked over the one you gave it to us, Blintz, and that's the reason why we bought your Hattie one just like it. It's a first-class, A Number One article, if you're looking for something real durable."

Blintz picked up the vase and led the way into what was ordinarily his bedroom, but which was now given up to a display of Hattie's engagement presents.

"That's a nice assortment, Blintz," Fishbein commented to his friend. "One or two duplicates, but that don't do no harm, Blintz. You could always pass 'em on."

"Me, I don't do such things," Blintz replied, and he put the ormolu figure and its conical vase in the extreme background. "My Hattie, neither. Either we would buy a brand-new article, otherwise we wouldn't give no present."

"I give you right," Fishbein agreed with a grin. "Who did you get that olive dish from?"

Blintz looked at the card on the piece of cut glass in question and started visibly.

"Well, what d'ye think of that?" he exclaimed. "Mendelbaum sends Hattie that there olive dish. Honest, Fishbein, that's pretty decent of that feller after the way we treated him."

"What d'ye mean, the way we treated him?" Fishbein exclaimed. "That sucker don't know nothing about what we're going to do to him yet. The piece goods only came back from Gelb yesterday."

Blintz regarded the cut-glass dish with almost lachrymose tenderness.

"Say, lookyhere, Fishbein," he said, "ain't there some way we could fix this up? Suppose we suggest to Mendelbaum that he makes us an allowance of, say, a hundred and fifty dollars, and ——"

At this juncture Fishbein broke into a loud laugh.

"Let me in on this joke, too," Blintz cried.

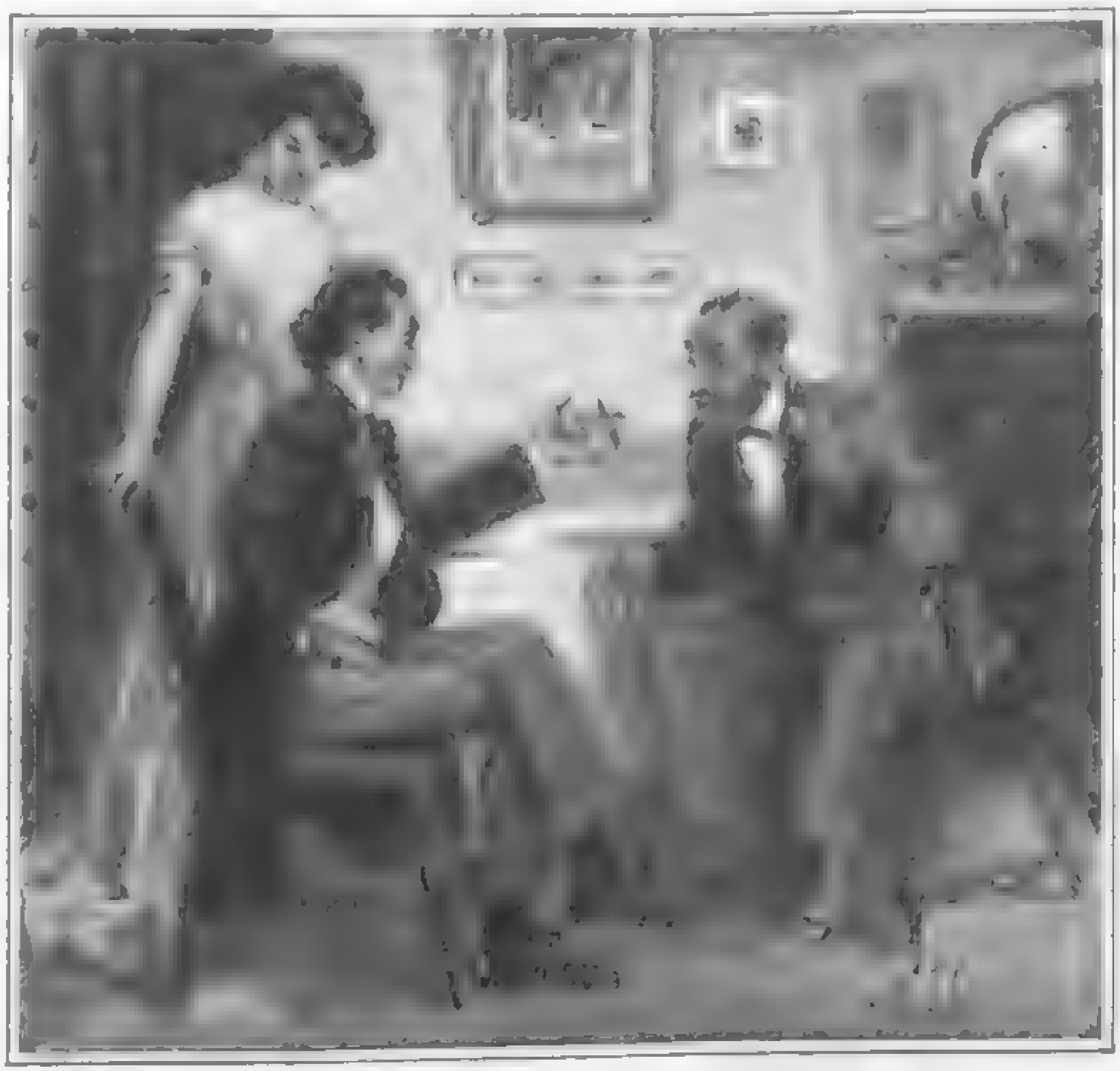
"Why, sure," Fishbein said. "The joke is on you, Blintz. Just look at that olive dish again. Look at the crack right on the middle of that sunburst there."

"What of it?" Blintz asked.

"What of it!" Fishbein repeated. "Why, that's the selfsame olive dish which we gave it to Harry Taub, Simon Horowitz' son-in-law. It stood us in seventy-five cents last spring."

"Dreams you got it, Fishbein," Blintz declared. "Do you think that there couldn't be two olive dishes with cracks into 'em?"

"Look underneath it, Blintz," Fishbein said. "There's a little piece of paper which I pasted on to it, and in my own handwriting, mind you, is four dollars for a price mark."



"As it is, You Ain't Got a Leg to Stand On"

Fishbein examined the price mark and grew convinced.

"That's a fine cutthroat for you!" he exclaimed. "We shouldn't lose no time, Fishbein. We will positively sue that sucker the first thing tomorrow morning."

V

PROMPTLY at nine o'clock on Monday morning Fishbein & Blintz returned the piece goods to L. Mendelbaum, and hardly had the latter recovered from his indignation and surprise when Markie Gubiner's clerk arrived with the summons and complaint.

"Mr. Mendelbaum?" the young man said.

"You got it right," L. Mendelbaum replied. "That's my name."

"Here's a summons and complaint in the city court, action for breach of contract," the clerk continued in sepulchral tones which implied that anything Mendelbaum might say would be used in evidence against him.

Mendelbaum's ruddy face grew white.

"What d'ye mean, breach of contract?" he said.

"Read it and see," the clerk replied, and stalked out of Mendelbaum's store.

For ten minutes L. Mendelbaum sat in icy despair. Not only had Fishbein & Blintz returned the piece goods, but another and more poignant misfortune had befallen him. For about a year he had been paying attention to Mrs. Fannie Taub, relict of Morris Taub, and he intended to wed her just as soon as his woolen business commenced to show a profit commensurate with housekeeping and clothing for two. But apparently Mrs. Taub had grown impatient, for to L. Mendelbaum the term "breach of contract" could have but one significance. It was useless for him to read the summons and complaint, since his knowledge of the English language did not extend beyond the arbitrary characters which represented "L. Mendelbaum." His brother Nathan kept the books, attended to the correspondence and drew the checks, but there are some things that one cannot confide even to a brother, and one of them is the complaint in an action for breach of promise of marriage.

"Nathan," he shouted. "Ring up Harry Taub. I want to speak to him a few words about something."

Nathan looked up from his ledger.

"What for do you want to speak to Harry?" he asked. "If it is about that cut-glass dish which you give it Fishbein & Blintz' daughter, it was cracked when Harry sent it here."

"Loafer!" L. Mendelbaum cried. "Must you got to know everything?"

He glared malevolently at his brother, who hastened to obey, and a moment later Harry Taub had answered.

"Hello, Harry," L. Mendelbaum croaked. "What is the trouble with Fannie?"

"Trouble with Fannie!" Harry Taub repeated. "Why, I ain't heard nothing since I left the house this morning. She said she's going to ring you up about coming up tonight."

"Me!" Mendelbaum cried. "Coming up?"

"Sure," Harry went on. "She wants to get a remnant of kersey for a skirt."

Mendelbaum wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead.

"Well, lookyhere, Harry," Mendelbaum said, "kersey for a skirt, that's all right. She could have melton, too, corduroy, anything she would want it, Harry, but what is this here all about that she should send me a paper by the court?"

"A paper by the court!" Harry Taub exclaimed. "You're crazy."

"All right, I'm crazy, Harry," Mendelbaum continued, "but if I am crazy or I ain't crazy, Harry, I got the paper in my pocket now."

"Some one's been kidding you, Mendelbaum," Harry rejoined. "Read it to me."

Now, Mendelbaum had never admitted his educational deficiencies either to Harry Taub or to Harry Taub's sister-in-law, Mrs. Fannie Taub, and he was obliged to enlist the services of his brother.

"Nathan," he shouted, "couldn't you do nothing at all? What's the matter with you? Why don't you come here a minute when I call you?"

Nathan took the five yards between his desk and the 'phone in two jumps.

"Here, read this to Harry," his brother commanded; "my eyes ain't so good no more."

Nathan took the document in one hand and seized the receiver with the other. "Hello, Mr. Taub," he said.

"Never mind 'hello,'" Mendelbaum cried. "Go ahead and read it."

"'The City Court of the City of New York,'" Nathan announced. "'Louis Fishbein and Max Blintz composing the firm of Fishbein & Blintz plaintiffs against Lawrence Mendelbaum. The name Lawrence being fictitious and used to designate a person whose real Christian name is unknown to plaintiffs. The plaintiffs, complaining of the defendant through Marcus Gubiner, their attorney, respectfully allege and show. First, that' ——"

"Hold on!" L. Mendelbaum cried. "S'enough, Nathan; don't read no more, Nathan."

Nathan thrust the receiver into his brother's hands.

"Here," he said, "he wants to know what's it about."

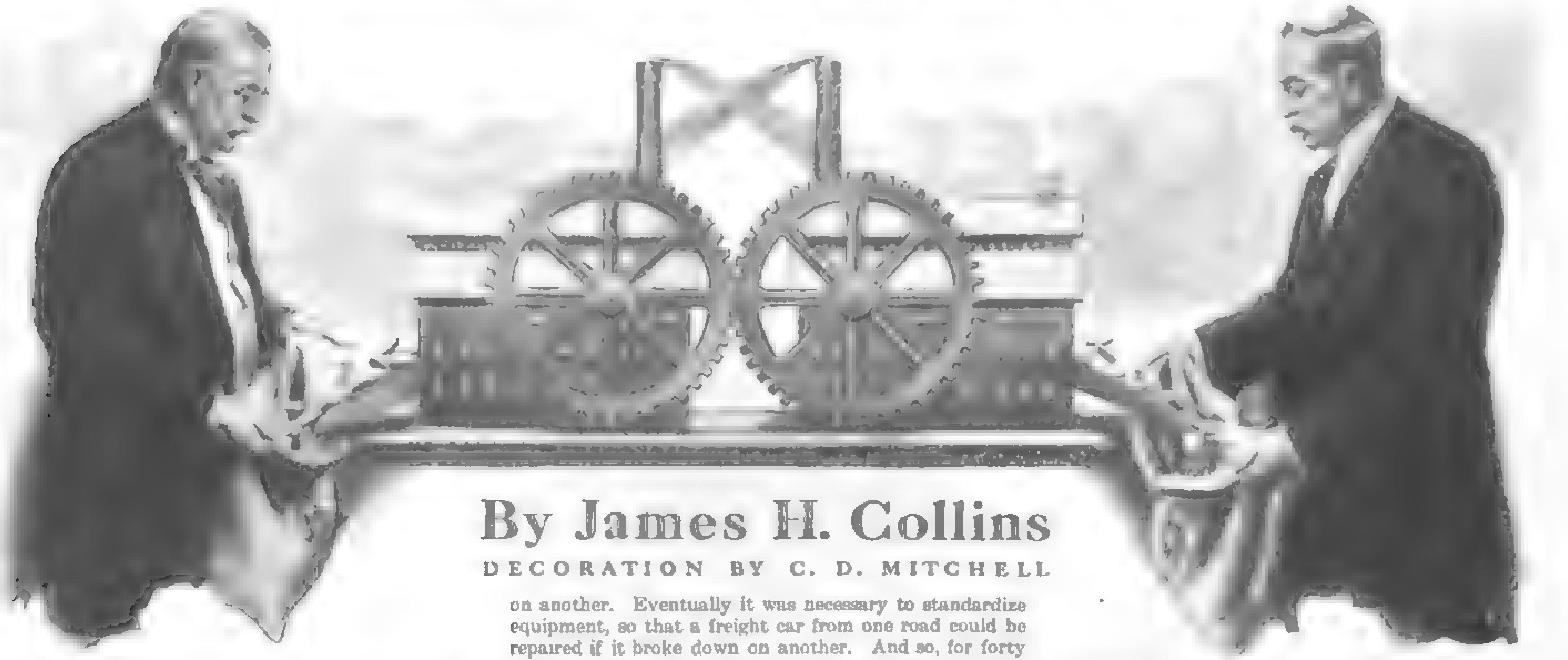
"*Schafkopf!*" L. Mendelbaum cried as he took the receiver. "Must you tell everything what you know? You got me in a fine mess here."

"Why, you told me to read it," Nathan began.

(Continued on Page 48)

THE EASIEST PROFITS

Standardization—The Best Things and the Best Ways



By James H. Collins

DECORATION BY C. D. MITCHELL

DURING this generation American industry is going to save some handsome profits by stopping waste in making goods and carrying them to market, turning by-products into revenue, operating on more accurate knowledge of costs, and the like.

In these economies the word standardization is very important.

It embodies many big betterments and innumerable little ones, all carrying neglected margins of profit. Standardization is a long word, and its associations have been such that most people begin thinking of screws, nuts, couplers and bearing-brasses the moment they hear it. But today the industrial world is beginning to understand that standardization is more than a process of classifying mechanical parts. Standardization is very broad and human and is being applied to methods as well as to materials in ways that were not dreamed of yesterday.

The father of old-fashioned mechanical standardization was Sir Joseph Whitworth, an English inventor, who brought exactness into machine-building and developed modern machine tools. When Whitworth went to work in a London machine-shop about seventy-five years ago there was little exactness in anything mechanical. Each machine-builder had his own standards for screw threads, so that bolts from another establishment would not fit his apparatus. Metal-workers had a few hand tools—the hammer, file, chisel, foot-lathe and a crude screw-cutting apparatus. Machine parts were seldom made to gauges smaller than one-eighth inch; sometimes this fraction was split by some unusually skillful mechanic, but his work was a feat in personal adroitness. Such a thing as an absolutely flat surface or true plane, like the bed of a printing-press, was known only approximately. Workmen made it as well as they could with hand planes, but it cost three dollars a foot and was far from true.

Whitworth perfected a planing machine that turned out true planes at a cost of two cents a foot. He worked out screw-thread standards that were adopted by the whole manufacturing world. He made it possible for machinists to gauge work to the forty-thousandth part of an inch. Nowadays we measure variations of one eight-millionth of an inch by light from glowing hydrogen or cadmium vapor, but Whitworth's refinements were far more wonderful in his generation.

Railroad and Automobile Standards

AS GREAT industries arose, one by one, there has always come a period at which mechanical standardization was necessary. Take railroads as an example.

In the beginning railroads were small local lines, each having its own running time, signal code, rolling stock. When two or three roads grew out far enough to connect with each other a common system of running time had to be adopted by all—the railroads gave the world standard time. Where one railroad crossed another it was necessary for both to give trainmen the same code of signals, for what meant "Go ahead" on one road might mean "Stop" on another. Eventually it was necessary to standardize equipment, so that a freight car from one road could be repaired if it broke down on another. And so, for forty years or more, our railroads have been working toward uniformity until today they sell standard through-tickets, publish standard rates, establish standard freight classifications and even keep standard accounts.

But the process is far from finished. Master car-builders, by two generations of classification, have made it possible for the Maine Central shops to repair a damaged Oregon Short Line freight car. Yet every road has different types of freight cars and other rolling stock in its own equipment, and carries a vast stock of repairs for each. If absolute standardization could be brought about tomorrow there would be vast economies

In automobiles American manufacturers, after several years of independent effort to see who could build a car most unlike all others, even the maker's own last year's car, have arrived at uniform standards in many things, from bolts to spark-plugs.

But standardization is an enormous task, never finished because industry grows faster than classification. Industry grows like language, as it were, and standardization is making a dictionary of new mechanical practice and eliminating the ephemeral and the slang.

The slang element in a material like steel tubing, for instance, is revealed in a standardizing process like that recently undertaken in the automobile industry. More than twelve hundred different diameters and strengths of tubing were being used by manufacturers. After thorough study and sorting the number was cut to about three hundred. This reduces the weight of cars while maintaining strength, reduces cost of construction, reduces investment in materials, expedites construction and brings about economies for makers of both automobiles and steel tubing. But standardization is now being carried far from these mechanical channels.

One afternoon the general sales manager of a large typewriter company got off the train in a Tennessee manufacturing town and visited the local sales manager.

"Maybe I can show you some points in selling our machines," he said. "Is there anybody here you're having trouble with?"

"Yes," replied the local man; "that big factory out there uses thirty typewriters of other makes, but I can't get the president to look into ours."

"Get your sample machine and take me over there."

Walking into the manufacturer's office the local manager introduced his chief simply as Mr. So-and-So.

"Are you a Tennessee man?" asked the manufacturer politely, by way of beginning a conversation.

"No," was the reply; "I'm a typewriter man."

"Oh, pshaw! I don't want to talk about typewriters."

"Well," said the general sales manager, settling comfortably in a chair, "what do you want to talk about, then?"

"Look here!" said the manufacturer, squaring round determinedly. "I wish you'd tell me why we're always spending money for carbon paper."

"All right; let's talk about carbon paper. Will you have some used sheets of your carbon brought in here so that I can examine them?"

Within five minutes the sales manager had that sample typewriter on the manufacturer's desk, making good copies with sheets of carbon that had been thrown away by stenographers. The factory was equipped with typewriters of comparatively light stroke, while the sample machine was of a make noted for its heavy stroke and good manifolding. Before the salesmen left that afternoon the manufacturer, on this demonstration, ordered new machines to replace all his typewriters.

Now, that was a typical purchasing incident. Confronted with a growing item of expense which he did not understand, the manufacturer submitted it to the judgment of a salesman. The latter, in perfect sincerity, showed him how to get more copies out of carbon paper and the manufacturer's inquiry stopped there.

A Problem in Typewriters

CONTRAST with this the procedure of a large corporation which lately took up the same sort of office equipment and put it upon a basis of standardization.

This company has many scattered offices and owns more than three hundred typewriters of twelve different makes. Its purchasing department first made a study of the machines with a view to using only one make. There are high-price typewriters, medium-price, low-price and rebuilt machines, as well as variations in mechanical qualities for different purposes. It might appear that money would be saved in many cases by purchasing a cheap machine for some minor department of the company where there was not much work to be done. But the purchasing department found that by confining equipment to a single make it could get better discounts from the manufacturer, owing to the size of its order. Moreover, such uniform equipment made it possible to give typewriters regular inspection and repairs.

Next came typewriter ribbons. Each office had been purchasing its own, sometimes singly, at an average cost exceeding fifty cents apiece. A census showed that the company paid one thousand dollars yearly for about two thousand ribbons. It was learned that satisfactory ribbons could be had in quantities for three dollars a dozen, saving five hundred dollars a year on that item. The cheaper ribbons were found suitable by mechanical tests made by the engineering department. Buying quantities meant that the purchasing department would have to carry stock and deal out ribbons on requisition. With twelve different makes of typewriter this would have complicated the stockkeeping and, perhaps, some of the ribbons for machines little used might spoil on the shelves. Where one make of typewriter was settled upon as company standard, however, the problem was simple. It remained only to settle upon suitable colors. A census here showed that the company's various offices had been using about twenty-five different colors and color combinations. But forty-eight per cent of the whole consumption was plain record black, and another twenty-six

(Continued on Page 70)

WITH LUCK AGIN HIM

Ole Reliable Plays Oliver to Win—By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

"EF LUCK'S agin you 'tain't no use to squirm an' twist." Ole Reliable put a quintessence on that mouthy nigger from Saint Looey who had raised an argument in the Hot Cat eating-house

A black nakedness ran across the top of his head, which left two frizzled tufts of hair standing stubbornly on either side—like grass-clumps on the edge of a burnt field. He put on his dilapidated derby and rose to signify that the controversy had been settled.

Aunt Fanny flopped a piece of catfish in the skillet and paused with spoon in hand. Greasy odors curled upward, filled the stifling room and sneaked out upon the street to entrap every passing negro that had a nickel

A town nigger would have known better than to open his mouth—except to put something in it—for Ole Reliable was a powerful hand at argufyin' on the Scriptures. The venturesome stranger lifted a bite of catfish and rested his elbows on the red oilcloth that covered the table. "Who is you, anyway, dat knows so many facts what ain't so?"

Ole Reliable stooped to condescend. "Me? I reckon you don't live in Vicksburg ef you ain't acquainted wid who I is. I'm Corp'ral Zack Foster; but everybody, black and white, calls me Ole Reliable. Ef luck's agin you you might jes' as well lie down on yo' back an' say: 'Here I is, Luck—what you gwine to do wid me?'"

Then he wafted himself toward the door

"Jes' look at 'im," jeered the stranger; "wearin' de white folks' second-han' clo'es. I let you-all know I's a genternan."

"Huh! Starvation'll gentle anything." With this sockdolager the Corporal moved on in majesty and halted at the door.

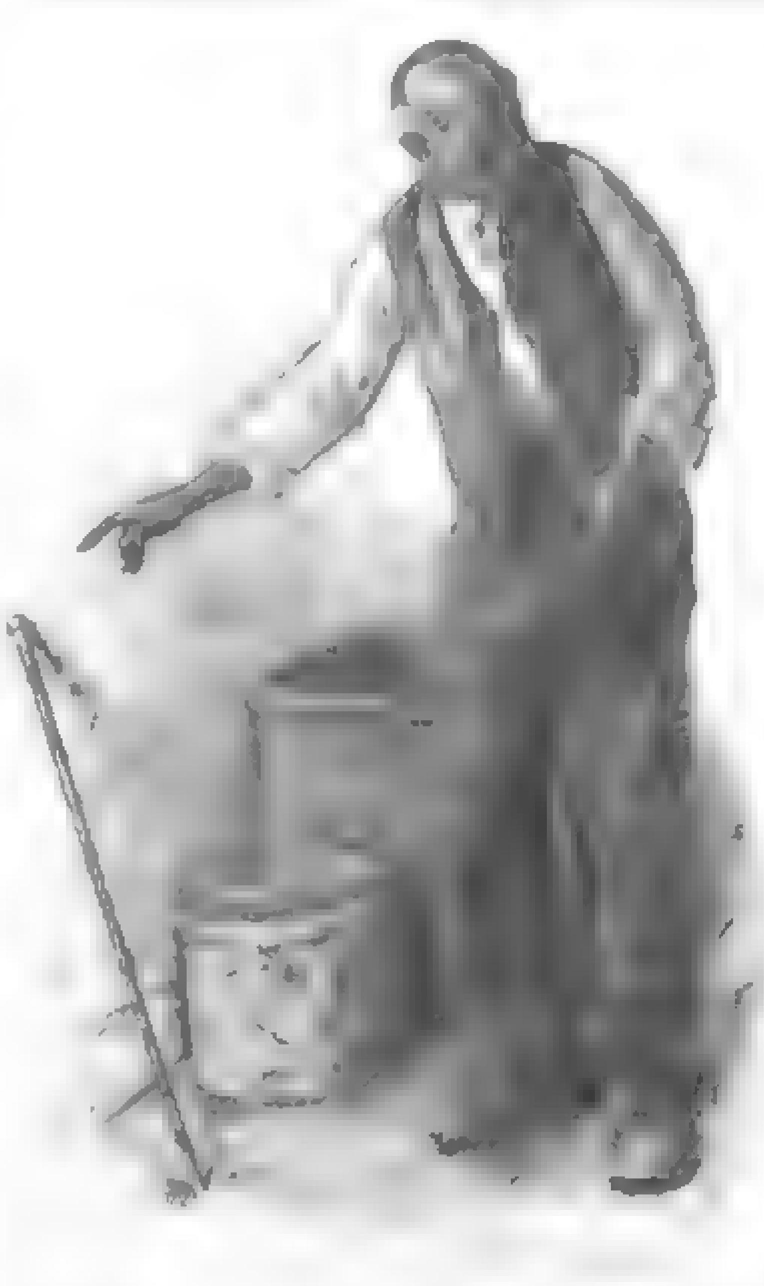
Luck was agin him and immediately proceeded to play horse. He had no business in the catfish stand and he had no business out of it. It would have been immaterial whether he stayed in or came out. Yet he came out. In full view of his audience he ponderously reflected upon nihility, then passed leisurely toward the nearest unoccupied space. He faced to the right and marched up the street. There was no reason why he did not turn to the left and march down the street. Directions and destinations were not of consequence to Ole Reliable; he had no particular place to go, and he had plenty of time to get there in. His wife wouldn't tote vittles home from the white folks' house until late in the afternoon, and this was the only pressing engagement that he had.

He suppressed his energy in front of the pawnbroker's shop, not that second-hand pistols interested him, but simply because Luck meant to bring him face to face with the Misses Trevelyan. Ever since the day he had hired as gardener to these trusting ladies Zack had not laid eyes on them but once. Upon that nimble occasion they did not lay eyes on him because he saw them first.

It must have been the glitter of gewgaws in the pawnbroker's window, but Zack failed to observe Miss Betsy Trevelyan standing at the curb beside a basket of vegetables. She was alone, which was unusual but entirely proper. Zack squinted backward. There was no mistaking that tiny figure with the voluminous black skirt and primly-folded hands. Her face was turned toward the street; nobody had such a profile as Miss Betsy.

Zack sidled off like a crab, intending to dodge into the Italian's fruit store. He did not walk or run or glide or fly, he merely ceased to be in the place where he had been. His eyes remained nailed hard and fast to Miss Betsy.

Luck was agin him. If he had been looking where he went he would not have bumped into Miss Savannah Trevelyan as she stepped out of the fruit store—which ruffled that lady's sense of decorum. "Oh!" she exclaimed, drawing up her five feet three. Zack wheeled, and off came the derby.



He Just Naturally Reached Out as Innocently as the Baby That Grabs for a Gold Watch

"Lordee, ef here ain't Miss Savannah! I was jes' a-goin' in to see ef dat warn't you."

Miss Savannah composed herself. "Uncle Zack, I'm so glad it's you." She bore him no resentment; she had forgotten, and so could Zack.

"Oh, dear! Uncle Zack, we are in such a predicament. Sister and I have bought a basket of vegetables, and the man cannot send it home. We are to have company and must carry it ourselves ——"

Zack glanced at the heavy basket, then at the two little ladies. A job had found him.

Miss Savannah unconsciously caught him by the sleeve and was leading him toward her sister. "Betsy, here is Uncle Zack—I am sure he will help us."

"I can't hardly spare a minit, Miss Savannah, but bein's it's you ——" Zack took up his job and walked.

When the Trevelyans left their street car Zack labored up the hill behind them, for his burden had grown heavy. He hung back at the gate and lagged along the walk which led through their formal garden. There was the ragged hedge that he had promised to trim, and it suggested awkward situations when they should remember to question him about it. But the thought of company excited them and they forgot.

The fat poodle waddled out and snarled, then snapped Zack's trousers in a tentative sort of way. Zack hated these smear-eyed dogs with blue ribbons around their necks, but he did not kick at him—merely set the basket down as a polite precaution. Miss Savannah patted Edward and administered fitting reproof: "There, there, Edward! Don't be cross with Uncle Zack." Edward sniffed, disdainful and unconvinced. Then he trotted down that long, straight avenue between the cedars.

Blind luck had hold of Zack, and he was thankful that it towed him around the corner and anchored him in a kitchen. But he didn't enjoy the way the cook nodded at him.

The ladies hurried through the house: "Mammy, here's the marketing. Uncle Zack will stay to dinner."

"Dis is a pretty time o' day fer you to be fetchin' things home fer a cump'ny dinner. How you reckon I'm gwine to cook all dis?"

"But, Mammy, we are not very late. Sister and I will help."

"You chillun git out o' dis kitchen an' lemme 'lone. Set de table—dat's all I wants you to do. Dinner is gwine to be all right, but you gotter cook a heap when de preacher comes."

Mammy Liz unpacked the basket and handed Zack a couple of shiny pans. "Snap dese beans an' hull dem peas. Nobody can't eat in dis kitchen widout workin'."

Zack eyed the liberally-built cook, who had come from the Trevelyan plantation to help out temporarily. Every movement was a reminder of the favor she conferred. She stirred and stirred at something in a pot. When she opened the stove door it smelt so almighty good that Zack hulled peas and kept a-hopin'. He crossed his legs and rested his back. "Here I is, Luck."

After a while Miss Betsy ventured into the kitchen. She was the littler sister and lacked the mature discretion of Miss Savannah. Without preliminaries or warning she turned upon Uncle Zack: "Why didn't you come back and trim the hedge? We got everything ready and waited for a week."

Mammy Liz wheeled from the stove: "Miss Betsy, is dat de ole nigger what lef here to get dem clippers an' neber showed up no more? Huh!" That was all she said, but she could have added nothing. Ole Reliable knew that she read his very soul. With a disconcerting view of her back he made a stagger to explain:

"Yas'm, yas'm, I had bad luck. My wife tuk one o' dem faintin' spells de minit I got home. She's a weakly 'coman, and Oliver is been sick so continual it jes' nacherly wore her out."

"Who is Oliver?"

"Dat's my son-in-law—married my gal Calline."

"I'm so sorry," Miss Savannah sympathized. "You can trim the hedge another time. Come in the dining-room and help put a leaf in the table."

Mammy objected: "Honey, you go on out o' here an' let 'im hull dem peas ——"

"Just a minute, Mammy—he'll come right back."

Zack was so anxious to escape from the kitchen and the cook that he proved very efficient in the dining-room. The sisters deliberated in executive session and Miss Savannah announced the official result: "Uncle Zack, we have thoroughly decided that you must wait on the table."

"Yas'm, yas'm ——"

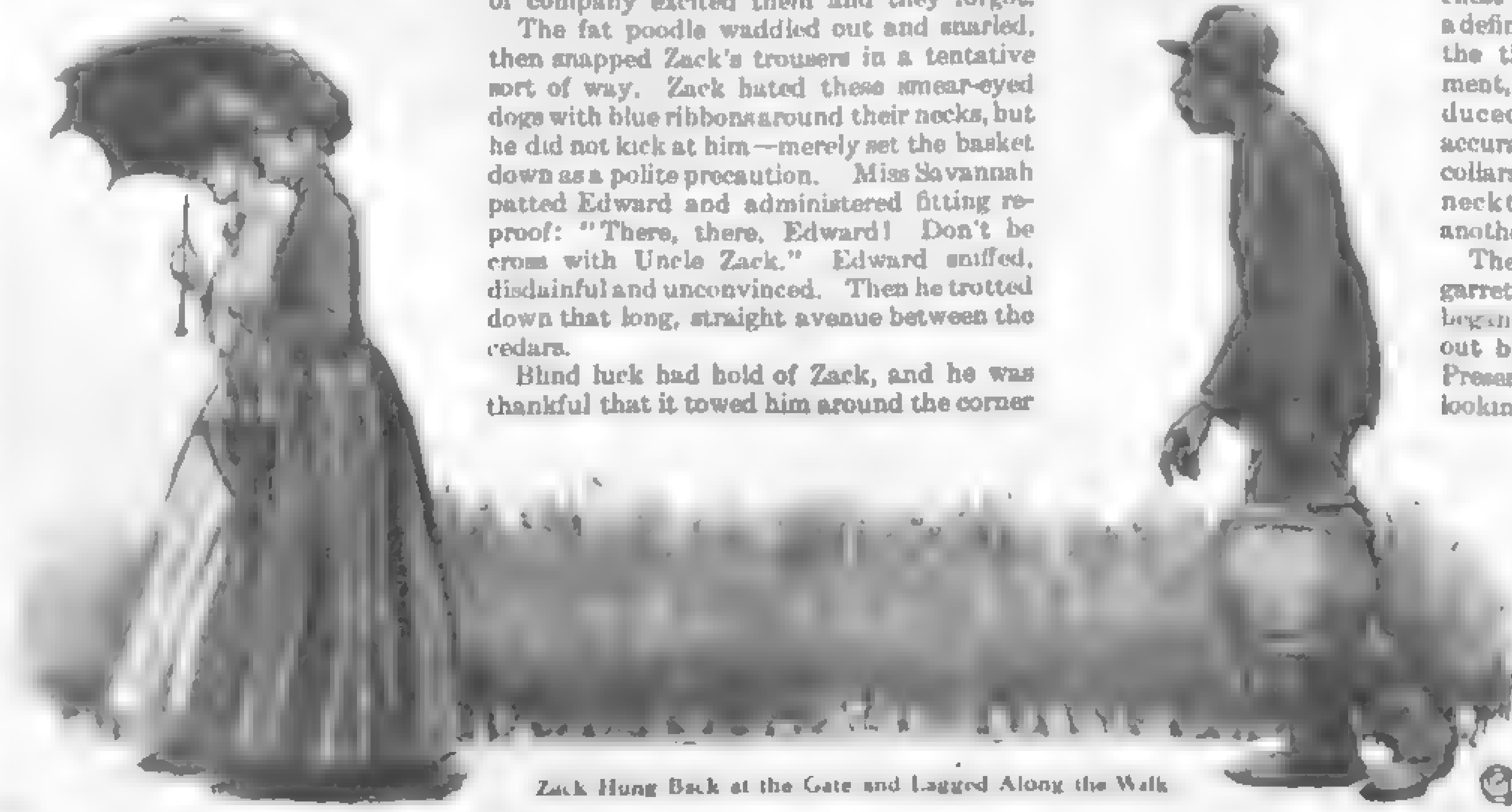
"Sister will give you one of the jackets our butler used to wear—and—and some other things ——"

Miss Betsy nodded. "Now come with me, Uncle Zack."

He followed her to the attic, a spacious room lighted through those curious little tunnels that terminate in dormer windows. Each trunk and chest held its personal position in a definite line. Miss Betsy opened the third chest, thought a moment, then reached in and produced a white linen jacket accurately folded. She extracted collars and cuffs and a black choker necktie, without disturbing another garment.

There was no confusion in that garret until Miss Betsy's fingers began to fumble and fumble without bringing anything to light. Presently she suggested without looking up: "Uncle Zack, suppose you go over to the window." After he had turned his back she lifted a mysterious article and wrapped it in a non-committal package. It was a shirt.

When Uncle Zack ambled toward that window the first thing to catch his eye was a gold-headed cane. Then he could see



Zack Hung Back at the Gate and Lagged Along the Walk nothing but a glittering, sheeny, incomparable cane that fascinated him. He just naturally reached out as innocently as the baby that grabs for a gold watch. Edging closer, he touched it with the tip of a long forefinger, caressed its tapering length—and shivered. "Lordee! Dem niggers sho will be 'sprised when I marches into de lodge-room wid dat walkin'-stick."

Luck was agin him. Miss Betsy burrowed deep in the chest, preparing the shirt for a masquerade début. The window stood open, and Ole Reliable borrowed that gold-headed cane. With one movement swifter than the slap of a cat he dropped it through the window into a tangled rosebush.

"Now, Uncle Zack"—the old man jumped and started toward Miss Betsy—"here is everything you need. Go down to the gardener's house and put them on. Brush your clothes and polish your shoes—we want to feel proud of you."

"Yas'm, yas'm. Dis sho is one nice coat."

When Zack issued forth from his toilet the wife of his bosom would not have recognized him—for Zack was arrayed. Tall white collar, self-evident cuffs, dustless trousers and elaborately-polished shoes. The choker had exasperated him, and he wrought a diabolical revenge. It writhed in agony around his neck. He strode into the kitchen, half suspecting that his cruelty to the choker might cause comment. It did.

"In de name o' Gawd!" Mammy Liz exclaimed, "what is dat you got on? Come here, you po' ole fool."

She jerked him and shoved him, pulled and tugged, untangled the knots and smoothed out the folds; then patted it flat against his chest. "Now! dat's de way Hiram useter wear it. Go 'long an' tend to yo' bizness."

From the other side of the door she heard Miss Betsy say: "Doesn't Uncle Zack look nice?"

Presently Zack took particular notice of what Miss Savannah said: "Now, Betsy, get some whisky for the mince pie." Miss Betsy looked questioningly at her sister: "But—the clergyman?"

"Yes, we have quite decided on that—quite. It would be hypocrisy if we did not. We invited Mr. Harlowe to a home dinner. If we had no whisky in the pie he would think we never used it. I should feel that we were guilty of a small deceit."

Zack and the poodle dog followed Miss Betsy into the old-fashioned library which had been occupied by Doctor Trevelyan for more than fifty years. "Huh!" he remarked, "dem books puts me in de mind o' Jedge Foster. He war my ole marster."

Miss Betsy, overborne in argument, but not convinced, opened the black-walnut case and Zack saw an array of decanters and glasses that gladdened his heart. "Jes' like ole Jedge Foster's."

Miss Betsy selected a decanter and wiped the dust away with her apron. She had misgivings, but was not stingy, and, pouring a generous allowance into a cup, took it to the pantry.

The cup of whisky and Miss Betsy's purse — two-thirds of human temptation—lay there seductively exposed, and Zack's main line of travel passed them. Being a man with a hanker, it wasn't fair to beset his path with pitfall and with gin. He might jes' as well lie flat on his back and say: "Luck, here I is. What you gwine to do wid me?"

Presently Mammy Liz began rattling a pan, Miss Savannah was arranging flowers in the hall, and Miss Betsy had gone upstairs—cursed opportunity!

The fumes from that uncovered teacup rose into the air, and Zack only meant to smell it.

Luck moves in mysterious ways its wonders to perform. Mammy had just fed dear little Edward. Swelled up with pot-licker and purposes he ran into the pantry and grabbed Zack by the trousers' leg. Down smashed the cup, and down sprawled Zack with a dish-cloth, sopping up the whisky. Edward backed himself under the table and yapped at Zack's bald head, for which nobody could blame him.

The crash drew a crowd. "Oh! Oh!"

"What is broken?"

"Dar now! Jes' look at dat!"

Zack mopped and scrubbed and explained: "I warn't studyin' dat little old woolly dog. He grabbed me by de leg fer nuthin'—cose I jumped an' jostled dis here cup from de shelf."

"Naughty! Naughty! Edward, don't be ugly."

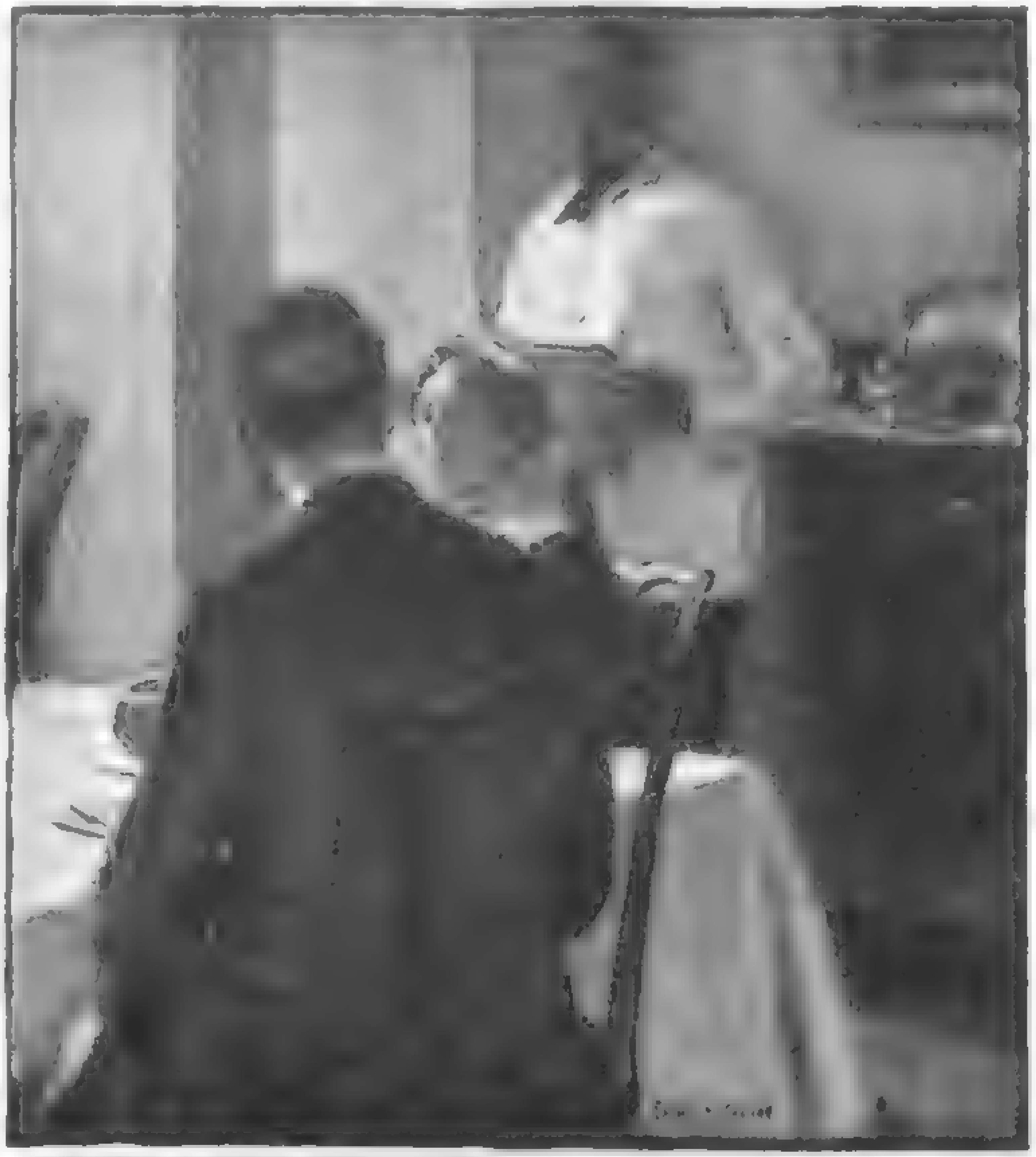
Footsteps, footsteps—nearer, nearer—footsteps coming up the front walk

"Here they come, Sister!" Miss Betsy's voice betrayed her agitation. "Shall I open the door—or you, as the older? Or should we send Zack?"

It was a detail they had not thoroughly considered Being undecided they went *en masse*, the two ladies in front and Zack stopping midway of the hall.

Luck was agin him. Zack did not look at the preacher a second time. But the other guest was Colonel Spottiswoode, whom he had been dodging for a month. "Oh, Lordy," he groaned, then melted away into the pantry. There he debated. Of course the Colonel would say nothing in the presence of these ladies—not even intimate that he had ever seen him before. Zack meant that he should never see him after. So, when Ole Reliable made his grand entry and wheeled into position behind Miss Savannah's chair, he kept his eyes rigidly to the front.

Mr. Harlowe glanced up at the stiff-necked pattern of propriety who had stepped out of a glamourous romance to serve their dinner. It was what he had expected to find in the South, yet the fact pleased him. Zack was a success.



Ole Reliable Made His Grand Entry and Wheeled Into Position Behind Miss Savannah's Chair

With a single-minded clerical appetite Mr. Harlowe kept his eyes on the plate, duly conscious of an impressive dignitary who passed the potatoes.

"Miss Trevelyan," he remarked during Zack's absence in the pantry, "these family servitors in the far South are so very interesting. I can imagine how that old man has stood behind that chair for several generations. They really give the impression of a fixed aristocracy uncommon in America—of institutional stability, so to speak, such as we have in England."

Colonel Spottiswoode chuckled to himself; Uncle Zack did cut quite a figure. He broke into a laugh. "Miss Savannah, is that the one that everybody, white and black, calls 'Ole Reliable'?"

Miss Savannah nodded and Miss Betsy gulped.

"He works 'kin and can't'?"

"And pray, how is that?" broke in Mr. Harlowe.

The Colonel fitted his words to a British explanation: "He means that he begins to work just as soon as it is light enough so he can see; and he quits work when it is so dark that he cannot see. Works kin and can't."

"Ah! Ah! How very remarkable. I must remember that. Pardon me ——" and he made an entry in his notebook. "That gives you the advantage over us—our help ——"

It tickled Colonel Spottiswoode to watch Miss Savannah's expression while the clergyman spoke of certain admitted defects in their English servant system

Miss Betsy's color rose; she lifted her brave eyes and insisted: "But, Mr. Harlowe ——"

Zack reëntered with splendid assurance, balancing a tray on his finger-tips; Colonel Spottiswoode was not going to give him away and it made him very perky Nevertheless, he felt easier when the meal was done and the guests had gone. They lingered on the gallery to smoke. Then Colonel Spottiswoode handed Zack a fine cigar and led the clergyman away

The Trevelyans assembled in the pantry and fell upon each other's necks. "Oh, Sister, Sister! It went off beautifully; Zack, you did so well."

"Yas'm, Missy, I was raised in de white folks' house."

When Miss Betsy Trevelyan reached into a cupboard and took out that decanter of whisky it certainly hurt Zack's feelings to think how luck had been agin him. He did not know it was there. She placed it on the refrigerator and Zack noted the fine bead. Were they going to leave it there? Zack felt something spring eternal in his breast. Misfortune had done her worst and was now fixing to relent. Miss Savannah, more liberal of the sisters, took up the decanter and started back to the library. Zack produced a cough: "Please, ma'am, gimme jes' a little drap." Another cough.

"Why, Uncle Zack, are you ill?"

"Yas'm, I's been sittin' up nights wid my wife. Dese shoes is wore out so bad my foots is on de wet groun'." This much he proved by showing the shoe. "Dat's how come me got dis mis'ry."

Miss Savannah halted, then moved on again, stopped and started—with Zack shivering in suspense and subject to heart disease. She leaned against the door and held the decanter. Zack saw her glance toward the glasses. She stood there thoughtful and undecided. Zack's mouth watered. It was a crucial moment.

"Uncle Zack," she spoke slowly, "who is this son-in-law that you mentioned? I was hoping that he and his wife might come here and live."

It was no time for Zack to be temporizing—'twarn't no place for half-way measures, and he had to go the whole hog or none: "Lordy, Missy, dat ain't gwine to be no trouble. You-all is mighty good to me and I feels like one o' de fambly. Oliver'll come up here tomorrer mornin'." Zack put on his Mona Lisa smile—and took the decanter. In trying not to hurry he spilled a few regretted drops.

"Is Oliver as good as you are?"

"Some folks say Oliver is better'n me, bein' more younger and spryer dan me. But dese new-fangled niggers ain't like us ole-timers. No, ma'am, dat dey ain't."

"Does he know anything about gardening?"

With liquid enthusiasm trickling down his throat Ole Reliable could not confine himself to calm and austere words. "Gardening? Does Oliver know about gardening? You jes' ought to see dem vegetables down to our house. Oliver is got everything what grows in de groun'—an' den some more besides dat."

This fluttered the dovecote; the sisters deluged him with questions. "Does Oliver understand flowers?"

Ole Reliable smiled—a smile of indulgent pity for the Misses Trevelyan's ignorance. "Lordy, Miss, ef you 'lows Oliver to projeck wid flowers you'll hatter go out dar an' drag 'im in to dinner. Dat fool nigger is done wore hisse'f to a frazzle workin' roses an' jewraniums."

"Now, Betsy!" Miss Savannah curbed her sister's ardor. "Let Uncle Zack alone. Give him time to eat his dinner; then we shall all talk it over."

Zack had made a hit—a palpable hit; and the scoffs of Mammy Liz never touched him.

With his head in the clouds and a tongue wagging at both ends he wandered with two jubilant ladies in the garden. Happy Zack! He had one bad moment when Miss Savannah went to the rosebush into which he had dropped that gold-headed cane—that came pretty near hitching a hearse horse to his joy wagon. But he conjured with the magic name of Oliver:

"Oliver sho will be proud to live in dat house. You won't know it when he gits his flowers planted; an' chickens—

(Continued on Page 66)

The Railroad Prince and His Principality—By Edward Hungerford

IF THE general manager is king in modern railroad operation the division superintendent is not less than prince. His principality is no mean state. It may consist of some five hundred miles of what he modestly admits is the "best sort of railroad in all this land," or it may be a little stretch of a hundred miles, or even less, losing its way back among the hills; but it is a principality and his rule is undisputed. If ever it be questioned, it is then high time for him to abdicate.

Just as the division is the physical unit of railroad operation, so is its superintendent the human unit. By him the transportation organism stands or falls. *If* it stands he is able to go forward; the path from his door leads to the general manager's office. If it falls—well, there is today in Central Illinois a gray-haired station agent who once held his own principality, with four thousand men to take his orders.

"We only discharge for disobedience or dishonesty," said the president of that railroad at the time he signed the order reducing the prince to the ranks. "When we fail to get the real measure of a man it is our fault, not his. We never turn out a man who has done his level best for us."

This man is superintendent of one of the most prosperous of the trunk-line railroads that reach the metropolis by stretching their rails across New Jersey. His is a "terminal division," so called, and he has assumed command of one of the busiest city gates in all America. His railroad day begins almost as soon as he is awake. There is a telegraph outfit in the corner of his bedroom, and as he dresses and shaves he listens mechanically to its scoldings—to the gossip of the division. It comes as casually to his ear as the prattle of his children—the key began to be music to him long before he left the little yellow depot, where he first began to be a railroader.

"They're in pretty good shape this morning, John," laughs his wife. She, too, has been listening, half unconsciously, to the gossip of the wire—years ago she "stood her trick" with her husband back in that little yellow depot.

"Got a coal train in the ditch up the other side of Greyport," is his reply. "We'll rip out that nasty crossover up there some day when the big boss wakes up to the cash we've put out in wrecks at GP."

"Going up there?"

"Not this morning, Maggie," he laughs. "I've a committee from the firemen coming in to see me. They're nagging for a raise." He lowers his voice as if he almost thought that the walls had ears. "It's beginning to grind the boys, too—butter forty-eight cents, eggs forty-five, and all their hungry kiddies. But the big boss—whew ——"

He whistles, goes to his key, cuts in and begins to give orders to the wrecking-boss up at Greyport.

"Steady, Jim," he taps. "You've got all day on that job if you need it; only watch out for the number two track with your crane. We can't risk a side-swipe on one of our pretty trains. We're detouring the eastbound passengers over the Central. How's Hinckley?"

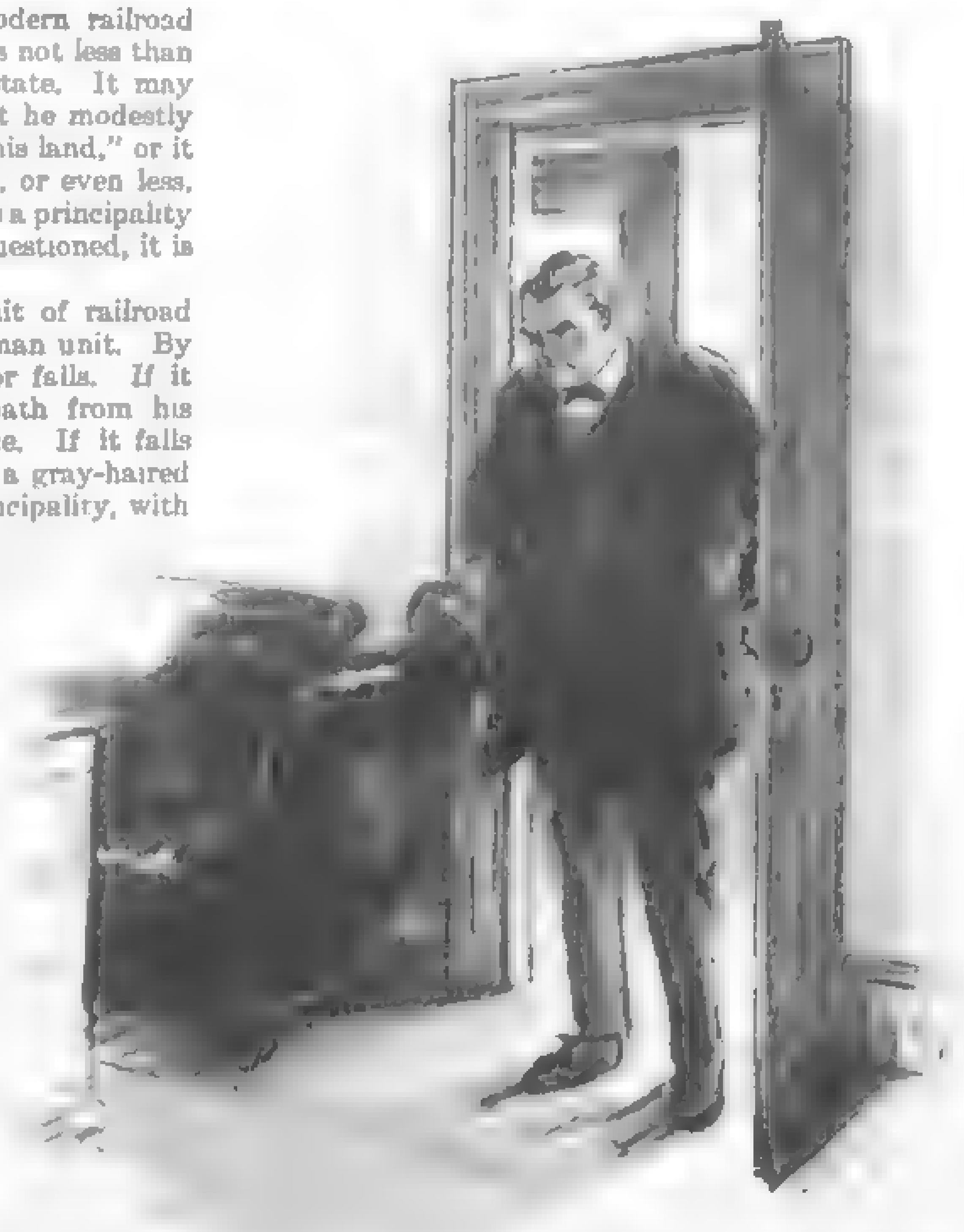
He closes the circuit softly.

"Poor Hinckley!" he says. "Do you remember, Maggie? He was married the same summer we were."

The Superintendent's Morning Callers

THROUGH with his breakfast, he hurries down to the station, and before he steps aboard the suburban train that is to carry him in to his Jersey City office he has had the wire again into Greyport. They are getting things cleaned up there a bit; a baggage car has been sent up with a special engine for Hinckley. The superintendent turns from these. One of the little trains that come out from town in the dusk of early dawn has brought a leather bag filled with mail. He runs through it as his train slips across the meadows. By the time he is in his roomy office it is ready to be answered. A penciled memorandum on each is sufficient guide for his chief clerk.

Throughout the morning his calendar is a crowded thing. There is a constant line of restless men sitting on the long bench just without the guarded rail of the outside office. One by one these are called—they disappear behind swinging baize doors to stand in front of the superintendent.



He is Hot. He Cannot Get Cars

For the first of these there is a smile. The caller is a big shipper—big enough to go to the head of the line and have instant access to the boss. This shipper is the sort who gives the railroad tonnage in trainload lots. He is hot. He cannot get cars. He will begin to route over the Triple B—even though his siding facilities are wrong for it. They'll dig him out the cars he needs; they have folks over there who make it their business to find cars. And while he is on the subject, it seems pretty bad to have stuff coming twelve and fourteen days through from Chicago. Perhaps he'd better be getting after the Commission. The shipper is very hot. He expatiates upon his wrongs, hammers upon the superintendent's desk, grows scarlet in his heavy face.

The superintendent's smile never wavers. He gives close attention, does not grow excited. A few orders over the telephone, a word of explanation—the shipper smiles now. Down in his heart he begins to be sorry that he made those threats about the Triple B.

That is getting traffic, you say, and the superintendent is an operating man. You are a bit wrong there. The superintendent is a railroad man, and that means that any part of the railroad business is his business. There is a man, by name A. H. Smith, today operating vice-president of the New York Central system, who held to that idea from the beginning. In the beginning Smith was the superintendent of a little side-tracked division of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern that centered at Hillsdale, Michigan. It was a strong competitive territory and Smith found that the traffic that came to his road was so slight that it did not take a great deal of his time to move it. The superintendents before him had had a lot of time to speed their fast horses and fuss around their gardens. Not so with Smith. He went into the business of making traffic. It was a decade that took keen delight in singing societies, and Smith's robust voice allied itself to every choir of importance in three counties. He sang himself into personal popularity; he sang traffic into coming over the Michigan Southern. After a while the folks in the general offices over at Cleveland began to take notice. The traffic folks were the first to notice, after that—well, a long story's short when you know that Smith found himself on a short cut to his present big job.

The superintendent's smile remains while a delegation of solemn-faced commuters files into his office. These grave folks have been coming into town on the eight-fifty-two almost since the road first laid its rails. It is part of their lives, and they fondly imagine that it is a big part of the road's—that the twenty-hour train over the mountains to Chicago is a matter of considerably less importance than the eight-fifty-two. The superintendent broadens his bland smile and rings for his train-sheets. There are other trains besides the eight-fifty-two coming into that terminal—almost a train a minute from a little before eight o'clock until half-past nine. The superintendent's finger runs for corroboration over the train-sheets. Twenty-five days this month when ninety-four per cent of his suburban trains came under the protection of the big shed of the terminal right on the scheduled moment—how was that for consistency of operation?

The commuters' committee seems a little dazed. Individually, it is expert on a good many things—printing, indictments, breakfast foods, patents, wholesale feathers—but consistency of train operation is a bit confusing.

"The eight-fifty-two has been late a whole lot recently," doggedly affirms the chairman. "Last Thursday we were pretty near fifteen minutes late ——"

A gleam of triumph comes into the superintendent's eye. He fumbles anew among the flimsy train-sheets. His forefinger lights upon a line of the typewritten copy.

"Last Thursday," he comments, "you can see that we were laid out by the Hackensack River draw. A schooner filled with brick got caught by the ebb tide and laid down on us in the open draw. What you want to see, gentlemen, is the Treasury Department down at Washington. It is outrageous that the antiquated navigation laws should be allowed to hold up business in that way."

The Blaze at the Bridge

THE committee confers within itself and decides to make the life of the Secretary of the Treasury uncomfortable for a while.

"You cannot hope for anything better with that Hackensack bridge," urges the superintendent almost malevolently.

He does not tell them, but the boys out on the line know his own experience with the Hackensack River bridge. Last December, and just in the evening rush hours, they found that the cabin that stands perched at the top of the trussed draw was afire. The trains, bringing home the tired suburbanites, were beginning to pile up back of the fire. The tired suburbanites were saying things about this particular railroad. It chanced that this superintendent was a passenger himself on one of the trains. He went forward to the blaze. The towerman had beat a retreat. The superintendent started to climb up the ice-covered ladder toward the burning cabin. The towerman halted him. The wiry superintendent turned upon him with a look of infinite scorn:

"We've got to hand-signal these trains across here—there's thousands of folks out here that we can't let miss their suppers ——"

"I've got a family ——" began the towerman.

"That's all right. I'll signal these across."

"That ain't it, boss. Back o' th' cabin are the gasoline tanks, the stuff for openin' th' draw."

The superintendent gave a low whistle.

"That settles it," he said. "We've got to put this fire out. I can't risk cutting this draw out of service."

It is a matter of record on that railroad that he climbed alone to the top of the draw and began to put out the fire with his own stout endeavors. He was not alone for long. Inspired by him, the men who gathered there—engineers, firemen, trainmen and conductors—crawled up on that freezing cold draw and lent him their efforts. In half an hour the fire was out and the stalled trains moving again.

This, then, is the measure of the man who sits across the wide office-table from you. The mollified commuters are marching out.

"You don't encourage kicking?" you ask.

"We don't discourage it," he replied. He is reminded of a story and tells it to you.

"When they made Blank superintendent over at Broad Street, in Philadelphia he went in to make a clean record. He called his chief clerk to him. 'Mind you, if you hear kicks, don't let them get in one ear and out the other. You bring them in here and we'll investigate.' In three days the chief clerk was busy. 'Lots of trouble with the suburban traffic today,' he would say. 'Wilmington train laid out at Gray's Ferry—third day that's happened. Ugly trainman on the Main Line. Wouldn't close the rear doors. That fellow's unpopular. Not enough equipment on the Central division. No fire in the stove at

Lenden Road'—a long string of commuter troubles. After Blank had heard this for a week he begin to get nervous. He called his chief clerk to him. 'See here,' he demanded, 'what's the matter with our service? Where are all these kicks coming in from?' The chief clerk looked at him—never a snicker. 'You said you wanted the kicks,' he replied. 'Well, I've been letting the head barber downstairs shave me after he was done with the commuters. He gets every one of the howls.'"

Sometimes the kicks represent a serious side of the superintendent's problem. A while ago a man came to a railroad superintendent, in Boston, and demanded that a certain ticket examiner in the passenger terminal be dismissed. There had been some sort of a dispute and the man insisted that the ticket examiner be discharged—nothing less. The ticket examiner, on his part, told a pretty fair sort of a story. Moreover, he said that if in the heat of the dispute he had transgressed on good manners he was frankly sorry, and that it would not happen again. Back of all that he had a good record—no complaints had ever before been registered against him. The superintendent then wrote a letter to the man who had complained and stated that the offending ticket examiner had been reprimanded and that the offense would probably not be repeated.

That did not satisfy the man who complained. He was of the sort that is supposed to have a pull, and he threatened to use his pull if the ticket examiner was not discharged. He refused to accept apologies or explanations. He said he was hot. So was the superintendent. He keenly resented anything that approached interference with his discipline, and he refused to discharge his employee. Pressure was exerted, the pull was doing its fine work. The superintendent was—like every other railroad superintendent in this land—a fine diplomat. He took the man from the train gate in the terminal and gave him an equally good job in a city a hundred miles distant from Boston. He flattered himself that he had seen the last of "the man with the pull."

A Conductor With a Price

NOT a bit of it. That brisk soul chanced to pass through the distant town and gasped at sight of the former ticket examiner still drawing pay from the railroad. He hastened into the superintendent's office in Boston and demanded that the subterfuge end—that the man be actually discharged from the road's employ. The superintendent looked at him coolly, not speaking. The man again threatened his pull. The railroad boss looked at him through slitted eyes. It was a real crisis for him. His diplomatic smile was ready. He pointed with his lean forefinger to the door.

"The case is closed. Good-morning," was all he said.

After that he began wondering what road would have him after that pull was exerted. He wondered for a day, for a week, then for a month. Then he forgot the occurrence. The pull, like many other sorts of threats, was thin air.

Of a different sort was the problem that confronted a superintendent in Chicago. On a certain suburban train for many years the conductor had remained with an unchanged run. Gossip had come into the superintendent's office that this conductor was systematically stealing from the company. The boss started a quiet investigation. The conductor, with apparently no other income than his three dollars a day, had purchased a neat home in the suburbs, and had sent his boy to Yale, his girl to Vassar. That was Thrift, with a capital T. The superintendent took the case sharply in hand and summoned the conductor before him. He was one of the older sort, gray-haired, kind-faced.

"Johnson," said the boss, "you've been with the road a long time and never had a vacation. I want you to lay off a month and run over to either coast. I'll get the transportation for you."

Johnson protested. He belonged to a generation of railroaders that was not educated to vacations. The superintendent insisted and had his way, as superintendents generally do. Johnson started on his vacation and a substitute, knowing nothing of the real situation, replaced him. The returns from that daily run doubled, and the superintendent knew that he was right.

Nowadays, when a railroad finds that a conductor is stealing, it invokes the majesty of the Interstate Commerce law and prepares to scurry him off toward a Federal prison. In that day they were content to fire Johnson—that was sufficient disgrace to the old man. The railroad could not begin to get back the money that had been trickling away throughout the long years.

But Johnson showed fight. His was an important train in the Chicago suburban service and his passengers were important merchants and manufacturers—big shippers. They got together, under Johnson's supervision, and made the hair on the heads of the traffic men turn gray. Those fellows were Johnson's friends and they were not going to see the N—— turn out a faithful employee. Johnson said that he had not stolen, and Johnson was not the sort to lie. It might do the N—— good to send some tonnage over to the M——. The traffic department and the operating locked horns, as ofttimes they do on roads, both big and little. Traffic won. The superintendent lost. Johnson went back to his job, and the road put on a checking system that made its conductors wonder if they had held convict records.

That case was an exception. There are not many superintendents who are compelled to back water; mighty few Johnsons among the thousands of conductors across the land.

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We are still in that superintendent's office in Jersey City. The boss' smile is gone. A big railroader, just in from the line, his jeans covered with engine grease, shuffles into the place and stands before the superintendent, hat in hand, like a naughty boy ready to be whipped. The superintendent speaks to him in a few low sentences, makes a notation on an envelope. The big man trembles in front of the little. A bit of a smile comes to the lips of the boss.

"You think of the wife and the kiddies first, next time," he says. "Good-by, and good luck to you. I'm not much for lecturings," he adds, after the man has gone. A little later he begins to explain. "That big fellow had to be disciplined. There was no two ways about it for either of us. He's an engineman—got a good train, too—but he's been running signals. We've caught him twice on surprise tests. We can't stand for that. Suppose we have a nasty smash and the coroner's jury begins to ask nosey questions? I had to put black on his envelope."

He goes into further detail. In other days he would have been forced, to uphold his discipline, to suspend the engineer for from five days to two weeks—the punishment preceding discharge. There was a possibility—disagreeable to the superintendent—that the engineer's family might have been crowded for sufficient food for a fortnight—some of those fellows live pretty close to the proposition all the while. Nowadays the offender is demerited—once again like the schoolboy. That is what the superintendent meant by that reference to the envelope—the road's record of the man's service with it.

Sixty demerits—dismissed. That's the rule of one big road. But the record does not always continue to be negative. Its positive side rests in the fact that for every month a man keeps his record clear five demerits are taken from the black side of his envelope. A trainman might have fifty-five demerits against him—be on the narrow edge of discharge—and in eleven months, after turning the new leaf, have as clean a sheet as the best man on the division. This is as it should be. The demerit plan often called the "Brown System"—represents the triumph of modern railroad operation over the old.

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The superintendent may have all the advantages of a time-tried disciple and a modern record system; have the prestige and the reputation that comes from the operation of five hundred miles of railroad, and still have a hard row to hoe. Out in the Middle West there was, until recently, a stretch of what was known as "booze railroad." It was a division where reputations and records alike counted for naught, where discipline was a mockery. Train crews went from their runs direct to saloons and, what was a great deal worse, began their day's work within them. The wreck record of that division that went forward to the State Commission was appalling—and half the wrecks were not reported. Yardmasters were busy day after day stowing away damaged equipment far from the curious eyes of passengers; the wrecking crews were hammering for big overtime pay. It was a thoroughly demoralized stretch of railroad.

The distressed president of the system sent East for a superintendent who had a reputation. He thought he had his man. The new broom was a book-of-rules man. He had a quarter of his operating force laid off all the time, to go before him. He was a man fond of words and he lectured those old fellows as if they had been school children. He might have done quite as well with his division if he had been operating it from Kamchatka. The men began to call their rule books the "Joe Millers."

The Story of Matt Jones

THE superintendent got mad and was lost—hopelessly. He began discharging right and left, and the wrath of the gods and the brotherhoods—the great labor unions of the railroads—was upon him. The road was threatened with a big strike at the very time it could least afford it. It only avoided that strike by acceding to the demand of the brotherhood chiefs that the superintendent's head be given them on a silver platter. After that the Man Without a Country was in the more enviable position. There was not a railroad in the country that dared employ him, despite his excellent technical training. He drifted up into Canada and got a job running a state-operated line. He held that job less than a year. He was murdered on a winter's night in a shadowy railroad yard—shot down by a discharged trainhand.

The grim situation on the "booze division" grew much worse. The president of that system gave the matter his keen personal attention; he began scouring the entire width of the land for material—without much success. When he was thoroughly discouraged a raw-boned trainmaster from a far corner of the demoralized division applied for the job of superintendent. He reckoned he could handle the situation—he had caught the president unawares standing outside of his private car. The president then and there made him superintendent.

"There was something in Matt's eye that took me," he confessed afterward. "You do see something in a man's eye now and then that beats a whole barrel of references."

So Matt Jones—and that is nothing like his real name—took up the nastiest operating proposition in the country. He did not lecture nor discharge, not he; but the men knew that there was a boss behind the superintendent's desk. The fellows who began trifling with the new broom were down in his office the next morning. Jones selected the leading spirit—he had the advantage of knowing him.

"Phil," he said in a quiet way, "you've been drinking. It doesn't go. I'm not going to discharge you"—he gave grim thought to the fate of his predecessor—"but in thirty days you are going to send in your resignation voluntarily and leave our service."

The man protested. He had not been drinking, and Matt Jones had better not try that game, anyway. The superintendent wished him a pleasant good-morning and bowed him out of the office.

In five days the engineer was back—uncalled. The superintendent saw him, even though the engineer had no more to say than he had not been drinking—that is, he had quit drinking long ago. In ten days he was back again. This time he admitted that he had been drinking up to the day that Matt Jones took office. The superintendent said nothing. He bowed the engineer out again. A month is a short thing at the best. At the end of the twenty-second day the engineer again found his way to the superintendent's office. He seemed like a man who had been through a sickness. Big human that he was, he began crying at the sight of the man who was a real boss.

"For God's sake, Matt, don't forget the old days up on the branch. I can't get out from the old road," he said.

"I gave you thirty days' chance to get on another road" was all the satisfaction that he got.

But on the thirtieth day the engineer went to work with a clean envelope, and the new superintendent had an ally of no mean strength. The patient grinding won; complete victory was only a question of time. The president, five hundred miles away, began to notice. You may say what you want—railroad executives are born, not made. This reads like romance and is truth. Matt Jones is today general manager of that

"The Eight-Fifty-Two Has Been Late a Whole Lot Recently"

(Continued on Page 38)

The Rebellion of Kitty Bell

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

WHEN Pink Goins ran away with Jed Hildreth's wife everybody was very sorry for Pink. But when he sent her back from Doghole, without a by-your-leave or a word of thanks, all agreed that he had gone too far, and Jed was extremely angry. Indeed, he never quite forgave Goins. Doghole and adjacent territory discussed the elopement as a nine-day wonder and then settled down to pretend nothing had happened. Their strategy was to address Mrs. Hildreth in an unnecessarily loud tone of respectful indifference when occasion arose to converse at all, and to gaze off into space when Jed interpolated a word, muttering brief replies to his genial queries.

"He was a doggone fool to take her back," opined old man Lisby, at the family dinner-table.

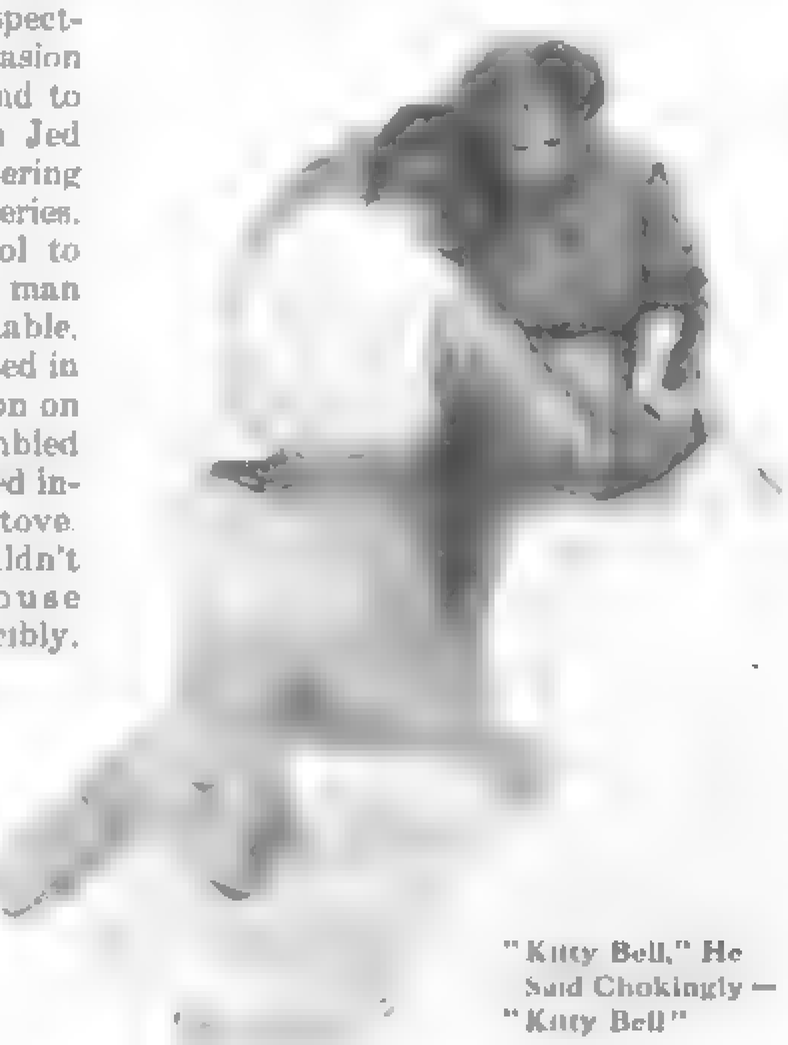
His daughter-in-law paused in the act of placing the bacon on the board and her lips trembled with a retort, but she sniffed instead and returned to the stove.

"A man what is a man wouldn't never let her into his house agin," he continued irascibly.

"It was like she had good reasons for running away," put in young Mrs. Lisby over her shoulder.

"A man what is a man . . ."

"All right, Pa," said Joe in his slow voice.



"Kitty Bell," He Said Chokingly — "Kitty Bell"

His fierce old sire snorted disdain, but gave over the discussion after a glance at him. The son ate hugely and without squandering conversation, shoving an empty plate or cup toward his wife in mute appeal whenever his appetite demanded more. Having finished, he pushed back his chair with a sigh and passed out to the corral, dragging his spurs at each ponderous step. While her father-in-law sucked on his pipe, stretched on a cot on the porch, where he would presently slip into the easy sleep of the aged, Mrs. Lisby sat at dinner alone. Through the open door she saw her husband ride away on the Rat, sitting very straight and solidly in the saddle. There was a drowsy hum of insect life among the vines of the veranda, and from the hard-baked earth pulsated shimmering blurs that hurt the eyes. In the yard a windmill clacked.

Long after she had completed her meal Mrs. Lisby continued to sit at the table, her hands clasped under her chin, staring moodily at the sugar bowl. Perhaps she was thinking of Jed Hildreth and his wife. Why had she defended the foolish, slack woman? She scarcely knew. At last she shook herself and rose, thrusting back the hair from her eyes with an impatient hand. The snores had ceased, and wisps of rancid smoke drifted in.

"Pa, come an' wash your neck," she called.

"I will not," said Pa resolutely.

"Brother Ducey's coming," she pleaded. "Don't you see him down by the tank?"

"Another doggone lazy parson. Recollect, you don't kill any of my chickens for the like of him, Kitty Bell."

"You're all alike, you Lisbys. Hard—that's what you are—hard. You won't never do anything," she complained.

"Uh-huh," said the old man.

It was not Brother Ducey who pulled up twenty feet distant and whistled a noisy protest against the heat.

"Phew! It's some hot, Uncle Hank," observed the rider.

"Huh-huh."

"Got any water in the well?"

"I reckon so."

"Get down an' cool off, Bud," invited Mrs. Lisby.

Mr. Parker alighted very coolly and accepted a stool near the kitchen door. He was a lank, self-possessed person, with a complacent ease in the society of women that rendered him an eyesore to the youth of the region. Uncle Hank nodded vaguely and emitted a grunt that might mean anything. Then he resumed his noisy smoking, rolling a cold, fishy eye on Bud whenever that young man tried to do the civil thing by bringing him into the talk.

Uncle Hank always grew furious if any one hinted he was becoming hard of hearing, yet for the life of him he could glean little of what passed between Parker and his daughter-in-law. Strain his senses as he might, most of the confidential undertones Bud employed toward Mrs. Lisby reached his ears only as confused murmurs.

"What did that feller want?" Uncle Hank jerked out, after Bud had reluctantly departed on his way.

"Want? Nothing, of course. He was just riding by, that's all. Bound for Willhoyt's, I reckon." She hummed an air as she reëntered the kitchen, but next moment banged a pot on the stove, furious with herself and him because she had reddened.

"Bud Parker done dropped in here this evenin'," remarked Uncle Hank at supper.

"Uh-huh?" responded his son.

"Third time this week," the old man added.

Joe looked at him in contemplative quiet for fully a minute. "Yes?" he said, and went on with his meal. His wife did not let the proffered information pass so tranquilly. Because it was volunteered in a casual manner wholly free from personal imputation she hesitated at showing resentment, though her eyes darkened and her flesh tingled with a feeling of helpless shame. Uncle Hank was watching her with a surly mien.

"What have you got against Bud Parker?" she broke out after an interval. She planted herself in front of him, her hands on her hips.

"Who? Me?" countered the old man in dull surprise. "Nothin'. He ain't worth it."

"An' you? I suppose you've got something to say? What is it?" There was a slight diminution of her aggressiveness when she turned to her husband. Joe did not reply for a second or two, but raised his eyes steadily to hers.

"He beats his horse over the haid," he observed deliberately.

"There's no call"—Uncle Hank cleared his throat—"there's no call to git mad, Kitty Bell."

"Then you keep your tongue off of him an' off of me—both of you," retorted Mrs. Lisby.

Joe rolled a cigarette and sauntered down to the corral gate, on whose bars he leaned with the nerveless immobility peculiar to him. A soft, luminous, purple haze filled the cañon, and the line of cap-rock glowed yellow under an opalescent sky. Down the steep trail from the plains above a string of cattle picked their way, making for water; one stopped to cry a greeting to her kind in the valley. They rumbled contentedly, breaking into an ungainly trot when they neared the cottonwoods of Lobo Creek. Some of his horses cropped mesquit-pods close at hand; the tinkle of the bell-mare was music in his ears. Now long shafts of gold barred the pink and crimson of the sky-rim. Joe drew in a deep breath, the majesty of the infinite, the calm of the eternal, soothing and uplifting him.

"Pink done said there ain't a God." He straightened and flung out an arm. "I reckon Pink's a liar."

The long shadows crept down the cañon and still he leaned against the gate. He did not move his head when somebody plucked at his sleeve.

"Joe," whispered a voice, "I didn't mean to be cross."

"I reckon that's all right."

"Oh!" Kitty Bell dropped her hand from his arm and pressed her cheek against the post; valley and cliffs and sky blurred mistily to her vision. Without noting the change Joe unexpectedly swept his hand toward the west. It was an awkward gesture, broken off short by shyness.

"Look at that . . ." he began huskily, and could go no further. What she saw him indicate was a wide tract of yellowing corn to the left.

"Yes," gulped Kitty Bell, "it's sure a good crop."

At that she shrank a little from him, gazing unseeing at the chalk cliffs. What a difference! Her blood ran hot at the disloyalty of the comparison and yet—Bud had been very bold. For, standing together on Lime Peak watching a sunset, the glory of it had opened her soul to an expansiveness she was fearful of baring to her husband's cold scrutiny. In that moment she had turned to Parker, her eyes suffused, her face alight.

"And His wonderful gifts to the children of men. . . . Oh, isn't it a glory?"

"Ay," Bud had said lazily. "Ay." After a decent lapse of time: "But that pink ain't near as pretty or as soft as the red of your cheeks, Kitty Bell."

"Hush! You must stop saying things like that," she reproved.

Yet she had thought of his words many times since then and she was revolving them in her mind now. She ventured a glance at her husband. His face, strongly outlined, was grim. What did he think of the red of her cheeks? Or had he noticed that they were red? Kitty Bell sighed and, turning away, walked back listlessly to the house.

That was on Tuesday, and on Saturday he called for his breakfast earlier than usual. "I'm going over to George's to see about pasture for them steers," he announced, while she was rubbing the sleep from her eyes.

"How long will you be gone?"

"Back Wednesday."

After eating he took his rope and strode away. Kitty Bell remained in the doorway of the kitchen, rumpling her apron.

"Joe," she murmured; then, louder, "Joe!"

"Ma'm?"

"Haven't you forgot something?"

"Forgot something?" He was frankly puzzled. Immediately his face cleared and he slapped his boot with the maguey. "Sure I have. I swan I clean forgot my slicker."

Kitty Bell turned into the house and threw herself upon her bed. They had been married a year and she was twenty.

Jed Hildreth encountered Lisby on Wednesday morning on the Doghole trail. Joe would have ridden by with a curt greeting, but Hildreth was bursting with news.

"Hello, Joe," he cried gleefully. "I done passed Kitty Bell an' Bud Parker drivin' to town an hour back."

"Yes?" returned Lisby evenly. "I rode with 'em part of the way."

Hildreth blinked and, as he ambled homeward, scratched his head frequently, mumbling oaths of bewilderment. Here was the bottom knocked out of a very pretty scandal; his disappointment was so submerging that he even neglected to mention the meeting to his neighbors or his wife.

The Rat was dripping sweat when his master jerked him to a stop in mid-gallop at the Doghole station; but Lisby's step was deliberate and heavy as usual when he crossed the platform to the tiny office where the agent clicked traffic orders on a telegraph instrument.

"Is the train done gone, Tom?"

"Five hours late," vouchsafed Tom, repeating the daily formula without removing his eyes from the flimsy.

Lisby's great chest rose and fell in a long breath. He extracted a cigarette paper, filled it with steady fingers and deftly twirled it. Then he walked through the red dust of Doghole's single thoroughfare to Hous Perry's eating-house.

"Well? What's the good word, Hous?" he inquired.

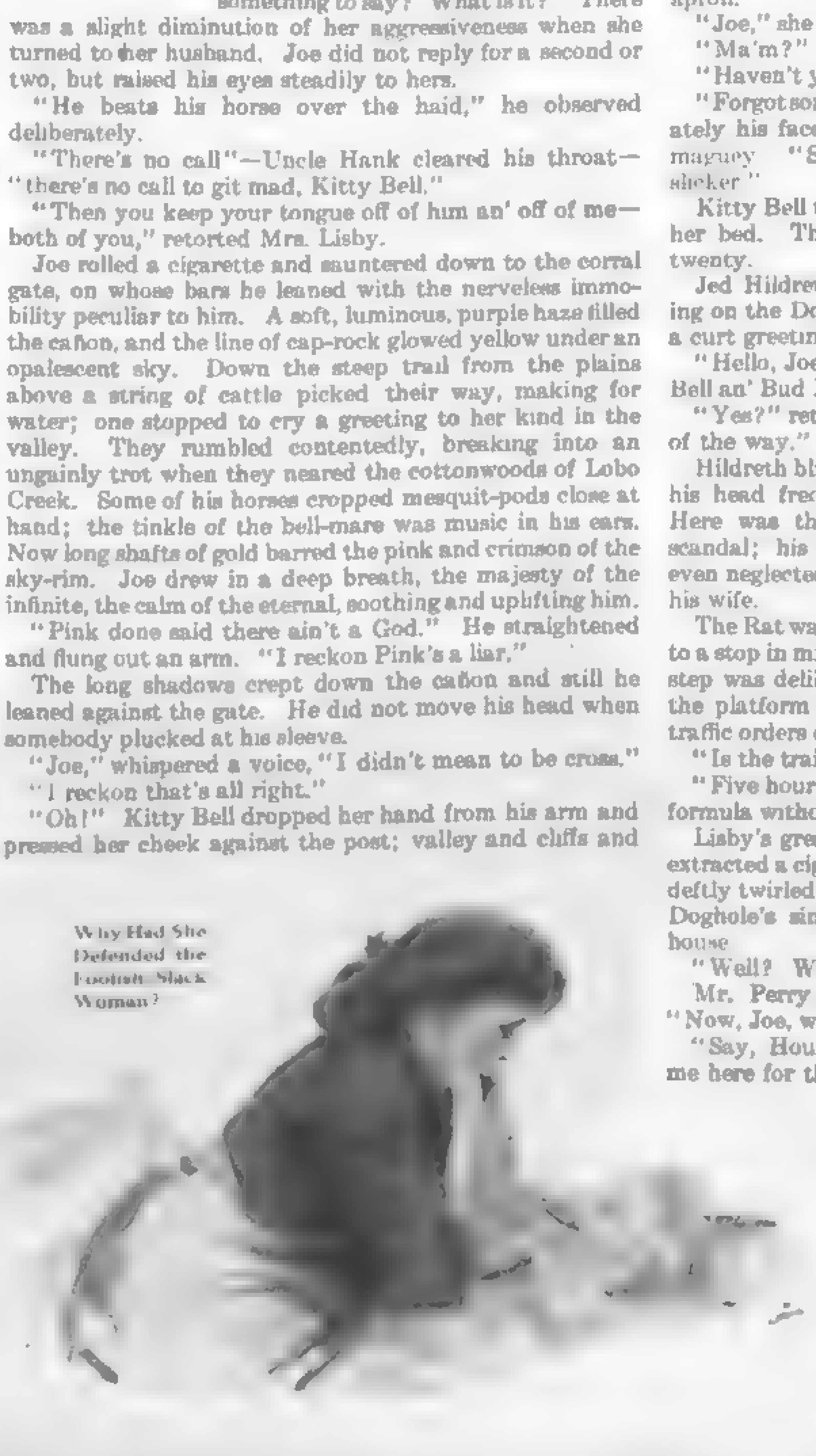
Mr. Perry eyed him askance from behind the bar. "Now, Joe, we don't want no . . ."

"Say, Hous, Bud Parker an' Kitty Bell was to meet me here for the 12:10 train. Seen anythin' of 'em? We aimed to go to Plainview this evenin'." Lisby lounged against the rail.

"Sure," responded the eating-house man, vastly relieved. "They're up in the parlor now. You-all goin' over for Sam's weddin'?"

"I reckon so."

Mr. Perry wiped a glass meditatively. In considerable friendliness he requested Joe to take something. Truth is, he had been much agitated by the arrival of Bud and Kitty Bell. It was none of his



Why Had She Defended the Foolish, Slack Woman?

business—and they were only waiting for a train—and it might be all right. He hovered near the foot of the stairs in an endeavor to catch some of the conversation; yet he hesitated to send word to Lisby. It might be all right; and he entertained a very wholesome fear of the cowman.

Joe finished his glass in leisurely fashion. "I'll go get 'em. We'll take supper before the train pulls out, Hous."

Slowly he ascended the stairs. Half way up he could hear a man's fretful tones. He neither hurried nor slackened his pace. Kitty Bell was sitting in a rocker facing the doorway of the parlor, one foot tapping the floor. In front of her Parker paced forward and back. He stepped to the window and drummed on the panes with restless fingers. His voice was argumentative, nervously pleading, and he flung himself irritably into a chair as Joe reached the head of the flight. Kitty Bell's face blanched at sight of her husband, but she met his look with prideful rebellion. Bud broke off in the middle of a sentence, his jaw fallen. Quickly he crossed his right leg over the left, thereby thrusting the right hip forward within instant reach.

Joe stood on the sill without removing his hat, and stared at his wife soberly.

"Well?" said Kitty Bell with a ghastly titter. Her hands fluttered to her hair and she adjusted a hatpin.

"Why didn't you tell me good-by Saturday?" she quavered suddenly, pulling at her gloves

"Are you-all ready to come home?" Lisby did not glance toward Bud, but he included him in the query.

"Home? I'm not going home. Are you crazy, Joe?"

Kitty Bell's voice rang shrill in her tense fear. Parker coughed.

"Kitty Bell, are you still an honest woman?"

His wife raised herself unsteadily to her feet, gripping the arms of the chair for support. Her eyes never wavered from her husband's.

"You—you can ask me that, Joe Lisby?"

"Then what for are you here?"

"Lookyhere, Joe . . ."

"Be quiet, you," said Mrs. Lisby, in a tremulous husk

"Then what for are you here, Kitty Bell?"

For a moment his wife did not reply, but scrutinized the impenetrable mask of his face with pitiful anxiety. Lisby did not appear to see Parker at all, or to be aware of his presence.

"I'm going," she said abruptly, her expression hardening. She advanced, but her husband did not stir from the threshold. Parker jumped noisily from his chair to follow, and she whirled on him.

"Not with you," she exclaimed. "Not with you."

Hous Perry was droning a ditty in the bar below; the clink of glasses sounded loud in the stillness.

"Did you think I came away just because of him over there?" She stood tensely opposite her husband, her clenched hands at her sides. Lisby did not give answer, continuing his impersonal study of her face. It was as though an unconcerned second individuality within him was striving to explain the woman to itself.

"Did you?"

"What for did you leave, then? Haven't I always done right by you?" he questioned his wife stolidly.

"Done right by me? Ay—done right by me. And is that all you have to give, Joe Lisby?"

Her husband slowly removed his gaze and took off his hat, turning it in his hand.

"I reckon I don't take you, Kitty Bell"

"You've done right by me—oh, I'll say amen to that. You've fed me, and given me a few clothes and a decent home. You've been good that way, Joe. Is that all you have to do? Is that the best you can give? Why, you're good to your horses an' cattle. I've seen . . ."

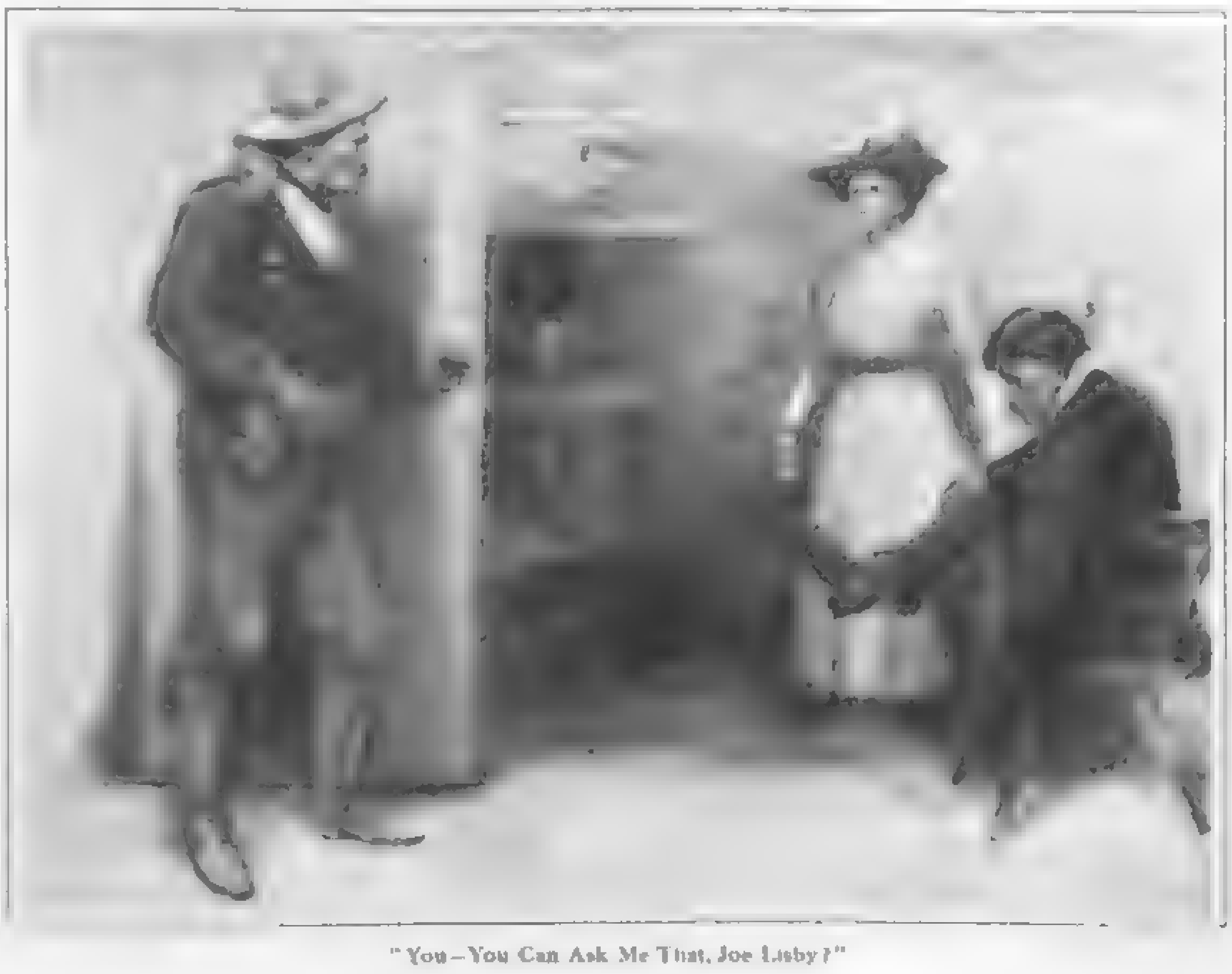
"Yes?"

"I've seen you ride a bronc most to death just to break his spirit, an' then treat him right kind afterward. Oh, you've done right by me."

"What did you want, Kitty Bell?"

"Want? Nothing. I wanted nothing." With an abrupt abandonment of her attitude she threw herself into the rocker and, sinking her face upon her arms, wept convulsively. Joe contemplated her in silence. Then he crossed to the stool in front of the cottage-organ and sat down.

"I want for to get to the bottom of this," he said laboredly.



"You—You Can Ask Me That, Joe Lisby?"

His wife's shoulders ceased to heave and she raised her head I'm not going back. I'm going away—I don't care where—just so long as it's some place where nobody'll know me an' I'll never be reminded."

"What've I done?"

"Done? You haven't done anything That's just it. You give me things to eat everybody in the county knows you feed your stock well. You're kind to me; so you are to your horses an' to ol' Rowdy. But care for me? You don't know the color of my hair. I'm just part of your property, that's all. What do you care if . . ."

"I thought you knew," said Joe. "I thought you knew, Kitty Bell."

"Knew? Knew what?"

"I done told you when we married," went on the big man hesitatingly. "I didn't allow as you'd want me to keep on telling you. I thought you'd know; that you'd sense it. Sometimes . . ."

"I done nursed you in sickness," wailed Kitty Bell, completely unstrung, "an' tended you in health. An' I brought you in myself out of the norther last winter. You would have died then, only for me. Yes, you would. They were all scared to go but me. An' you—you an' your father—all you've ever been is hard—hard—hard."

She rocked backward and forward, her face hidden in her hands.

"Kitty Bell . . ."

"An' you done left me without even a good-by on Saturday," she cried. "Not a single word. I couldn't stand it any longer, I couldn't. Oh! oh! oh!"

Her sobs broke out afresh and she whimpered dolefully.

"We'll go now," said Joe quietly, rising. "You-all ready?"

"Lookyhere, Joe . . ."

"Go where?" His wife stopped rocking and lifted her tear-streaked face.

"We're going to Plainview first, you an' me an'—an' Bud here. Then we're going home—the three of us."

"Lookyhere, Joe . . ."

"Hurry," said Lisby heavily. He waited for them with a stern patience more compelling than threats.

"Lookyhere, Joe . . ."

"You'll come," said the husband, wheeling on him for the first time. Parker stepped close, his jaw squaring with resentment, and so they faced each other. Kitty Bell held her breath

"Oh, well!" Parker's dry lips essayed a smile. "What time do we leave?"

"In an hour. We'll eat here first, Bud."

"I'll meet you-all at supper," said Bud. He walked from the room and down the stairs. Before entering the bar he paused to wipe the perspiration from his forehead and neck.

"Gimme a drink, Hous," he requested. He spilled a goodly portion of the contents of the bottle pouring it out.

"Pink Done Said There Ain't a God. I Reckon Pink's a Liar"

"Are you ready, Kitty Bell?" Joe said

"Yes," she answered in a mere whisper. She made futile little dabs at her cheeks with a soggy handkerchief as she followed him.

It may be supposed that it was not a cheerful meal to which they sat down. Kitty Bell contrived to remove all traces of her tears, but her lips would tremble at times and she was distrait and dumb. As for Parker, Mr. Perry had contributed to dispose him to cheerfulness, yet he avoided looking at Lisby. Not once did he put a word to him directly. Joe ate with his usual appetite and there was nothing in his taciturnity to excite surprise, since it was habitual. Therefore, Mr. Perry's doubts were dissipated and, becoming satisfied that the party was a pleasure jaunt of friends, he sauntered over several times to exchange ideas on Sam's imminent nuptials, Hous holding to the belief that Sam was making the mistake of his life by marrying when he was so well off.

"It ain't as though he had to work an' rough it," he pointed out.

They journeyed to Plainview together and there Bud separated from them at a late hour.

"You be at Sam's wedding tomorrow," said Lisby.

"All right," returned Parker, with an uncertain laugh.

"Don't forget. You'd be sorry, I reckon."

On the party's return to Doghole, Bud was for bidding them adieu. "Get in," ordered Lisby. He pointed to the back seat of the wagon which met them at the station.

For a fraction of a second Bud was mutinous. "Hurry," said Lisby. Parker clipped his oath of protest in the middle and yielded.

In this fashion they drove to Lisby's ranch, husband and wife in front, Mr. Parker on the rear seat with Pete, humming to himself for mile after mile. Pete did not like Bud and did not consider that he was under obligations to talk. Uncle Hank met them at the corral gate, stick in hand, his pipe in his mouth. His manner was blamelessly non-committal and his bleared eye betrayed no surprise or curiosity.

"We done went to Sam's wedding," explained Joe.

"Huh-huh," said Uncle Hank between his teeth. "Rufe done rode over with your letter."

"Well," said Joe, when supper was over and he and Parker were alone on the porch, "you can go now, Bud. An' you can walk. Yes, it's only eighteen miles."

Kitty Bell took up once more the humdrum of her life. For many weeks she frequently shivered as she moved about her work, feeling the old man's gaze; but he put no inquiries and abstained from any but the most innocent references to the Plainview trip. Thinking of all that had occurred, many times she shivered when alone in her room; and her father-in-law was not the cause. Gradually she lost her guilty fear of him and dropped the elaborate carelessness of demeanor she had assumed in his presence. Things were much as they had been. She performed her household duties with the scrupulous care that was characteristic of her, and oftentimes she offered thanks in dumb prayer because they were so numerous that she had no opportunity to brood.

Joe's manner varied little from what it had been. On occasions he displayed a belated, clumsy politeness foreign to his nature, and she flushed warmly under these palpably forced attentions. So the days grew into weeks and the weeks became months.

She sat late on a day in the following year behind the green screen of the porch vines. Joe was close beside her.

(Concluded on Page 43)

America's Greatest Feeding Farm

A Heavy Haul, but Plenty of Power

By FORREST CRISSEY

FARMING in America has two uncles who cut a wide swath in their chosen fields Uncle Henry and Uncle David.

Uncle Henry Wallace, of the Roosevelt Country Life Commission, is a master-hand at telling the farmers how to do it; and Uncle David Rankin does it, on a scale that would stagger any man who is not calloused to American farm figures of the size which Secretary Wilson uses in his annual reports, when he takes his pen in hand to sum things up and make every other industry look like small potatoes.

Just at present Uncle David Rankin is farming a modest patch of twenty-four thousand acres down in the richest section of Missouri, in the region of Tarkio—not to speak of some six thousand acres across the line up in Iowa. Though he doesn't dispute the statement that he farms thirty thousand acres "in round figures," he doesn't count the Iowa tract as a part of his regular farm system, which revolves about the hub of his little eight-by-twelve office back of the bank in Tarkio.

It's a poor year for corn in Uncle David's patch when he doesn't have eighteen thousand acres in that king of American crops, with a yield of a million or more bushels.

He feels that he is running light when he doesn't feed at least thirteen thousand cattle and twenty-five thousand hogs in the course of the year. And it takes a power of work stock—mostly mules—to turn the furrows and drive the listers and cultivators and to haul the stuff on Uncle David's fat acres. Right now he reckons that six hundred and forty head of mules and horses are in his stables, and he knows that a thousand sets of harness are in commission on the place. A battalion of fifty corn-binders takes care of the corn harvest and, though he doesn't "make much of meadow land," thirty mowers are not too many to cut his clover and hay. He has something more than three hundred farm wagons in use, and the same number each of double-row plows, double-row listers and planters. Every year he buys twenty-five hundred bushels of the best seed corn he can find with which to do his corn-planting.

"Uncle David certainly does farm it on quite a scale"—as one of his townsmen modestly admitted.

Uncle David's School of Farming

BUT there are a good many men down in Missouri and elsewhere who hold that Uncle David himself is bigger than any farm he has—or than all of them put together. To understand the Rankin way of farming without first getting a line on Uncle David, the man, is not in the books. They go together. Although this "greatest farmer in America" is now eighty-five years old, he is in the harness every day and pushing his shoulders hard against the hames from sun-up to dark—and then some! He's as spry as a colt, and in his light top-buggy, behind a pair of his own raising, he can enter appearance in about as many places in a day as the smartest foreman on his pay-roll. If the work is sagging or lagging, or things are in a tangle anywhere on the eleven farms in the home system, there is the spot where Uncle David is sure to turn up and put into action the shrewd generalship that has made him the successful master of thirty thousand acres of farm land. In the words of one of his hands: "Uncle David sure does hit the pike like a cyclone, and wherever he goes things do move."

To look at his shrewd, kindly, alert old face, as he is laying down the law to a foreman or buying a few thousand head of feeders in the yards at St. Joe or Kansas City, one would be almost stupid in failing to figure his ancestry for what it is: Scotch-Irish on one side and Quaker on the other. There is something "true to type" in the man that proclaims his breeding. Back in 1825, the year of his birth, Sullivan County, Indiana, had a well-earned reputation for wildness which was too strong for the upright and peace-loving spirit of David's father. "This is too wicked a place," he one day declared, "in which to bring up a family of children, and I'm going to pull out for Parke County." There, in a log cabin sixteen feet square, they lived from the time David was six years old, and there he formed those impressions which impelled him to become the most extensive farmer in the United States. He remembers hearing his father "talk land" and declare his faith in the future of the rich prairie soil, when he made a trade with his wife's father for two hundred acres on which the old gunmaker had entered.

Perhaps the fact that young David was literally raised on "hog and hominy" might have prejudiced him against corn and pork, had it not been for the delicious smoked hams which were seasoned and flavored in the smoke of hickory bark. This was the family delicacy and made the boy a lifelong friend of the porker. He now feeds twenty-five thousand of them a year and is probably the largest individual pork-producer in the country.

There was plenty for a boy to do in those days on a pioneer farm—at least, enough to teach him to do things and give him an appetite. As his father put in corn as fast as he could break up the sod David formed an early and intimate acquaintance with the art of corn-raising. The simple life as the Rankins lived it imposed a good many labors now obsolete—if the fire went out he was sent a mile to the neighbor's to fetch live coals, and he was sixteen years old when he first saw a match. But he built up a constitution in the simplicity of his early living which has lasted him a good while and has stood heroic strain. He doesn't regret now that he did not see a summer until his twenty-ninth year when he did not put away his shoes until they should be needed in the fall.

The elder Rankin did not tarry long in Parke County, but pushed on across the border into Illinois and settled in Henderson County, where he put up a sawmill—and piled up debts about as fast as he did boards. To help him "pay out" young David dressed hogs, hauled them to the nearest town and sold them as low as a dollar a hundredweight. And the corn on which those hogs had been fattened had come hard, for the land had been turned with a plow having a wooden mouldboard that had to be scraped clean with a paddle every few rods, as it would not scour. Wheat brought only twenty-five cents a bushel and only a quarter of this in money—the rest in trade. Calico was then forty cents a yard. In the days when President Jackson played hob with the currency money became about as scarce as diamonds, and the elder Rankin was driven back to farming again. He traded a colt and a cow for a quarter section of land on which he could at least raise food for himself and his family.

About that time David decided to strike out for himself. The question was, should he become a storekeeper or a farmer? He had seen the hardest farm life known on American soil—and still the soil looked good to him and he reasoned that there were better times coming in which the man with land at his back would have the best of the bargain. So he traded lumber for one ox and labor for another—at a price of eight dollars each—and went in debt for a plow-point. With this outfit he began his life as an independent farmer.

When he was twenty-five and had eighty acres of land, a few cattle and five dollars in money, he married. He kept the land and the cattle, but gave the money—all of it—to the preacher. But he had begun to show good trading qualities and that fall he contrived to buy three hundred and twenty acres of rich land.

This is the school in which Uncle David was raised and seasoned!

As his wheatfields and his cornfields grew larger and larger another quality was called into action and developed by much exercise. He began to study how to lessen the cost of production and "do things faster." As he laboriously cultivated his corn the thought came to him: "How a man could get over the ground if he only had a cultivator on wheels which would straddle the corn rows and work both sides of them at the same time." This was in 1853. Having been schooled to meet emergencies from his own resources, he promptly fell to working out his new problem. With two single cultivators and the front wheels of a farm wagon he rigged up a double-row cultivator which did as much work in the cornfield with one team as he and his hired man had been able to do in the same time with two teams. And today, whenever Uncle David hammers away at his farm friends to work on the principle that has made millions for the packers, the railroads and all concerns run in a big way—the principle of keeping down the cost of production—he always illustrates his point by telling how he saved a man's wages by building a two-row cultivator

Young Rankin always had his eyes open to an opportunity that was strictly in his line, and closed to those that were out of it—his line being covered by four items: land, corn, cattle and hogs. When the panic of '57 swept the country like a cyclone David Rankin had a little ready money at his command. Corn could be picked up for as low as eight cents a bushel, and men would haul it ten miles and put it in the crib for ten cents a bushel in real money. He saw that corn was "the best buy in the world" at that price, so he built cribs and bought every bushel he could pay for. In two or three years he sold it all, in the crib, at eighty cents a bushel.

Corn Coined Into Dollars

THE beginning of the war saw Mr. Rankin's real start in the feeding business. He picked up likely steers at $1.50 to $1.75 a hundred at the Chicago yards, drove them down to Paxton, fattened them on his corn and finally sold them in New York at $6 to $6.50 a hundredweight. His lean steers almost literally coined corn into dollars—and this money was put into rich prairie land as fast as it came into his hands. He soon had five thousand acres, bought at $6.25 to $7 an acre—land which is now selling at $100 to $175. But he didn't wait for it to touch this figure before he began to scout around for a rich corn country in which he could repeat his operation on a larger scale. When he was able to sell out his five thousand acres of Illinois land for many times what it had cost him he knew just where to get the kind of land he wanted and get it cheap. The land was already spied out, and it was as good corn land as that which he was leaving. He bought it dirt cheap and has kept on buying ever since. It is his pride that practically every acre of it has been taken care of in a way to protect and maintain its fertility.

In the creed of David Rankin soil depletion is sin. He regards land in the same light in which a shrewd and far-sighted manufacturer looks upon raw material of which there is a comparatively limited supply. Uncle David made up his mind a long time ago that this kind of raw material was bound to go up and keep on going up indefinitely, and that the first thing to do was to lay in so big a supply that he could never be caught short, no matter how sharp the demand might be.

Next he decided that if he could handle this supply, bought at a low price, so that the process of its use, of its manufacture into corn and steers and hogs, would make comparatively a small demand upon it, he would have a mighty resource left, a huge profit in the land itself, when it came to a final clean-up. This is Uncle David's theory of farming, of land-holding and land-using. Every operation in the management of his monster system of farms is based upon this theory: "Make the difference between the cost of operation and the proceeds from the output as big as possible, but never do a thing that will pull down the real productive value of the land—then every year will add to the great undivided profit or surplus in the increased market value of the land itself." His land is his savings-bank, and he would as soon think of starting a run on a bank in which he carried a big account as of countenancing any system of cultivation that involved an intrinsic depletion of his soil

In the theory and the practice of this man whose acres would make a very respectable European principality the first essential of economic production is having at hand everything that will contribute to the certainty of production. In a country that is unirrigated the fate of the crops depends upon the weather. The right time for putting in the crops may be of only a few days' duration, if the corn is put in within that brief period it is taking the tide of fortune at its flood. Again, this crisis is repeated in the matter of cultivating the crop in the various stages of its development. One day, perhaps, may spell all the difference between success and defeat, between a bumper crop and a failure.

Your Uncle David Rankin realizes this to a degree that only the man with eighteen thousand acres of corn can realize it. Between furrows, when the land is plowed, and between the rows, after the corn has been checked in, he can read, without spectacles, the words: "Time is the essence of this contract." Consequently, he takes no chances; instead, he takes out insurance against crop failure by having the best machinery, the best seed and the best working stock that money will buy—and he takes good care that the supply is unstinted. Then he pays top wages and gets the best men that money will hire—and feeds and houses and cares for them so that they are on their mettle, and always ready to let out a link or two in the time of strain and emergency.

Modern Methods of Crop Insurance

IN OTHER words, everything is cocked and primed to take advantage of the weather and put the whole great crop safely into the ground at just the right time—no matter how short may be the period for propitious seeding. And so with critical stages of cultivation. If the weather gives Uncle David half a show—he has the machinery, the teams and the men to clear out the weeds and stir the soil before the fickle weather god has a chance to change his mind. It is a simple matter of economy, after all. In his mind, to have cheap teams, cheap machinery and cheap men is to save at the spigot and waste at the bunghole. He must know—so far as foreknowledge is humanly possible in the situation—that his immense fields are going to yield a good crop, and experience has taught him that any machinery that will materially increase the quickness with which a crop can be put in or cultivated is so cheap that he can afford to throw away his old machinery and buy the new. He figures out the cost of an equipment of new machines by the acre and strikes a balance against the results obtained. In a single day he has one hundred and twenty-six two-row cultivators in the field. If a new machine should appear which would increase the working power of those cultivators by twenty-five per cent he would send the old ones to the scrap-heap, buy the new ones and be glad of the chance. "One day in the field at the right time is worth a month at the wrong time" is his motto

This matter of being able to crowd things hard and fast in the field when the weather favors is considered in every feature of working equipment. His thousand harnesses are all equipped with trace chains instead of tugs, and the man in the field has with him a bit of smooth, strong wire which may be instantly twisted into service for a link, should a chain break. No time to go to a harness shop or even back to the barn, when the pressure of planting or cultivating is on! The same consideration is found in his method of feeding his working stock. His motive power is mainly mules—for the mule is a safer feeder and less liable to get out of gear than the horse. The feed troughs of his work animals are always kept full, and they are expected to "have sense enough to quit when they get enough." And it is his experience that even horses soon learn not to overfeed. The danger of overfeeding is less from the full trough, as he has found it, than is the danger of slumping at a time of high pressure because of too little strong feed. His animals are all in condition to be crowded to the limit at the time of emergency.

The question of his seed is looked upon from the same viewpoint of the economy of whatever will contribute to the certainty of a crop. Seed-raising, in his opinion, is a science in itself and should be left to specialists who make it a life study. For that reason he buys all his seed. He doesn't even "bother with testing-plots." This might seem to be very careless and unbusinesslike, but your Uncle David is shrewd enough to know that no grower of seed corn is going to give an inferior seed to a customer who never buys less than twenty-five hundred bushels a year and sometimes goes as high as four thousand bushels. To command the trade of a customer of this kind, year after year, is a great consideration and one not to be trifled with, and the grower, for his own protection, is going to subject that seed to all the tests necessary to satisfy himself that it is the best he can offer and up to standard. However, in this matter of seed corn Mr. Rankin does take the precaution of planting several varieties; he does not consider it safe to put all his eggs in one basket

The Master of Eighteen Thousand Acres of Corn

After Uncle David has provided the best motive power, the best implements and equipment, the best seed and the best labor that money and ripe experience can secure, his one big job is to watch the weather and the ground like a hawk and pass the word to his foremen when to plow, to plant, to seed, to cultivate and to harvest. Here is where judgment, ripened by long experience, counts for its full value—and Uncle David is long on that sort of judgment which is a blending of natural intuition and of years of practical training. In crop-raising the question of when to do a certain thing is quite as important as how to do it. The processes of crop life will not wait; the field must be plowed or planted today—tomorrow may be as much too late as next month would be! And so with the various processes of tillage and cultivation, both for the killing of weeds and the retention of moisture in a time of drought. Hence, from the beginning to the end of the crop season David Rankin has his eye and his ear to the ground, and his battalions of plows and seeders and cultivators and corn-harvesters respond to his orders as the trains upon a division of railroad respond to the orders of the dispatcher.

After the great corn crop is an accomplished fact the question is again one of the land. Whether the yield has been forty or sixty or a hundred bushels to the acre, it must be recognized, from the Rankin theory of farming, that the land has been depleted according to the crop obtained, and that this depletion must be restored to the utmost possible point. Not only must it be put back upon the field as quickly as possible, but it must be evenly distributed so that it will get into all of the soil

To turn a herd of cattle upon the field and let them do that work of converting the corn—or, at least, a part of it—into fertilizer, and spreading that fertilizer themselves, is clearly the most economical way of restoring the fertility to the soil. While fat cattle are always in demand in the great markets and can be sold for cash any day of the year, the fact remains that they must naturally be sold at the time when they have reached the maximum condition—to sell them sooner or later would be to sacrifice an amount that might represent a total net profit on the transaction of their feeding. Here, again, time is the essence of the contract, and here the quality of judgment comes into play. But there is still another consideration. At the moment when the steers are at the top weight and longer feeding would be throwing away good corn the market may be off and the price obtainable may represent a loss on the feeding operation. How may the heavy feeder of cattle hedge against this contingency? What resource has he that will act as a practical insurance against a possible loss of this kind?

Uncle David's answer to this question is: "The great American hog—the most wonderful waste-saver and profit-insurer ever invented!"

Without the hog the business of cattle-feeding would be precarious—at least, far more precarious than it is now; but with the hog as a waste-saver the profits of feeding, over any reasonable period of years, are about as sure as the seasons. At least, this is the experience of Mr. Rankin. The hog is the professional gleaner, and three of them will fatten on the corn that one steer wastes in the kind of feeding that obtains on this farm. It is the aim of Mr. Rankin to keep at least twenty-five thousand hogs on his home system of farms. "I never had enough hogs—never!" he declares; "but on account of the cholera it is hard to get the stock much above the twenty-five-thousand mark." In the estimation of Uncle David the hog is the gift of Heaven to the American farmer.

How Overworked Fields Are Rested

DESPITE all the fertilization resulting from the droppings of both cattle and hogs and of the decay of stalks not consumed by the feeders, the fact remains that a series of five or six successive corn crops will tell on a field and cause it to fly the signal of distress in the shape of a diminished yield. This means that the loss must be made good! And that implies crop rotation. But in the mind of Mr. Rankin rotation for its own sake is merely juggling with a loss. He insists upon a rotation that pays its own way and leaves its fertility-restoration value as "velvet."

Clover is the crop that fits into Mr. Rankin's scheme and yields a profit as a crop and, at the same time, restores to the soil those special properties of which it has been sapped by the corn and which the manure has not repaid to it. Of course, there is always a nurse-crop of small grain sown with the clover to shade the tender shoots from the sun. This helps a little in the general return. But the clover seed costs 15 cents or more a pound, and the requirement is eight pounds to the acre. As a rule, the clover field shows a loss the year of the seeding, but the second year it may be depended upon to turn the scales and more than repay its initial loss.

Here, again, is where the hog comes into play. When the clover is knee-high the brood sows with their litters of young are turned loose in this succulent pasturage

A Battalion of Corn Plows

to give the pigs a start calculated to carry them through to the stock scales without an attack of cholera or other hog disease—for nothing is quite so good and healthful for pigs as an infancy spent in a clover field.

In order not to impair the rejuvenating effect of the clover on the soil, as well as to get the most out of the crop itself, three precautions are carefully observed: The clover is not pastured until it is about knee-high; not more than three pigs to the acre are allowed to fatten on it; and the moment it shows signs of dying out in the fall the swine are taken out and assigned to their final task of following the steers in the cattle-feeding fields or yards, where they are finished on a corn diet. Mr. Rankin figures that an acre of clover pasture produces, on the average, one hundred and fifty pounds of pork worth six dollars to ten dollars a hundredweight, according to the market. This, however, is decidedly a low figure. In the corn country of Central Illinois an acre of clover pasture in good condition is expected to bring six pigs up to a weight of a hundred pounds each before the well-being of the pasturage necessitates their withdrawal.

But there is still something left in the clover field—cattle pasturage worth a dollar a month to the acre while the grazing lasts. Hog pasturage, however, is the only use made of the clover field the third year, as a good growth must be turned under, in the fall plowing, for the sake of the soil. The next year the field goes back into corn again. From this it will be seen that the clover field may be depended upon to pay its own fixed charges and generally to yield a good, snug profit. And all the time it is undergoing the process of rejuvenation.

When asked why he did not raise alfalfa Mr. Rankin replied: "Alfalfa is not for me; it doesn't fit into my scheme of things. Corn is my main crop, and anything that interferes with corn as a first consideration has to take a back seat with me. In order to get the good of an alfalfa seeding it must occupy the ground for a much longer time than I can afford to leave it there. Again, it cannot be pastured to advantage. I raise corn, and when the corn most needs cultivation the alfalfa is just ready for cutting. I can't stop to bother with it. No doubt it is a great fertility restorer; but I must have a fertilizing crop that gets out of the way more quickly, that does not demand attention and labor at a time that is critical and exacting in the cornfield. Then, too, my fertilizing crop must pay me a little something right off the bat. Clover comes nearest to filling all these requirements, and so I stick to clover."

Waiting for Their Feed

Corn Maxims

THIS matter of crop rotation, however, is subject to the emergencies of the season; and here, again, the judgment of Uncle David comes into play. In fact, the whole game of farming is one of deviation from an established system in order to meet special emergencies. If the season happens to be unusually dry it may be wise to keep the hogs out of the clover altogether; if the season is uncommonly wet it is necessary to resort to special measures to keep the weeds down in the cornfields. And one of the clever emergency tricks of Uncle David—when the weeds get beyond the control of machinery and hoes, and threaten to seed the field with a rich crop of pests to fight another season—is to turn a flock of sheep into the corn when it is too high for them to eat. He has found sheep excellent substitutes for hoes; and while he regards them primarily as work animals they thrive on their weeding task, and he finds it profitable to finish them on corn. It requires good judgment to meet emergencies on the farm as well as in any other business, and this is Uncle David's own special and particular job on his great farm. As an emergency-meeter he is right on his own ground. And his years of seasoned experience count with cumulative force in his decisions.

The man who raises more than a million bushels of corn a year is fairly entitled to be considered something of an authority on corn culture; and if he has worked at it steadily for more than half a century he is practically certain to have a definite system worked out to fit the normal season. Uncle David has one, and here it is:

Keep your ground rich. Feed cattle and hogs on it, and use the manure spreader without stint.

Plow deep and turn the ground completely over—leave no skips.

Have the ground well pulverized before planting, either by liberal use of the harrow or the disk.

Plant your corn at a uniform depth. Early planting should be shallow, late planting deeper.

Harrow thoroughly before the corn comes up, once at least—twice is better.

Cultivate as soon as possible and as often and as thoroughly as you can. Never cultivate less than four or five times. Corn should be gone over with a cultivator at least once a week. This is especially urgent in a dry season, as stirring the top of the ground conserves the moisture.

During the month of August go through the fields and cut or pull every cockle-bur, buttonweed and other obnoxious growth.

If I am going to use the lister I disk the land once or twice before going in with it, so that the weeds may get a good start before planting. In other words, cultivate the weeds before planting the corn, so that you may kill them while cultivating the corn to make it grow, thus killing two birds with one stone.

Departures from this method are made to meet the exigencies of abnormal seasons, but these are David Rankin's methods of corn cultivation.

Organization is a strong hold with this master farmer. In fact, it is a first principle. Without system of the rigid, semi-military sort he would be in as bad a mess as a great city department store should it attempt to do business on the methodless methods of a slack country storekeeper. He is somewhat in the position of a manufacturer who is near enough to being a trust to have one big parent factory and ten smaller ones. His farms in the "regular home system" lie in eleven groups, and each is numbered. Number One, for instance, lies nine and a half miles northwest of Tarkio, while Number Two is three miles south of the little town and Number Seven is fifteen miles to the southeast. In all the eleven farms there are exactly 23,960 acres. The largest contains 3460 acres and the smallest 690 acres. Each farm is handled as a unit, having its own foreman, its own buildings and its own equipment of work animals, implements and hired hands. Excepting in times of special emergency on some of the larger ranches, when the call for extra labor and machinery is urgent, the teams, implements and men of one farm are not shifted to another. Every animal and every implement has its own place and if it is found elsewhere the man who has charge of it is called to an accounting. In so great an enterprise as this confusion is costly; it wastes time, and Uncle David considers the time of his hands and his foremen as about the most expensive thing he has on the place. If the working equipment were shifted miscellaneously from one place to another confusion would be the order of the day and it would generally happen that one farm would have a surfeit while another would have a shortage.

Although these farms are rather widely scattered they are knitted together with a telephone system without which their operation would be discouragingly difficult, if not impossible. Each of the eleven foremen knows that he is due to be called up by Uncle David at a certain moment each morning and evening. Almost invariably before seven o'clock in the morning Mr. Rankin has talked with each of his foremen and received a condensed but very definite report of the situation on each farm. And especially is he enlightened as to emergency matters in which his judgment is needed. After he has heard each foreman's story he gives his orders for the day—and generally in fewer words than the foreman has used in presenting the situation. In the evening Mr. Rankin again makes the rounds of telephone calls and learns from his foremen what has been accomplished during the day and any especial happenings which the day has brought forth.

Like most good generals, the night is his favorite time for laying plans and figuring things out. He holds that the best scheming as well as the best courting is done by moonlight and starlight.

But there are many things that cannot be done by telephone. There is not a day in the life of this busy octogenarian when his personal presence is not demanded by emergency calls on six or eight of his farms. Although he is not yet "automobile-broke" he travels like a cyclone behind a span that can cover the country roads to his satisfaction. Certainly they never "breathe their own dust," for he keeps them flying from dawn till dusk. His grasp of details is almost instantaneous and he can straighten out a tangled situation with astonishing quickness. Something moves wherever Uncle David stops. Moreover, it is never safe for a foreman to figure that "the Old Man will not be around today." Generally such a forecast is almost sure to bring disappointment and chagrin—in the shape of Uncle David himself

The foremen are paid from forty dollars to sixty dollars a month, according to the size of the farm in their charge and the responsibilities of the position. The ranchhands receive twenty-five dollars a month and "keep," as an average wage—and their keep is the best that the country affords. Being a shrewd judge of human nature, Mr. Rankin will not permit a man cook on any of his farms; all the cooking is done by women "who know how to dish things up in a kind of homelike fashion." As these women receive forty dollars a month and their board and comfortable lodgings, and are furnished with all the help they need, it is not strange that about the best plain-cooking talent in Missouri is to be found on the Rankin farms. Uncle David is a firm believer in the doctrine of good feeding for men, for horses and for cattle; anything short of the strongest rations they will stand is poor economy, in his opinion

The Merit System

THEN there are other things besides good motherly cooking to make the Rankin farmhands contented with their lot. They all have good beds and good rooms, and in every farmhouse is a big lounging-room ample for the accommodation of all the men employed on the place. Lights and fuel in abundance are furnished, together with farm papers, story papers, magazines, checkerboards, dominoes and other means of amusement and recreation. The chairs and benches are comfortable and ample in number to accommodate not only all the regular hands on the place, but their friends who may drop in for an evening's chat. The men are free to smoke to their hearts' content, but drinking is strictly barred.

Still another consideration, which undoubtedly makes it easy for Mr. Rankin to keep his pick of farmhands, is the fact that every man who knows how to use his privileges without abusing them has a horse and saddle at his command. Then, too, there is no petty "choring" for the regular hand. Each foreman has his regular force, large or small, of chore-boys who look after the cows, the poultry, the small pigs, the brood sows, the mares and colts, and the repairing of windmills, gates, fences and all the tinkering that needs to be done. While civil service is not a written law on the Rankin farms, it is a settled practice, and the good farmhand knows that he has a solid expectation of promotion before him if he shows the right mettle—for a good many foremen have been given the opportunity to take land from Mr. Rankin and operate it on shares. Some of them have made as high as twelve thousand dollars a year in this kind of partnership.

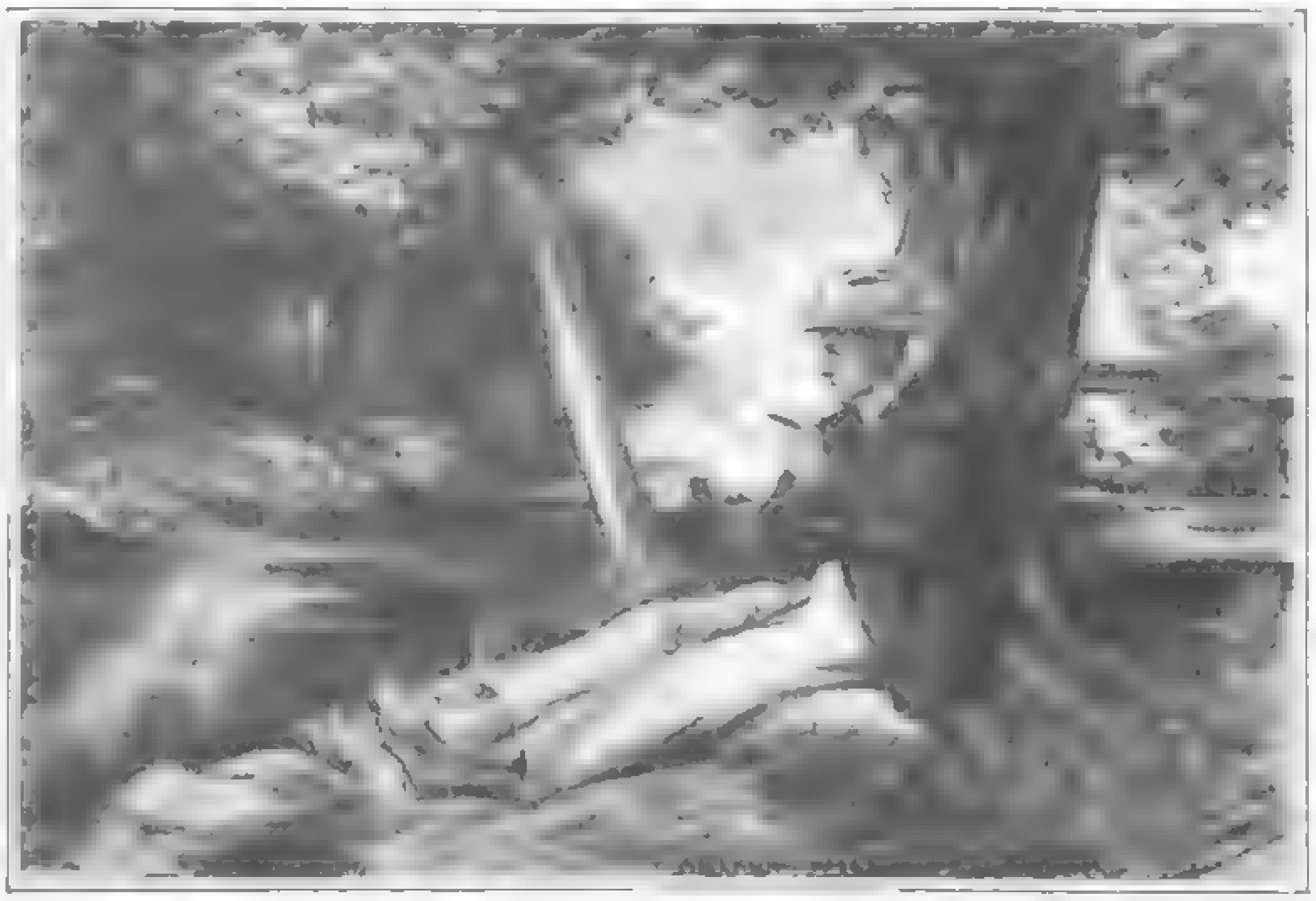
Each foreman is expected to raise enough potatoes for his force of men, and generally there are enough cows and chickens on each farm to supply it generously with milk and eggs. Butter, however, is bought in town or from neighboring farmers more often than it is produced on the ranch. Beef, pork and all products of the packing-houses

(Continued on Page 40)

SAM TURNER

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



He Would Rather Deal With These Progressive People Than With a Lot of "Sapheads"

IX

BEFORE Sam had his breakfast the next morning he sat in his room with some figures which Blackrock and Cuthbert had provided him the evening before. He cast them up and down, and crosswise and diagonally, balanced them and juggled them, and sorted them and shifted them until at last he found the rathole, and, smiling grimly, placed those pages of neat figures in a small letter file that he took from his trunk. One thing was certain: the Meadow Brook capitalists were highly interested in his plan, or they would never go to the trouble of devising this early a scheme for controlling the Marsh-Pulp corporation. Well, they were the exact people he wanted.

Immediately after breakfast Miss Stevens telephoned over to thank him for his beautiful roses, and he had the pleasure of letting her know, quite incidentally, that he had gone down to the rose beds and picked out each individual blossom himself, which, of course, accounted for their excellence. Also he suggested coming over that morning for a walk.

No, she was very sorry, but she was just making ready to go out horseback riding with Mr. Hollis, who, by the way, was an excellent rider; but they would be back from their canter about ten-thirty, and if Mr. Turner cared to come over for a game of tennis before luncheon, why ——

"Sorry I can't do it," returned Mr. Turner, with the deepest of genuine regret in his tone. "My kid brother is sending me some samples of pulp and paper which will arrive at about eleven o'clock, and I have called a meeting of some interested parties here to examine it."

"Business again?" she protested. "I thought you were on a vacation."

"I am," he assured her in surprise. "I never lazied around so or frittered up so much time in my life; and I'm enjoying every second of my freedom, too. I tell you it's fine. But say, this meeting won't take over an hour. Why can't I come over right after lunch?"

She was very sorry, this time a little less regretfully, that after luncheon she had an engagement with Mr. Princeman to play a match game of croquet. But they were getting up a hasty, informal dance over at Hollis Creek for that evening. Would he come over?

He certainly would, and he at once spoke for as many dances as she would give him.

"I'll give you what I can," she told him; "but I've already promised three of them to Billy Westlake, who is a divine dancer."

Sam Turner was deeply thoughtful as he turned away from the 'phone. Hollis was a superb horseback rider. Billy Westlake was a divine dancer. Princeman, he had learned from Miss Stevens, who had spoken with vast enthusiasm, was a baseball hero. Hollis and Princeman and Westlake were crack bowlers, also crack tennis players, and no doubt all three were even expert croquet players. It was easy to see the sort of men she admired. Earning the esteem of young ladies was evidently a profession. In the mean time, Miss Westlake and Miss Hastings were waiting for him. Miss Hastings, however, saw him first, and before Miss Westlake arrived Sam had somehow or other made an engagement to go "ferning" that afternoon, tête-à-tête. In between he had a game of clock golf, sent two telegrams and received his express package, and immediately upon the latter event held a full meeting of the tentative Marsh-Pulp Company upon the porch of Meadow Brook House. In that meeting he decided upon four things: first, that these hard-headed men of business were highly favorable to his scheme; second, that Princeman and Cuthbert, who knew most about paper and pulp, were so profoundly impressed with his samples that they tried to conceal it from him; third, that Princeman, at first his warmest adherent, was now most stubbornly opposed to him—not that he wished to prevent forming the company, but that he wished to prevent Sam's having his own way; fourth, that the crowd had talked it over and had firmly determined that Sam should not control their money. Consequently, at the close of the meeting he went to the telegraph office and wired his brother in New York:

> How are you coming on with pulp company stock subscription?

The telegraph office was in one corner of the post-office, which was also a souvenir room with candy and cigar counters, and as he turned away from the telegraph desk he saw Princeman at the candy counter.

"No; I don't care for any of these," Princeman was saying. "If you haven't maraschino chocolates I don't want any."

Sam immediately stepped back to the telegraph desk and sent another wire to his brother:

> Express fresh box maraschino chocolates to Miss Josephine Stevens, Hollis Creek Inn. Inclose my card. Personal cards in upper right-hand pigeonhole my desk.

Then he went upstairs to make ready for lunch. Immediately after luncheon he received the following wire from his brother:

> Stock subscription rotten everybody likes scheme but object to our control but no hurry why don't you rest maraschinos shipped congratulate you.

X

AND so the kid was finding the same trouble with which he had met. They had been too frank in stating that they intended to obtain control of the company without any larger investments than their patents and their scheme. Sam wandered through the hall, revolving this matter in his mind, and out at the rear door, which framed an inviting vista of green. He strolled back past the barn toward the upper reaches of the brook path and, sitting amid the comfortably-gnarled roots of a big tree, he lit a cigar and began with violence to snap little pebbles into the brook. If he were promoting a crooked scheme, he reflected savagely, he would have no difficulty whatever in floating it upon almost any terms he wanted. Well, there was one thing certain: at the finish, control would be in his own hands! But how to secure it and still float the company promptly and advantageously? There was the problem. He liked this crowd. They were good, keen, vigorous, enterprising men, fine men with whom to do business, men who would snatch control away from him if they could, and throw him out in the cold in a minute if they deemed it necessary or expedient. Of course that was to be expected. It was a part of the game. He would rather deal with these progressive people, knowing their tendencies, than with a lot of "sapheads."

How to get control? Confound it, there was Miss Hastings and her fern basket! Obediently he gathered ferns all afternoon and evaded personalities, and resisted vivacity and other blandishments; nevertheless, by the time they returned to the house Miss Hastings was calling him Sam and apologizing prettily for it, and doing it again, the last time in the presence of Miss Westlake.

It is a pathetic thing to see bosom friends become deadly enemies. Well, whatever happened, Miss Westlake saw her duty plainly before her. She had introduced Mr. Turner to Miss Hastings and she was responsible. It was her moral duty to rescue him from the clutches of that designing young person, and she immediately manœuvered to secure his escort to the dance that night. She succeeded, but she had a very dull partner, for Sam did not sparkle or light up in any way until he saw Miss Stevens.

He might well brighten, for Miss Stevens, charming in every guise, was a revelation in evening costume; a ravishing revelation; one to make a man pause and wonder and stand in awe, and regard himself as a clumsy creature not worthy to touch the hem of the garment that embellished such a divine being. Nevertheless, he conquered that wave of diffidence in a jiffy, or something like half that space of time, and shook hands with her most eagerly, and looked into her eyes and was grateful; for he found them smiling up at him in most friendly fashion, and with rather an electric thrill in them, too—though whether the thrill emanated from the eyes or was merely within himself he was not sure.

"How many dances do I get?" he abruptly demanded.

"Just two," she told him, and showed him her card, and gave him one upon which a list of names had already been marked by the young ladies of Hollis Creek.

He saw upon the card two dances with Miss Stevens, one each with Miss Westlake and Miss Hastings, one each with a number of other young ladies whom he had met but vaguely, and one each with some whom he had not met at all. He dutifully, though rather automatically and stiffly, went through the first three dances with three young ladies who were as nothing, and then came his first dance with Miss Stevens! They did not talk very much, but it was very, very comforting to be with her, just to know that she was there, and to know that, somehow, she understood. He was sorry, though, that he stepped upon her gown. The promenade, which had seemed quite long enough with the other young ladies, seemed all too short for Sam up to the point when Billy Westlake came to take Miss Josephine away. He was feeling rather lonely when Tilloughby came up to him with a charming young lady in quite a flutter.

It seemed that there had been a dreadful mistake in the making out of the dance cards, and all was now inextricable confusion. The charming young lady was on the cards for this dance with both Mr. Tilloughby and Mr. Turner, and Mr. Tilloughby had claimed her first. Would Mr. Turner kindly excuse her? Just behind her came another young lady whom Mr. Tilloughby introduced. This young lady was on Sam's card for the next dance following this one, but it should be for the eighth dance, and would Mr. Turner please change his card accordingly, which Mr. Turner obligingly did, wondering what he should do when it came to the eighth dance and he should find himself obligated to two young ladies. Oh, well, he reflected, no doubt the other young lady was down for the eighth dance with some one else, if they had things so mixed. Of one thing he was sure: he had that tenth dance with Miss Stevens. He had inspected both cards to make certain of that, and had seen with carefully-concealed joy that she had compared them as minutely as he had. He saw confusion going on all about him, laughing young people attempting to straighten out the tangle, and the dance was slow in starting

Almost the first two upon the floor were Miss Stevens and Billy Westlake, and as he saw them from his vantage point outside one of the broad windows, gliding gracefully up the far side of the room, he realized with a twinge of impatience what a remarkably unskilled dancer he himself was. Billy and Miss Stevens were talking, too, with the greatest animation, and she was looking up at Billy as brightly, even more brightly he thought, than she had at himself. There was a delicate flush upon her cheeks. Her lips, full and red and deliciously curved, were parted in a smile. Confound it, anyhow! What could she find to talk about with Billy Westlake?

He was turning away in more or less impatience when Mr. Stevens, looking in some way, with his aggressive, white, outstanding beard, as if he ought to have a red ribbon diagonally across his white shirt-front, ranged beside him.

"Fine sight, isn't it," observed Mr. Stevens.

"Yes," admitted Mr. Turner, almost shortly, and forced himself to turn away from the following of that dazzling vision, which was almost painful under the circumstances.

By mutual impulse they walked down the length of the side porch and across the front porch. Sam drew himself away from dancing and certain correlated ideas with a jerk.

"I've been wanting to talk with you, Mr. Stevens," he observed. "I think I'll drop over tomorrow for a little while."

"Glad to have you any time, Sam," responded Mr Stevens heartily, "but there is no time like the present What's on your mind?"

"This Marsh-Pulp Company," said Sam.

"Sit down," invited Mr. Stevens

On and on went the music in the ballroom: on went the shuffling of feet, the swish of garments, the gay talk and laughter of the young people; and on and on they talked until one familiar strain of music penetrated into Sam's inner consciousness—the Home-Sweet-Home waltz.

"By George!" he exclaimed, jumping up. "That can't be the last "

"Sounds like it," commented Mr. Stevens, also rising "It is the last if they make up programs as they did in my young days. I don't remember many dances where the Home-Sweet-Home waltz didn't end it up. It's late enough, anyhow. It's eleven-thirty."

"Then I have done it again!" said Sam ruefully. "I had the number-ten dance with your daughter."

Mr. Stevens closed his eyes to laugh

"You certainly have put your foot in it," he admitted "Oh, well, Jo's sensible," he added, with a father's fond ignorance. "She'll understand."

"That's what I'm afraid of," replied Mr. Turner ruefully. "You'll have to intercede for me and soften the case as much as you can. Frankly, Mr. Stevens, I'd be tremendously cut up to be on the outs with Miss Josephine."

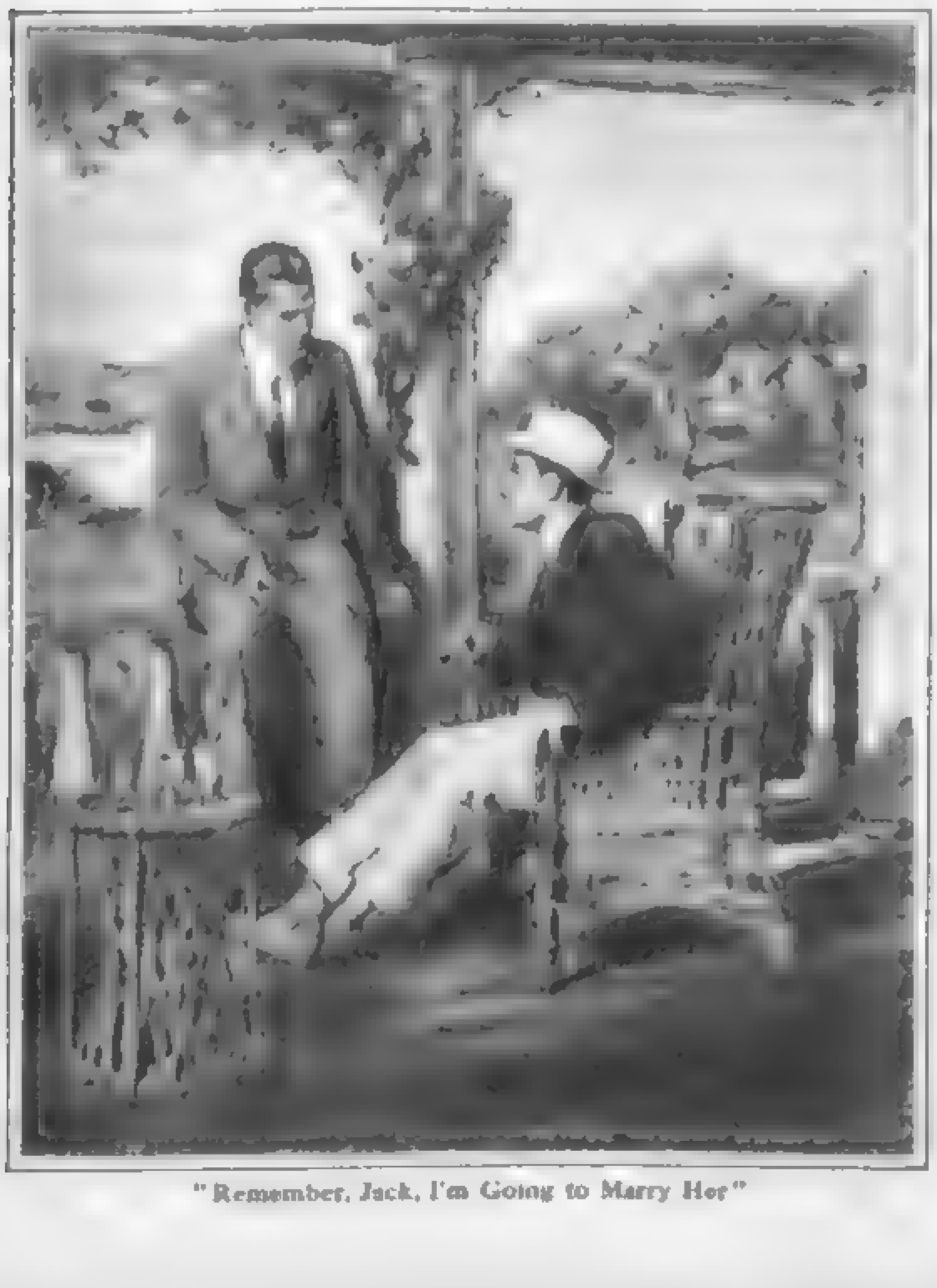
"There are shoals of young men who feel that way about it, Sam," said Mr. Stevens, with large and commendable pride. "However, I am glad that you have added yourself to the list"; and he gazed after Sam with considerable approbation as that young man hurried away to display his abjectness to the young lady in question.

Three times, on the arm of Princeman, she whirled past the open doorway where Sam stood; but somehow or other he found it impossible to catch her eye. The dance ended when she was upon the other side of the room, and immediately, with the last strains, the floor was in confusion. Sam tried desperately to hurry across to where she was, but he lost her in the crowd. He did not see her again until all of the Meadow Brook folk, including himself, were seated in the carryalls, at which time the Hollis Creek folk were at the edge of the porte-cochère and both parties were exchanging a gabbling pandemonium of good-bys. He saw her then, standing back among the crowd, and shouting her adieus as vociferously as any of them. He caught her eye and she nodded to him as pleasantly as to anybody, which was really worse than if she had refused to acknowledge him at all!

XI

NO, MISS STEVENS was sorry that she could not go walking with him that morning, which was the morning after the dance. She was very polite about it, too; almost too polite. Her voice over the 'phone was as suave and as limpid as could possibly be, but there was a sort of metallic glitter behind it, as it were

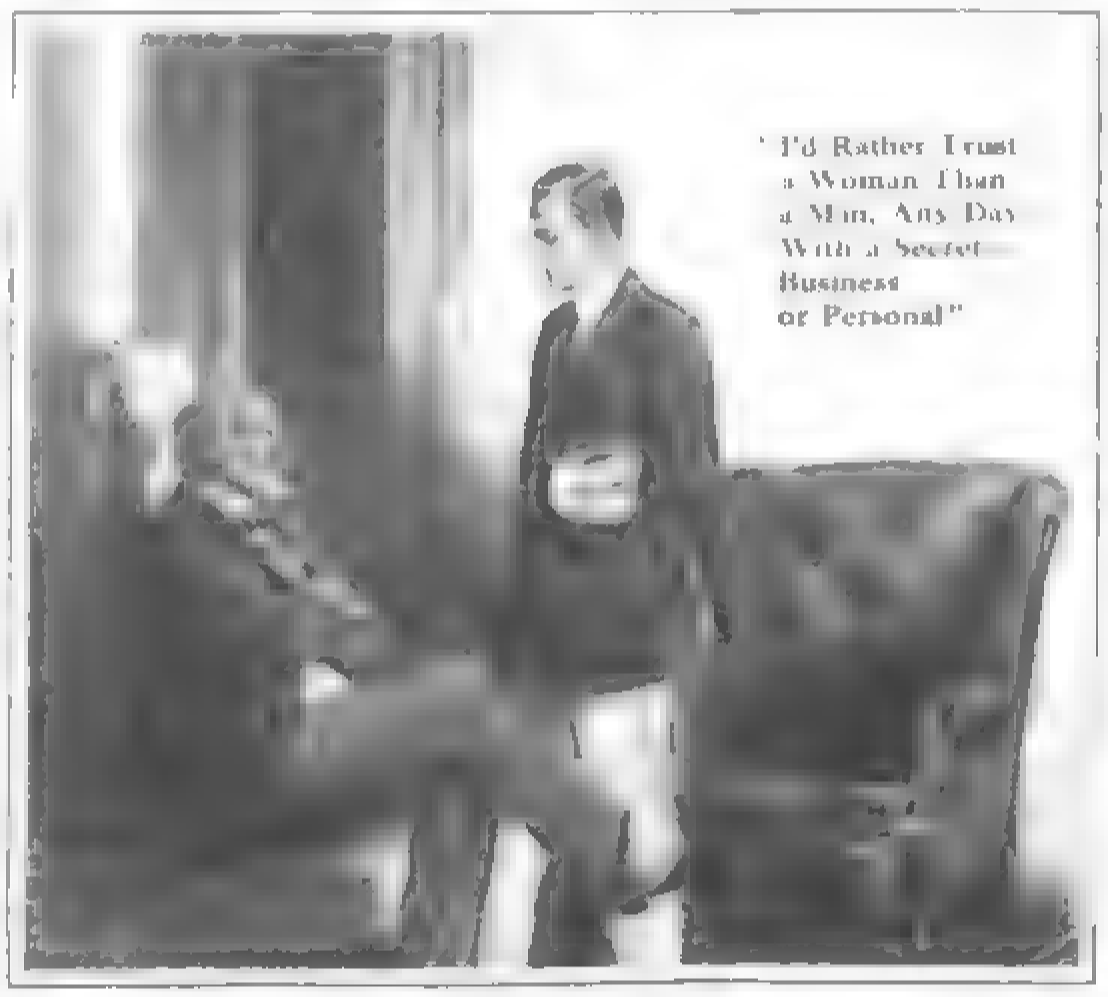
No, she could not see him that afternoon, either. She had made a series of engagements, in fact, covering the entire day. Also she regretted to say, upon further solicitation, that she had engagements covering the following day



"Remember, Jack, I'm Going to Marry Her"

No, she was not piqued about his last night's forgetfulness; by no means, certainly not, how absurd!

She quite understood. He had been talking business with her father, and naturally such a trifling detail as a dance with frivolous young people would not occur to him.



"I'd Rather Trust a Woman Than a Man, Any Day With a Secret—Business or Personal"

This was the exact point of the conversation at which Sam, with his ear glued to the receiver of the 'phone and no necessity for concealing the concerned expression upon his countenance, thought, in more or less of a panic, that he must really be getting old; which was a good joke, inasmuch as nobody ever took him to be over twenty-five Heretofore his boyish appearance had worried him because it rather stood in the way of business, but now he began to fear that he was losing it. Well, pleading was of no avail. He had to give it up. Reluctantly he went out and took a solitary walk, then came in and religiously played his two hours of tennis with Miss Westlake and Miss Hastings and Tilloughby. Was he not upon vacation, and must he not enjoy himself? Just before he went in to luncheon, however, there was a telephone call for him

Miss Stevens was perplexed to know what divine intuition had told him her obsession for maraschino chocolates. She had one in her fingers at the very moment she was telephoning, and she was going to pop it into her mouth while he talked. Being a mere man he could not realize how delightfully refreshing was a maraschino chocolate.

Sam had a lively picture of that piece of confection between the tips of her dainty fingers; he could see the white hand and the graceful wrist, and then he could see those exquisitely-curved red lips, parting with a flash of white teeth to receive the delicacy; and he had an impulse to climb through the telephone.

A little bird had told him about her preference, he stated. He had that little bird employed to find out other preferences.

"Really," he went on, "I should like you to believe that I am not altogether absorbed in business; that I can think of other things. Have another chocolate?"

"I am," she laughingly said; "but I'm not going to eat them all. I'm going to save one or two for you."

"Good," returned Sam in huge delight and relief. "I'll come over to get them any time you say."

"All right," she gayly agreed. "As I told you this morning, I have an engagement for this afternoon, but if you'll come over after luncheon I'll give you half an hour or so."

Great blotches of perspiration sprang out on Sam's forehead.

"Jinks!" he ejaculated. "You know, right after you telephoned me this morning I made an engagement with Mr. Blackrock and Mr. Cuthbert and Mr. Westlake to go over some proposed incorporation papers."

"Oh, by all means, then, keep your engagement," she told him, and he could feel the instant frigidity that returned to her tone. A zero-like wave seemed to come right through the transmitter of the 'phone and chill the perspiration into a cold trickle.

"No; I'll see if I cannot set that engagement off a couple of hours," he hastily informed her.

"By no means," she protested, more frigidly than before. "Come to think of it, I don't believe I'd have time, anyhow. In fact, I'm sure that I would not. Mr. Hollis is calling me now. Good-by."

"Wait a minute," he cried into the 'phone, but it was dead; and there is nothing in this world so dead as the telephone from which connection has been suddenly shut off.

Sam strode into the dining-room and went straight over to Blackrock's table.

"I find I have some pressing business right after luncheon," he said, bending over that gentleman's chair "I can't possibly meet you at two o'clock. Will four do you?"

"Why, certainly," Mr. Blackrock was kind enough to say, and he furthermore agreed, with equal graciousness, to inform the others.

Sam ate his luncheon in worried silence, replying only in monosyllables to the remarks of McComas, who sat at his table, and of Mrs. McComas, who had taken quite a young-motherly fancy to him; and the amount that he ate was so much at variance with his usual hearty appetite that even the maid who waited upon his table, a tall, gangling girl with a vinegar face and a kind heart, worried for fear he might be sick, and added unordered delicacies to his American-plan meal. He went over to Hollis Creek in the swiftest conveyance he could obtain, which was naturally an auto, but he did not have 'Ennery for his chauffeur, of which he was heartily glad, for 'Ennery might have wanted to talk.

On the porch of Hollis Creek Inn he found Princeman and Mr. Stevens in earnest conversation. He knew what that meant. Princeman was already discussing with Mr. Stevens the matter of control of the Marsh-Pulp Company. Princeman arose when Sam stepped up on the porch, and strolled away from Mr. Stevens. He nodded pleasantly to Turner, and the latter, returning the nod fully as pleasantly, was about to hurry on in search of Miss Josephine when Mr. Stevens checked him.

"Hello, Sam," he called. "I've just been waiting to see you."

"All right," said Sam. "I'll be around presently."

"No, but come here," insisted Mr. Stevens

Sam cast a nervous glance about the grounds and along the side porch; Miss Josephine most certainly was not among those present. He still hesitated, impatient to get away

"Just a minute, Sam," insisted Stevens. "I want to talk to you right now."

With unwilling feet Sam went over.

"Sit down," directed Stevens, pushing forward a chair.

"What is it?" asked Sam, still standing.

"I have been talking with Princeman and Westlake about your Marsh-Pulp Company."

"Yes?" inquired Sam nervously.

"And everybody seems to be most enthusiastic about it. Fact of the matter is, my boy, I consider it a tremendous investment opportunity. The only drawback there seems to be is in the matter of stock distribution and voting power. I want you to explain this very fully to me."

"I thought you were quite satisfied about all that from our talk of last night," returned Sam, glancing hastily over his shoulder

"I am, in so far as investment goes, Sam. I've promised you that I'd take a good block of stock, and you promised to make room for me in the company. I expect to go through with that, but I want to know about this other phase of the matter before I get into any entanglements with opposing factions. Now you sit right down there and tell me about it "

Despairingly Sam sat down and proceeded briefly and concisely to explain to him the various plans of incorporation that had been proposed. Ten minutes later he almost groaned as a trap, drawn by a pair of handsome buckskin horses, driven by Princeman and containing Miss Josephine, crunched upon the gravel driveway in front of the porch. Miss Stevens greeted Mr. Turner very heartily indeed. Princeman stopping for the purpose. Sam ran down and shook hands with her. Oh, she was most cordial; just as cordial and polite as anybody he knew!

"I did not expect you at all," she said, "but I knew you were here, for I saw you from the window as you came up the drive. Pleasant weather, isn't it? Oh, papa!"

"Yes," answered Mr. Stevens ponderously from his place on the porch.

"Up on my dresser you will find a box of candy which Mr. Turner was kind enough to have sent to me, and he confesses that he has never tasted maraschino chocolates. Won't you please run up and get them and let Mr. Turner sample them?"

"Huh!" grunted Mr. Stevens. "If Sam Turner insists upon running me up two flights of stairs on an errand of that sort, I suppose I'll have to go. But he won't

"You're lazy," she said to her father in affectionate banter; then, with a wave of her hand and a bright nod to Mr. Turner she was gone!

Sam trudged slowly up on the porch with the heart for business gone entirely out of him; and yet, as he approached Mr. Stevens, he pulled himself together with a jerk. After all, she was gone, and he could not bring her back, and in his talk with Stevens he had just approached a grave and serious situation.

"The fact of the matter is, Mr. Stevens," said he, as he sat down again, "these people are the very people I want to get into my company, but they are old hands at the stock-incorporation game, and even before I've organized the company they are planning to get it out of my hands. Now it is my scheme, mine and the kid brother's, and I don't propose to allow that."

"Well, Sam," said Mr. Stevens slowly, "you know capital of late has had a lot of experience with corporate business, and it isn't the fashionable thing this year for the control and the capital to be in separate hands—right at the very beginning."

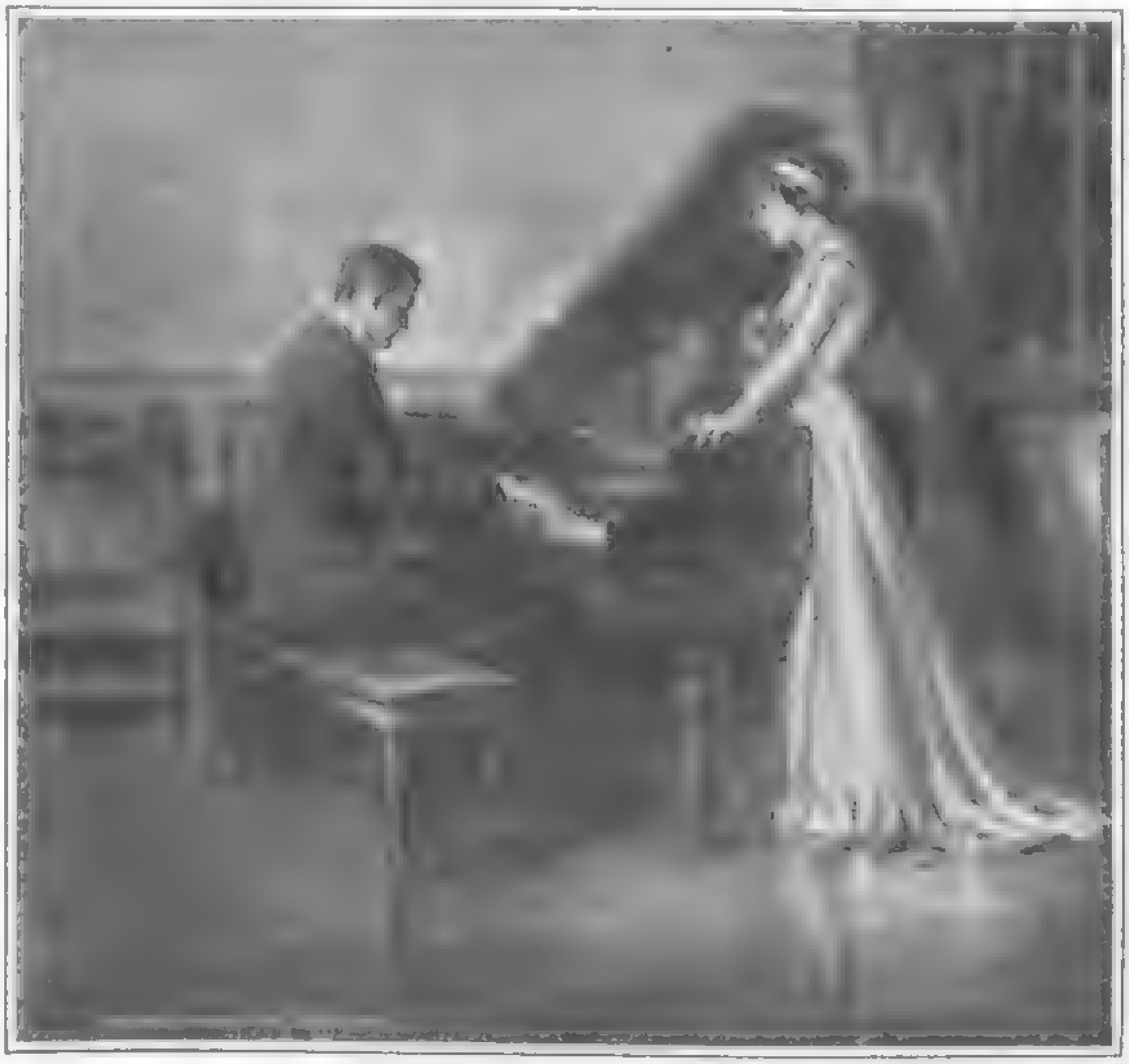
This was the signal for the struggle, and Sam plunged earnestly into the conflict. At three-fifteen he suddenly arose and made his adieus. He would like to have stayed until Miss Josephine came back, so that he could make one more desperate attempt to set himself right with her, but there was that deferred engagement with Blackrock, and reluctantly he whirled back to Meadow Brook.

XII

THE rest of that week was a worried and an anxious one for Sam. He sent daily advices to his brother and he received daily advices in return. The people upon whom he had originally counted to form the Marsh-Pulp Company had set themselves coldly against the matter of control, and on comparing the apparent situation in New York with the situation at Meadow Brook, he made sure that he could secure more advantageous terms with the Princeman crowd. He spent his time in wrestling with his prospective investors, both singly and in groups, but they were obdurate. They liked his company, they saw in it tremendous possibilities, but they did not intend to invest their money where they could not vote it. That was flat.

This was on the business side. About the really important matter of Miss Stevens, since his most recent bad performance, the time when he had made the special trip to see her and had spent his time in talking business with her father, he had not been able to come near her. She was always engaged. He saw her riding with Hollis; he saw her driving with Princeman; he saw her playing tennis with Billy Westlake, but the greatest boon he ever received was a pleasant word. He industriously sent her flowers. She as industriously sent him nice, polite notes of thanks.

On Monday night Hollis Creek came over to the bowling tournament. Miss Stevens was as nice to him as she could possibly be, but she walked away with Billy Westlake, and every time he joined a group of which she was a part, sooner or later she drifted away from it and joined some other group. Confound bowling, anyhow! It was a dull and an uninteresting game. He cared less for it as time went on, he found; less tonight than ever. He crept away into the dim and deserted parlor and sat down at the piano, the only friend in which he cared to confide just then. He played with a queer lingering touch that had something of hesitation in it, and which reduced all music to a succession of soft chords, The Maid of Dundee and Annie Laurie, The Banks of Banna and The Last Rose of Summer, then one of the simpler nocturnes of Chopin, and, following these, a quaint, slow melody that was like all of the others, and yet like none.



She Was Glad That She Had Decided to Wear His Roses

"Bravo!" exclaimed a gentle voice in the doorway, and he turned, startled, to see Miss Stevens standing there. She did not explain why she had slipped away, but came directly into the room and stood at the end of the piano. He reached up and shook hands with her quite naturally, and just as naturally and simply she let her hand lie in his for an instant. How soft and warm her hand was and how grateful the touch of it!

"What a pleasant surprise,' she said. "I didn't know you played."

"I don't," he confessed, smiling. "If you had stopped to listen you would have known. You ought to hear my kid brother play, though. He's a corker."

"But I did listen," she insisted, ignoring the reference to his "kid brother." "I stood there a long time and I thought it beautiful. What was that last selection?"

He flushed guiltily

"It was—oh, just a little thing I sort of put together myself," he told her.

"Oh, and you compose, too?"

"Not at all," he hastily assured her. "This is the only thing, and it seemed to just sort of naturally come to me from time to time. I don't suppose it's finished yet, because I never play it exactly as I did the last time. I always seem to add a little bit to it. I do wish that I had had time to know more of music. You see, what little I play I learned from a piano-player."

"A what!" she gasped.

He laughed in a half-embarrassed way.

"Yes," he went on. "You see, I've always been hungry for music, and while my kid brother was still in college I began to be able to afford things, and one of the first luxuries was a piano-player. You know the machine has a little lever which throws the keys in or out of engagement, so that you can play it as a regular piano if you wish, and if you leave the keys engaged while you are playing the rolls, they work up and down; and so by watching those I gradually learned to pick out my favorite tunes by hand. I couldn't play them so well by myself as the rolls played them, but somehow or other they gave me more satisfaction."

Miss Stevens did not laugh. Somehow or other, all this made a difference in Sam Turner—a considerable difference—and she felt quite justified in having deliberately slipped away from the others as they were all going over to the bowling alleys; in having come back to find him.

"Your favorite tunes," she repeated musingly. "What was the first one, I wonder? One of those that you have just been playing?"

"The first one?" he returned with a smile. "No, it was a sort of ragtime jingle. I thought it very pretty then, but I played it over the other day, the first time in years, and I didn't seem to like it at all. In fact, I wonder how I ever did like it."

Ragtime! And now, left entirely to his own devices and for his own pleasure, he was playing Chopin. Yes, it made quite a difference in Sam Turner. She was glad that she had decided to wear his roses, glad even that he recognized them. At her solicitation Sam played again the plaintive little air of his own composition—and played it much better than ever he had played it before. Then they walked out on the porch and strolled down toward the bowling shed. Half-way there was a little side path leading off through an arbor into a shady way that crossed the brook on a little rustic bridge—a delightful path that wound about between flower beds and shrubbery and back by another little bridge, and that lengthened the way to the bowling shed by about four times the distance—and they took that path; and when they reached the bowling shed they were not quite ready to go in.

What did Sam Turner care about bowling! What did he care about the magnificent victory of Princeman, who, by a brilliant series of scores, saved the day for Meadow Brook! What did he care that Princeman was the hero of the hour! More power to Princeman, for from the bevy of flushed and eager girls who flocked about the handsome young paper manufacturer Miss Josephine Stevens was absent. She was there with him in Paradise! Incidentally, Sam made an engagement to drive with her in the morning, and when, at the close of that delightful evening, the carryall carried her away, she beamed upon him; gave him two or three beams in fact, and said good-by personally and waved her hand to him personally—nobody else was there in all that crowd but just them.

Sam was just about to retire in a strange and nebulous elation when he received a wire from his brother:

> Just received patent papers meet me at Restview early morning train.

XIII

THE morning train was due at ten o'clock; at ten o'clock also Sam was due at Hollis Creek to take his long-deferred drive with Miss Stevens. It was a slight conflict, her engagement, but the solution to that was very easy. As early in the morning as he dared Sam called her up.

"I have had glorious news," he said hopefully. "My kid brother will arrive at Restview on the ten o'clock train."

"You are to be congratulated," Miss Stevens told him, with an echo of his own delight.

"But you know we've an engagement to go driving at ten o'clock," he reminded her, trembling in spirit.

There was only a bare instant of hesitation.

"Don't let that interfere," she said most graciously. "We can defer our drive until some other time."

"But that doesn't suit me at all," he assured her. "Why can't you be ready at nine in place of ten, let me call for you at that time and drive over with me to meet Jack?"

"Is that his name?" she asked, in blissfully reassuring tones. "You've never spoken of him as anybody but your 'kid brother.' Why, of course, I'll drive over to Restview with you. I shall be delighted. I'm crazy to meet him."

Privately she had her own fears of what Jack Turner might turn out to be like. Sam was always so good in speaking of him, always held him in such tender regard, such profound admiration, that she feared he might prove to be perfect only in Sam's eyes.

"Good," said Sam. "Just for that I'm going to bring you over some choice blooms that I have been having the gardener save back for me," and he turned away from the 'phone, quite happy in the thought that for once he had been able to kill two birds with one stone, without ruffling the feathers of either.

Armed with a huge consignment of brilliant blossoms, enough to transform her room into a fairy bower, he sped quite happily to Hollis Creek.

"Oh, gladioluses!" she cried as he drove up. "How did you guess! That little bird must have been busy again"

(Continued on Page 61)

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 2, 1910

Will Congress Please Cut the Cards?

WE SYMPATHIZE with the Postmaster-General's desire to make his Department show a profit, and we believe, with men of long experience in postal affairs, that it can be done, though not along the line of his recommendations. If Mr. Hitchcock regards the Post-Office as a business that should show a business profit, his first concern should be for its reorganization along business lines. If he regards it as a non-business Department, which must be more loosely and so more expensively organized than a private corporation and perform non-remunerative services for reasons of public policy, he should make a clear statement to that effect, and take account of it in his calculations. But any theory of postal affairs which is pure business at the profit end and pure politics at the other end will not hold water with the public and the publishers who would be wiped out by that kind of commercial heterodoxy.

We have looked in vain through the Postmaster-General's recent utterances for any reference to the real causes of the deficit, or any indorsement of the comprehensive scheme of reform now pending before Congress. Instead, at this writing he is still arguing in the same old circle and coming out at the same old fallacy—that it costs the Department more than nine cents the pound to handle and transport the periodicals. Though we do not question the Postmaster-General's perfect faith in his conclusions, we do, on most excellent authority, question the soundness of his premises. The mere admission that it costs the Department over nine cents the pound to get the magazines through the mails is the most conclusive proof of the necessity for postal reform that could be offered. Happily, the weight of opinion of those longest experienced in postal affairs is against Mr. Hitchcock's conclusions.

The present Postmaster-General has been at the head of this great and complicated business but little more than a year. During that time politics has demanded a good share of his attention. No doubt it is desirable, from one point of view, that the Republican National machine should be kept in good running order, but the Post-Office Department is too important to be handled as a side line to politics. It needs all the time and the undivided attention of the biggest business man who can be found for the job. That is why the Carter Bill, now before Congress, provides for a non-political director of posts. The Department needs radical reorganization. That is why the Carter Bill provides for the installation of a business system and modern methods. When the bill is passed—and every friend of economy and efficiency in public affairs should be on the alert to see that it is passed at this session—the foundations of postal reform will be laid and the first step toward showing a surplus will be taken

Will Congress please cut the cards and give us a new deal in the Post-Office Department? So far as we can learn, every one who is at all familiar with postal affairs is in favor of the Carter Bill. Though we have no direct knowledge of Mr. Hitchcock's attitude, as we have been unable to find any public expression by him either for or against a business reform of his Department along the lines of this bill, we feel sure that he must be favorably disposed to it. To believe otherwise would be to doubt the motives behind his recommendations, and though, as we have already said, we cannot accept his figures, we do not doubt his sincerity of purpose. But in all his arguments he overlooks the basic fact that if the Post-Office Department is a business institution it must be reorganized on business lines before it can be asked to show a business profit.

A barren fruit tree cannot be forced into bearing by cutting off its roots. The publishers feed the trunk. If Congress will cut out the dead wood and prune back the useless growth, in a few years the Department will show a profit that will look like a Hood River pippin.

Who Pays for Ocean Freights?

WHEN American cotton goes to England, an English ship carries it and collects the freight. Over ninety per cent of our foreign trade is carried in foreign vessels to which we pay an immense amount for freight. We should, say the advocates of ship subsidies, have our own ships and thus "save" this great sum.

Every now and then it is announced, with much satisfaction, that a large issue of American railroad or other bonds have been sold abroad. This gives us the use of that much foreign capital, at a low rate of interest, and is held to be a fine thing for the country. But when we get the use of a far greater amount of foreign capital, invested in ocean transportation, at a low rate of interest—that trade being but moderately profitable—it is held to be a very bad thing for the country. Not so long ago Mr. Hill was pointing out that our railroads alone ought to have something like a thousand millions a year of fresh capital for proper development, and that it was doubtful if there was that much fresh capital available in the country. Should we, then, divert our capital to the comparatively-unprofitable field of ocean transportation?

Without subsidies, it is said, American ships cannot compete, because many of the foreign ships are subsidized, which enables them to make low rates. In other words, other countries are paying ships to do our carrying at less than cost, plus a reasonable return upon the capital—and we ought to deny them that privilege!

The Unwritten-Law Hero

NOWADAYS, we suppose, Othello would have reasoned it out about as follows: "The way my wife and that Cassio are carrying on humiliates me exceedingly. If my friends found it out they would secretly jeer at me, which my sense of honor could not endure. Therefore, I will take steps which insure that the newspapers all over the country shall publish columns and columns about the case, dragging out every little circumstance which can possibly reflect upon Mrs. Othello or myself. They will print her picture and mine and the children's across the front page. At every saloon and corner grocery of the land men will be haw-hawing with zest over intimate details that make her appear in the most shameful light—published on the same page with virtuous denunciations of some immoral play or novel.

"Thus my self-respect will be restored, my sense of honor made whole, and the jury will sympathetically acquit me as a chivalrous defender of the home which I have publicly dragged through the gutter and made a byword from coast to coast."

These reflections are applicable to all our delectable unwritten-law heroes. There are certain domestic misfortunes which persons of a retiring disposition would wish to have discussed as little as possible; while others—perhaps of a more chivalrous and sensitive nature—insist upon getting them on the front page under scare-heads.

Mr. Taft and His Party

LET us take the case of a manufacturer of crackers. Formerly he went to the wholesalers and tried to persuade them that his brand of crackers was the best one for them to handle. If he succeeded in persuading the wholesalers they, in turn, went—or sent their drummers—to the retailers, inviting them to handle the manufacturer's brand. Now, the same manufacturer goes direct to the consumer, persuading him with large, attractive advertisements. He knows that if he can get consumers lined up at the country grocery, demanding his brand of crackers, he needn't, relatively speaking, bother much about the wholesaler and the retailer. They will fall in line because, under the consumers' demand, they have to.

That is the modern method. The really successful politicians—Cleveland, Roosevelt, Hughes, and others—are those who employ it, going directly to the consumers and depending upon their pressure to bring the intermediary organization into line.

President Taft's mind is still too much occupied with the jobbers. Anxiety about the party organization has been the proximate cause of most of his trouble. It was loyalty to the party, no doubt, that moved him to assure Mr. Tawney's doubting constituents that the new tariff law was near perfection. Too much he regards his mandate as coming from the party. Nothing is more certain than that a great number of those who voted for him have little prepossession for either party. To them the very notion of a President as the servant of a party is repugnant. That isn't the brand of crackers they want to buy.

The "American Plan"

THE new telegraph rule by which a night message of fifty words may be sent for the same charge as a day message of ten words promises enormous trouble. It is trying enough now, when your message really consists of three words, to think up seven superfluous words so as to get your money's worth. Imagine the case when you have to think up forty-seven superfluous words. Why ten words, or fifty? The message, as you would naturally write it, always comprises eight words or twelve. In the former case you add two that are not needed. In the latter you strike out two, trusting the addressee will guess what you meant

Such is the "American plan." The luncheon, with seven courses, costs a dollar. Your just and honorable ambition to get a dollar's worth, although you wanted only the soup and fish, costs indigestion. Or, if you take nothing but the soup and chocolate, you must pay extra for the chocolate—just as a dozen messages of three words each cost the ten-word rate, and the thirteenth message, containing eleven words, costs extra.

A Blow at Old Masters

AN AMERICAN artist of distinction, Mr. Paul de Longpre, raises a rather harrowing question. A majority of the thousands of so-called—but often spurious—old masters to be found in the United States, he says, "represent commonplace, wooden, stupid subjects, full of faults of drawing, with the dead coloring of mummies." Usually when a person feels the laudable ambition to cultivate correct artistic appreciation he goes to look at an old master. Now, if he usually sees one of these "old horrors"—Mr. De Longpre argues—and dutifully accepts it as his standard, must not the effect upon our national taste be very much what the effect upon our mathematical capacity would be if most beginners in that science were taught that two times two is five and a quarter? In short, are not a great many of us, artistically speaking, getting shunted off, at the very start, in a direction diametrically opposite to that in which we wish to travel?

Mr. De Longpre's remedy is simple and rather persuasive. He would have opulent patrons of art, instead of spending their money for dubious old masters, buy the works of talented, but neglected, native painters. They would thus be sure, at least, of getting a genuine work, for nobody is faking up paintings by neglected American artists. And they might be fostering art in the United States instead of the picture-selling trade in Europe.

Blessings of Competition

LOS ANGELES has been trying to induce her two telephone companies to exchange service, so that a subscriber to either one of them will get a whole telephone instead of only half a one. At present, whoever wishes a complete telephone—one, that is, by which he can reach all other telephone subscribers—must rent an instrument from both companies, and not only pay two rentals, but be driven distracted by running to the wrong telephone, or discovering that the number he is clamoring for in a hurry belongs to the other system.

The money loss to the city through maintaining two systems which in part merely duplicate each other, and which together furnish a much less satisfactory service than might be had from a single, comprehensive system, has been estimated at a large sum.

The city thought the first telephone company charged too much. The only remedy it knew was the ancient panacea of competition—to get up a second company that would fight the first one, with duplication of plants and much waste generally.

We should not feel called upon to mention Los Angeles' case unless its moral were pretty widely applicable. We read, with pain, that some good Senators are suspicious of the Administration railroad bill, because they think it may lessen competition among the roads. Of course, the improvement of railroad service in this country has been exactly coincident with the decline of competition. We have got better service and lower rates just about in proportion as the roads have stopped fighting and submitted to public regulation. In that way only will still better service and lower rates be had.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

He'd Turn in a Fire Alarm in a Whisper

The Man With the Cards

RUNNING for Governor is one of the regular and recognized industries in Georgia. Somebody always is doing it. They begin running a year or two years before election, and run by day and by night. Georgians are wont to get peevish and sigh for the good old days if some willing patriot does not leap boldly into the arena every so often, yell defiance at all and sundry, and begin running for Governor.

When Hoke Smith and Clark Howell and the others who participated had their race it seemed to those outside the state that they began to run about four years before election and continued for about six years afterward. There was in the neighborhood of a decade when there was nothing much else in the Georgia papers than accounts of joint debates or grand rallies or stump speeches "on the issues of the day," in which the candidates ripped the burning stars out of the eternal heavens and cast them in golden glory at the Georgia proletariat

Then, five minutes after Hoke was sworn in, having won handsomely, Joe Brown let loose a loud whoop and began running for Governor himself, thus making it imperative for Hoke, who wasn't cooled out from his race even, to get out on the track again and go to making dust. Of course, when I say that Joe Brown let loose a loud whoop I am merely using the bountiful imagery of the Sunny South. Joe Brown never let loose a loud whoop in his life. He'd turn in a fire alarm in a whisper.

However, Joe Brown took a long running jump into a campaign and confided to Hoke Smith that he intended to go out and wipe up the floor with Hoke, or words to that general and interesting effect. Owing to the fact that the Republican vote in Georgia is coy and shrinking, the fighting for such a job as Governor is done before the primaries, and the man who wins in the primaries gets an O K. at the polls as a matter of course. It was exactly at that point that Hoke made his grave error. You may remember that our warm and personal friend, G. G. Byron, Esquire, poet, once made a few remarks indicating that Italia O Italia—odd name that, but probably one of those ancient retainers of the House of Savoy—had a fatal gift of beauty. Never having met Mr. I. O. Italia I cannot pronounce as to his pulchritude, but I am here to say that, however nifty he was as to looks, it goes double for Hoke. His beauty is more than a gift. It's an endowment, a benediction, a poem

Hence, when Joe Brown hopped in, the Hoke Smith partisans took one look, laughed behind their hands or up their sleeves, or wherever it was convenient, and let go the taunting inquiry: "Have you seen him?" They hurled that question from every stump. "Have you seen him?" and business of looking condescendingly superior and intimating that if you—meaning the voters of Georgia—ever did get a glimpse at him it would be all over.

Well, that inquiry had some justification, provided the campaign for Governor had been a beauty show; for Joseph Mackie Brown, not to put too fine an edge on it, is no Adonis. A Georgia farmer who visited the Brown headquarters during the campaign was asked to describe the candidate. "Oh," said the farmer, searching himself for a word, "he is jist ornery-lookin'." He didn't go on the stump during the campaign, but those who did see him found him a little man aged fifty-seven, near-sighted, not more than three inches over five feet in height. He is thin and frail, with a narrow chest, a piping voice and stooped shoulders. He looks and is the student. And out on the stump the big, virile Hoke Smith was whirlwinding around—Hoke, the big, ruddy, handsome campaigner.

The Mysterious Sealed Letter

LITTLE JOE kept to his headquarters. It is likely that ninety per cent of the men who voted for him never had seen him. All they knew of him was his principles as put down clearly, incisively and logically in his cards printed in the newspapers. The opposition kept up the "Have you seen him?" cry. Then the people of Georgia began to intimate that they were not electing a Governor because he measured forty-eight inches around the chest and had an eagle eye and raven hair, and the Hoke folks explained that they intended no reference to the physical appearance of Brown, but put out the "Have you seen him?" cry as a criticism of the non-appearance of Brown on the stump.

Whatever it was, it didn't work, for Brown kept to his headquarters, handing out, from day to day, his cards for the newspapers. In the campaign when Hoke Smith won, Brown had been active against Smith. He had written many cards to the newspapers criticising Smith's views on public questions. After the fight was over Brown sent Smith a letter which became a big issue in the Brown-Smith campaign. It was in a plain envelope and on the envelope was written: "I have written many cards during the campaign. Here is one I might have written, but did not." Governor Smith returned the letter with the seal of the inner envelope unbroken. He regarded it as a threat. Whereupon he discharged Brown from his office as railroad commissioner three weeks before Brown's term would have expired

Brown never told what was in that letter, and has not told yet. It was referred to in his campaign against Smith as "the mysterious sealed letter." Whatever was in it, it helped Brown to attain his nomination over Smith His discharge from his office had made him many friends, and when the campaign was over the Georgia precedent of a second-term indorsement was broken, Smith was defeated, and Brown had won by a plurality of ten thousand in a vote of approximately 215,000. He made the campaign as a conservative. He opposed railroad-baiting He did not believe in the continued agitation of the race question and the denunciation of the negro for political effect. Hoke Smith had been triumphantly elected two years before on the issues which Brown opposed, too complicated to detail here, but, broadly, curtailing public-service corporations rigidly within the state. Smith insisted that no foreign corporation should be allowed to perform in Georgia a service that involved a public duty. He insisted that an act providing for the domesticating of foreign railroad corporations would amount to nothing. He insisted that stockholders in common-carrier corporations should be limited to five per cent return on money invested, and that there should be a tax of one per cent upon the gross income of all corporations regardless of whether there was any net income

He advocated this and similar legislation, and for two years the lawmakers strove to put these reforms into effect. The result was, naturally, that the railroads ceased their construction work, the tie industry was hurt and the business men of the state called on Brown to make the race against Smith. Brown made it and won, and won by staying in his headquarters and putting his side of the case before the people by means of cards and statements in the newspapers. He could say more in a quarter of a column than Smith could in a two-hour speech

The Governor was brought up in the railroad business. He began as a freight clerk, came to be a freight conductor, freight agent and, when he was thirty-three, was general freight and passenger agent of the Western and Atlantic road, getting four thousand dollars a year. He later held various railroad positions and became railroad commissioner of Georgia. He is a student and a writer. He has published two books. One is a historical romance called Astyanax, and the other a historical work dealing with the campaigns around Chattanooga and Atlanta.

He has a fine farm, twenty miles from Atlanta, and lives there the year around with his wife and three children.

He is a quiet, unassuming, modest little man who does not care for society or social diversion, but, when he is not working in the Capitol, gets his recreation from his literary work and in the conduct of his farm. He is intensely serious, rarely laughs and never jokes. His father was Senator Joseph E. Brown, who was the War Governor of Georgia. He does not try to make speeches and has no taste for public discussion, but he can write and does, concisely, clearly and compactly. His term as Governor will expire on July 1, 1911. Like as not he is running again right now for another term. I do not know, but there is one thing that is reasonably certain, and that is this: If he does go into another campaign there will be none of those have-you-seen-him conundrums handed out by the opposition.

The Tragedy at Spanker Branch

SPANKER BRANCH is the only stream of water in Bloomington, Indiana. It winds across several of the streets of the village, and the old wooden bridges are now being replaced with cement arches.

Recently a farmer who was driving out of town one night tried to drive across one of these arches, not yet completed. There was no warning light, and he drove on and fell through, with horse, buggy and all his provisions.

The outfit made a great splash, and, presently, the farmer was fished out by some of the villagers. Standing on the bank of the branch, covered with mud, his horse floundering about, harness broken and both buggy shafts snapped off, the farmer turned to his rescuers and begged: "Men, don't tell no one about this, for I hain't got no money to pay a fine."

No Room for Doubt

"I OBSERVED," said Senator Carter, of Montana, when speaking of his postal savings-bank bill, "a sign on a small restaurant near the Capitol that illustrates the point I am trying to make of the absolute necessity for clear statement in this bill. We must state things exactly as they are, without recourse to speculation or to what might happen.

"This restaurant advertised a dinner, but not in the loose way many other restaurants advertise dinner as between certain hours, whether there would be enough dinner to last between those hours or not.

"No, Mr. President. The man who runs that restaurant has a proper knowledge of his responsibilities and of the exact use of the language. He advertised: 'Chicken pie, twenty-five cents; from 12:30 until gone

Like Son, Like Father

BRILLIANT Ned Hamilton, well-known journalist of the Pacific Coast, has a son who is in one of the California universities.

The son did some writing about a football game, or some such thing, that pleased the editor of the college paper, and he wrote a little piece about the rising young author, telling his school history and all that, and concluding with these words: "His father also writes."

A Stomach on a Holiday

A CHICAGO wine agent went on a yachting trip with a judge from the same city. They were out together for two weeks and had a good time.

When they returned the agent was much upset to find himself summoned on a jury, but cheered up when he discovered the judge on the bench was his late yachting companion

He hurried to the court and pleaded business pressure as a reason for an excuse for him

"What is your business?" the judge inquired of him coldly

"I represent a wine in Chicago."

"Selling it or drinking it?"

"Well, drinking it, largely."

"Step into the box, sir. A ten days' rest will do you good."

The wine agent served.

Sensible Talks

By a Piano Dealer—No. 1*

"Decided to trade in your old piano for a player?

"Well you're sensible—surprising how many are doing it.

"Players are selling like hot cakes but a good many buyers will be disappointed getting these cheap combination players.

"I won't sell 'em. I want **my** trade to get dollar for dollar value and they **can't** when they buy on a price basis.

"Now here's a player that is better than anything I can say for it. The

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Player and piano are made for one another in the same factory. Just look at this mechanism—See these **individual pneumatics**—one for every note. In any other player if lint wears off the rolls and gets into the pneumatics it may take days of an expert's time and cost dollars of **your** money to locate the obstruction. On this player if any pneumatic did not speak I could tell instantly which it was. I pull it out, blow in it, replace it and in two minutes the trouble is remedied at no expense.

"Next note that this pneumatic system is not crammed into the small space above the keyboard as in cheap players but is placed in the one correct position for good results—close to the bellows.

"These individual pneumatics cost three times as much as the ordinary—require three times the labor and material to build. These metal tubes likewise cost three times as much as rubber—examples of how vastly superior the Krell Auto-Grand is.

"No other player has the individual Pneumatics—no other has the Accessible Bellows at back, the Human Touch Striking Principle, the Extra Storage Reservoir to aid expression—twenty other advantages equally important and a hundred hardly less so.

"The piano is just like the player—built for worth—not built within a price limit.

"You **can't** go wrong on **this** player, especially as the 5 year guarantee backs up all its demonstrated advantages."

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Sir Arthur Pinero—Playwright—By Charles Frohman

WHEN Sir Henry Irving returned to England after his last American visit, and when two hundred representative men of England gave him a dinner at the Savoy Hotel, it was Pinero who was selected to speak on the drama. He was ready to make what would undoubtedly have been a brilliant and thorough talk, but unfortunately it was Mark Twain who was selected to introduce him. Twain said: "I present to you Arthur Pinero, the great dramatist, but not as great a dramatist as I am. I understand Pinero has written nearly fifty plays. I myself have written over fifty plays; so he merely possesses the quality which my modesty does not allow me to exercise—of being able to coerce managers to produce his plays." This jocular turn was quickly accepted by Pinero, who at once discarded his carefully-prepared literary speech and met Twain with a short, humorous reply—outwitting the wit of the evening

Effects Secured by Details

Pinero has a remarkable memory and an unfailing vision for the kind of actors and actresses that he wishes for the interpretation of his parts. I know of one of his plays that has a character drawn after a woman rather notorious in London society. Pinero not only duplicated the character on the stage by lines, but searched and searched until he found an actress to play the part who was almost an exact replica of the original woman in looks and manner. An exclamation went all over the house the night the play was first produced in London. Of course, before London audiences his plays in this way have a local application that is not apparent outside of London. He gets these effects by a scrupulous regard for the minutest details. He knows exactly what he wants, not only as to the reading of the lines, but as to the personalities and types of his actors. Actors regard him with terror when he directs a rehearsal. His custom is to sit at a table in the center of the stage, with a stenographer at his left and another at his right, both of whom he keeps continuously employed taking down notes on the rehearsal that mostly consist of additional stage business, points in acting, or technicalities in the readings of the lines. Before the next rehearsal everybody in the cast is furnished a typewritten copy of the additions, corrections or suggestions that have occurred to the playwright with regard to the performance of his or her part. Pinero is relentless in his insistence upon the carrying out of these instructions. No man is more helpful to an intelligent, ambitious actor than he, but no man could be more rigorous toward idleness and stupidity. I remember an actor who was floundering among the lines that he should have memorized, but, instead, had hoped to master during rehearsals. Finally losing even his own amazing assurance he stepped forward with the remark: "I know my lines, Mr. Pinero, I really do." To which Pinero quickly answered: "Yes, but not mine."

It was in the smoking-room over his drawing-room that Pinero said to me some months ago:

"You know how fond I was of seeing Sir Henry in all his plays, and of my custom of dropping behind the scenes for a chat with him. Well, once I remember attending one of his performances and espying in his cast a new actress. She had a small part to do, but she acted it with a simplicity and naturalness that were as remarkable as her youth and beauty. Between acts I went back to see Sir Henry and I met this girl, who seemed to be in a great state of nervous disappointment because she felt that she had not succeeded. I knew that among all those actors, some of them acting as hard as they could, was one simple, unaffected performance that stood out, like a fine cameo, because it was not acting. I felt that the girl had great possibilities for the future. I sought her out and told her so; so that when you told me that you wanted Ethel Barrymore to play the rôle of Zoe Blundell, which I was designing as the strongest character within my powers, that was why I agreed so readily. I had no fear about her performance of the part, because she was the girl that I saw sobbing that night among Sir Henry Irving's company at the Lyceum."

As a workman Pinero usually follows the production of a serious play by turning, as a relief from the strain, to the writing of a very light comedy or a farcical play. It is almost difficult to realize that the same man wrote the farce, The Magistrate, and the tragedy, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. Sometimes when the strain of writing his serious works is telling too heavily on him he will drop it temporarily and turn to formulating a comedy. I have known him to divide his days between the writing of a comedy and a tragedy.

Pinero is fondest of London during what is known as the London season, and of all parts of London he most likes the Garrick Club. When the London season is over he leaves town for a little bungalow about twenty miles from the city. And then begins his real work. His holiday season in London has been devoted to play-going, club life and a few social gatherings among friends. But all the time he is thinking out plays, and when he gets to the bungalow he has evolved either a comedy or a straight drama and is ready to write it.

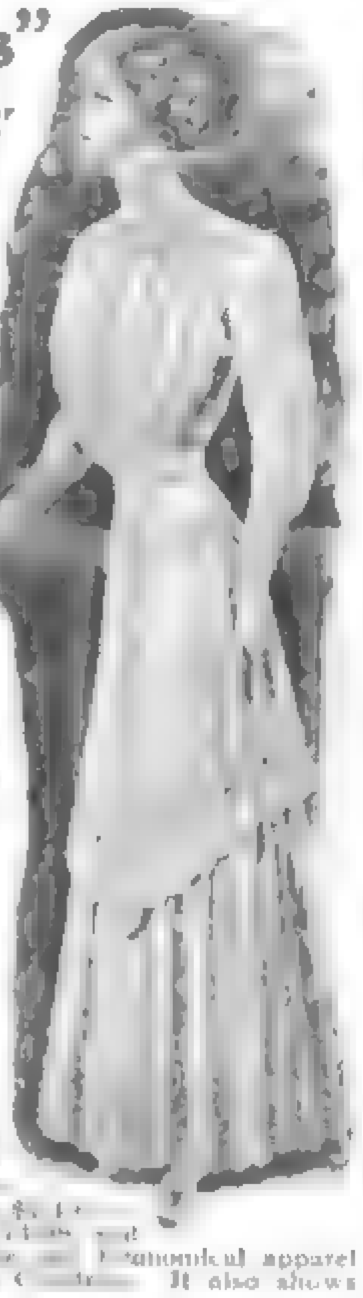
Men like Pinero, Barrie and Maugham regard the labor of playwriting to be not the construction of the plot, the imagining of the characters or the evolution of the story; the real work to them is reducing to paper the play that has grown within them. There are two aspects to play-building—play-thinking and play-writing—and of these the second, putting thought to paper with the least possible loss of thought in expression, is the more difficult. When the date comes around on which a play should be delivered and you inquire for it, any of these men whom I have mentioned will calmly tell you that it is done, but when you ask for the manuscript they will likely enough just tap their foreheads and say: "There it is!"

How Plays Differ From Novels

That is the chief difference between a novelist and a playwright and also the chief reason why the successful novel is so rarely turned into the successful play. A novelist sits down to his work, free at the beginning from any arbitrary limitations of space in which his work may be done, or of time in which his effects must be achieved But a playwright knows at the beginning that he not only must have something worth saying, but that he must say all that is in him in the least possible amount of space; that he may have to draw characters in a single line; that his dialogue must be swift, his action cumulative within a given time, and that there will be no introduction, foot-notes, preface, indices or illustrations to help him. The novelist may be at his finest the more copious his style is; but abundance or repetition of thought in expression is fatal to the playwright.

Of course, it is always difficult to get at the beginnings of plays. You cannot very easily look into a man's mind and detect the first seed and then the growth of a plot. But from what I have learned from their own lips I should say Pinero and Barrie belong to that class of playwrights who are first struck with the possibilities of a play by having a powerful denouement taking hold of them, and upon that climax, central idea or catastrophe they build the whole play. Pinero, of course, works much more systematically than Barrie. But I believe the first thought of Mid-Channel came to Pinero in the image of a woman, who, despite fine instincts and a real wish to be good, erred through selfishness and ended by throwing herself from a balcony window. From that terrific climax Pinero undoubtedly next sought a reason, and with the emerging of that reason at the same time emerged its natural characters. And so he really worked out his plot by working backward

Editor's Note—This is the conclusion of a sketch of Sir Arthur Pinero, begun last week



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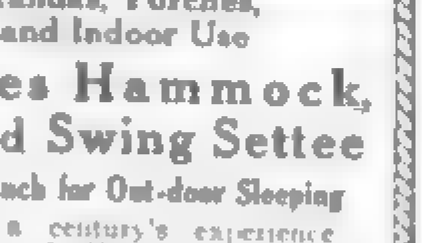
E. L. Rowe & Son, Inc., 271 Water St., Gloucester, Mass.



FENCE

News and Prices

Do not buy a foot of [illegible] "ornamental" styles [illegible] We save you [illegible] Get Free Catalog

THE WARD FENCE CO., Box 144, Decatur, Ind.

Home-made Gas from Crushed Stone and Water

TWENTY years ago the oil lamp had already been driven out of the city into the country home where gas could not follow—so we thought

In those days we would have laughed at the possibility of gas being used for lighting and cooking in a country home.

CRUSHED STONE

But like the telephone and free mail delivery gas has finally left the city to become a common rural convenience

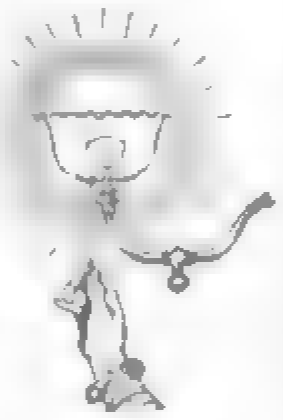
In the year 1910, the up-to-date villager or farmer not only lives in a gas lighted house, same as his city cousin, but when he drives home on a cold, wet night he actually lights up his barn, his barnyard or porches on his house with this same gas light by simply pulling a little chain attached to the fixture.

* * *

And this change seems quite like magic when you consider that this rural gas is home-made—made by the family right on the premises.

Takes fifteen minutes once a month to make all that can be used in a large house

The magic is all in the strangely weird, manufactured stone known commercially as "Union Carbide."


LIGHTING

This wonderful gas producing substance, "Union Carbide," looks and feels just like crushed granite. For country home use it is packed in sheet steel cans containing 100 pounds and is shipped from warehouses located all over the country.

* * *

Union Carbide won't burn, can't explode, and will keep in the original package for years in any climate. For this reason it is safer to handle and store about the premises than coal.

All that is necessary to make "Union Carbide" give up its gas is to mix it with plain water—the gas, which is then instantly generated, is genuine Acetylene.

Acetylene makes a white light like sunlight and the gas is so pure that you might blow out the light and sleep all night in a room with the burner open without any injurious effects whatever.

On account of its being burned in permanent brass fixtures attached to walls and ceilings, Acetylene is much safer than smoky, smelly oil lamps which can easily be tipped over.

For this reason the Engineers of the National Board of Insurance Underwriters called Acetylene safer than any illuminant it commonly displaces.

In addition to all these advantages, Acetylene is inexpensive

An Acetylene light of 24-candle power costs less than the wicks, chimneys, kerosene, etc., consumed by an oil lamp of equal volume

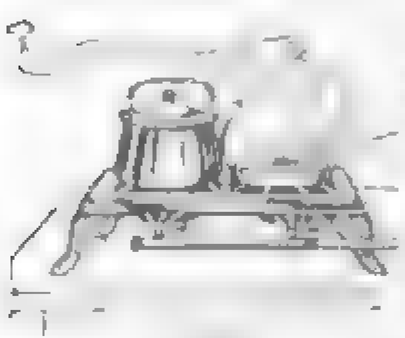
As a summer fuel for light cooking Acetylene is very economical, considering the fact that it is delivered right in the cooking appliance, is controlled by a thumb screw and burns without soot, ashes or dirt

* * *

Consider this carefully and you will hardly wonder at the fact that there are today more than 176,000 town and country homes using home-made Acetylene for lighting and cooking

Once a month some member of the family must dump a few pounds of Union Carbide in a small tank-like machine which usually sets in one corner of the basement

This little tank-like machine is automatic—it does all the work. It makes no gas until the burners are lighted and stops making gas when the burners are shut off


COOKING

No city home can be as brilliantly or as beautifully illuminated as any one of these 176,000 homes now using Acetylene.

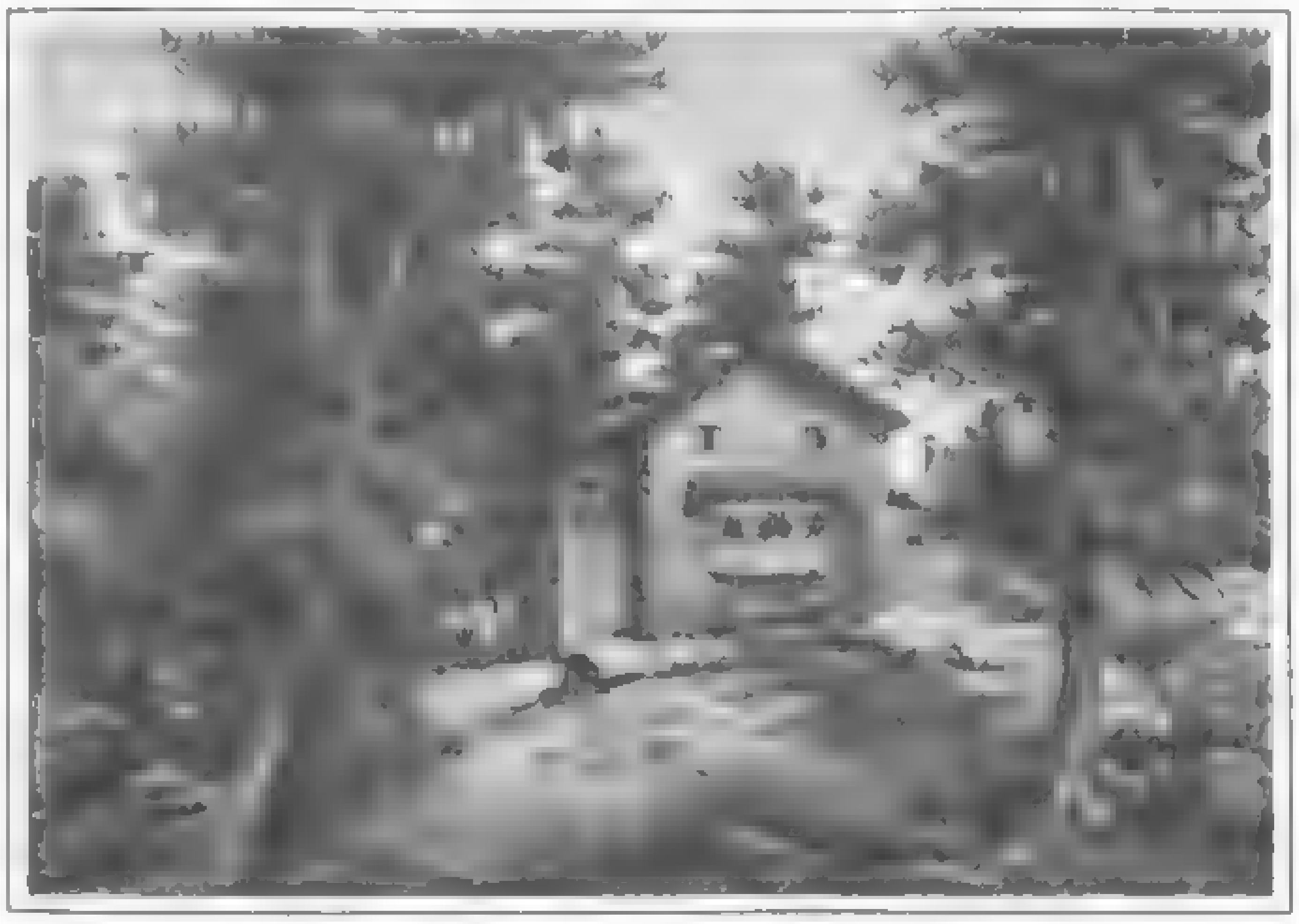
Won't you let us tell you how little it will cost to make this time-saving, money-saving, beautifying light and ideal fuel at your own home?

Write us today how many rooms you have, and receive our estimate and free books giving full information

Just address UNION CARBIDE SALES CO., Dept A—155 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Furs, and Where They Come From



OF COURSE you know that the bearskin overcoat of your neighbor's coachman really is made of Japanese goat, dyed; but did you, perchance, know that two out of the three yellowish-looking muffs that you saw on the street car the other morning were made out of dog, and Chinese dog at that? The other muff, whose owner calls it beaver, was made of muskrat, as you might have seen by examining the edge where it was worn. There are varieties of fur used today that were unknown a few years ago, and the nomenclature in the fur business is far from descriptive, as any expert can tell you. Moreover, when it comes to prices in these days imagination is further staggered. A country physician out in Iowa last year undertook to get himself a cheap driving coat by buying his muskrat skins locally and having them tanned himself, leaving the rest to his local tailor. The coat cost him eighty-five dollars. Had he bought it in the city under a different name he would have got off easy at twice that price. Dyed black, ratskin is sold under a dozen different names.

The mottled, grayish-yellow fur coat worn by the motorman on the grip car was made of wombat skins from Australia. All these recently advertised pony coats, black and just a little curly, are made from the skins of young horses, which are killed for that purpose in Russia and Siberia. This market is recent and has raised the price of horses in those countries. The horse and the dog are going to be our next fur-producers. It is very possible that a good many bearskin overcoats will soon be made of the robes of black Galloway cattle. Nothing was ever warmer than a genuine buffalo coat, but those are out of the question today.

Sweeter by Another Name

The young girl with the red hair and the bunch of violets and the set of black furs, who sat across the aisle from you, talking to the young man who looked like the picture from the back part of a magazine, wore what she thought was a set of black lynx. There is no such animal as a black lynx. These furs were probably gray fox dyed black, but the fur was so short that one actually might suspect plain tabby-cat, which produces a great deal of commercial fur these days. Three seats down the aisle is another muff, also black, and bought as "Alaska sable." It is made out of plain skunk, dyed, as you could tell if you smelled it when it got wet. A great deal of skunk fur, dyed, is sold under various names. The pelt of this strenuous animal is handsomer before it is dyed, but it sells much better as "Alaska sable."

Sometimes you see a muff or a scarf of natural lynx, long, blue-gray and fluffy, a handsome though not very durable fur. Oftener you will find this fur dyed; and sometimes the fur of the red fox, also dyed black, is sold as lynx. It is rather amusing to see the long, round tail of a fox appended to a "lynx" skin, but the salesman does not always know the difference, and not all wearers do. Blue fox from the far Northwest is sold in the natural color, is sometimes fashionable and nearly always very expensive in spite of the fact that nearly all of the blue-fox farms that were established on Alaska islands ten years ago have pretty much gone out of business

The simple collaret of the girl opposite looks just a little fuzzy to be otter, for which she bought it. It really is muskrat. Not far off, however, is a dark, smooth, shiny-looking muff whose like you do not see on many street cars—not fashionable, but very beautiful and durable. This is the real unplucked otter, among the handsomest of all furs in the opinion of at least a few. The lady probably paid seventy-five dollars for it. Plucked—that is, with the long guard hairs taken off—it would look a little lighter, be less durable, more fashionable and more expensive. The jobber who sold the furrier this dark otter skin got thirty dollars for it. The trapper got eleven. It was worth more. Dark otter comes from all the northern pine country of this continent. The thinner and lighter skins come from the wilderness country of the Southern states and are not so valuable. Of course, this is not the sea otter, for none of these animals has been killed on the Alaskan coast for some years now, and a pelt from one of them would be worth two thousand dollars

Furs Not What They Seem

This thin blue fur is squirrel from Asia, and this fuzzy white, of course, is chinchilla from South America. The long, stylish-looking, full-cut coat on the lady who paints too much will this season, perhaps, pass as seal. It was made from the fur of conies or rabbits or Belgian hares, and sold as "electric seal." The genuine seal is higher priced, and then some. Of course, it is plucked and dyed. But this pure white set of furs, muff and stole, worn by the young girl, is made of Arctic fox, one of the products of the North which sometimes is sold undoctored. There are three skins in it, and they cost about seventy-five dollars.

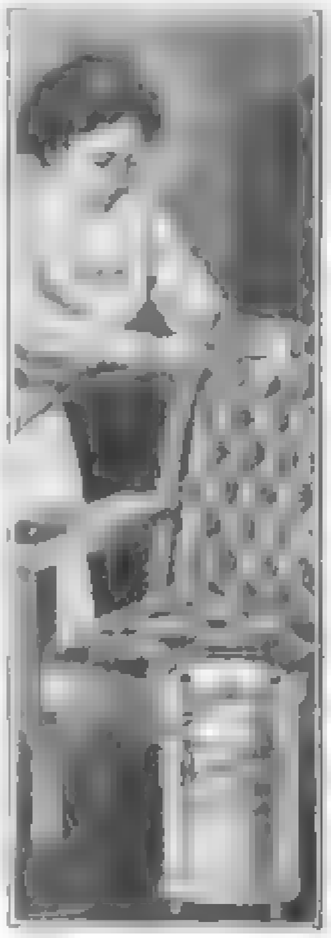
The collar on the coat worn by the sporty-looking gentleman is Persian lamb, and the lamb that produced it never walked. Astrakan comes from that same country; but some near-astrakan is plain dog, which, maybe, produces a bit of caracal once in a while. A good deal of bearskin is made out of raccoon dyed black, and the humble raccoon is the anonymous author of many a muff sold as bear or something else. Sometimes it gets into an overcoat without doctoring. Sometimes, also, you see a foreigner wearing undisguised sheepskin as lining to his jacket.

Time was when ladies who wore muffs and stoles of marten fur rode down on street cars, the same as you and I. They go in automobiles now, because marten

A Damaging Confession

When a woman says, "Thank Heaven, I'm through with my Spring house-cleaning," she makes a mortifying confession.

She admits that for twelve months she allowed her house to grow dirtier, month by month, until it became just twelve times as dirty as it should have been.



What excuse does she offer? Why do this thing only once or twice a year?

Because of the confusion, the misery, the worry it causes.

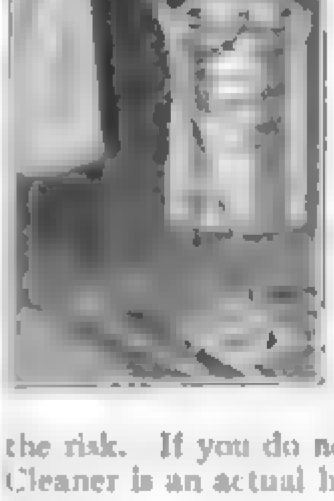
"House-cleaning time!" Who does not shudder to think of it!

A well known domestic science authority said the other day, *"The Duntley Cleaner is the greatest household invention since the sewing machine. It does more to lighten housework and to make the home sanitary than any other one thing."*

The Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner transforms the care of home from an infinite burden into a comparative pleasure.

Instead of an upheaval of furniture, ripping up of carpets, and what not, to get rid of the accumulated dirt of months, we have a regular and simple renovation which results in perpetual freedom from dust, grime and disease germs.

You need never sweep nor dust again. The Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner will do it for you—ten times easier, ten times quicker and ten times better



I know so well that the Duntley Cleaner will free you forever from the housecleaning bugbear, that I am willing to send you a machine for a free demonstration in your own home—no matter where you live.

I am not afraid to send the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner a thousand miles away and let it tell its own story.

I want you to know why this cleaner has won Grand Prizes in this country and Gold Medals abroad. I want you to realize that it is cheaper to have a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner than to be without one.

Let me prove what I claim—in your own home. I will take all the risk. If you do not find that the Duntley Cleaner is an actual household necessity, send it back

Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners are operated by the ordinary electric light current. Where there is no electricity, hand-power machines can be furnished

Prices range from $45.00 to $125.00. Small monthly payments, when desired.

Fill out and mail to me today the coupon below.

J. W. DUNTLEY, President
400 Harvester Building Chicago

Cut on This Line and Mail Coupon at Once

Duntley Manufacturing Co.
400 Harvester Bldg Chicago

Send me booklet of Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners for household use, and your book on scientific housecleaning.

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NEPONSET
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We Make You The Judge of our ROOFING

OUR OFFER

When you see PAROID on your building, if you are not satisfied tell us and we will send you a check for the full cost of the roofing and the cost of laying it. Back of it all, if any BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCT ever fails because of defective manufacture we will replace it. If a broader guarantee than this could be made we would make it.

WE offer proof not promises. Let us show you a **Paroid** Roof that has been on for years, that has stood all kinds of weather and is just as good today as the day it was laid. Judge by the roof itself.

We will give you the owner's name — judge by what he has to say.

Roof your buildings with **Paroid, Proslate** or **Neponset Red Rope Roofing**, according to the nature of the structure, then give your verdict.

If you are not satisfied that **Bird Neponset Roofings** are the most [illegible]

[illegible]

You are as safe in buying **Bird Neponset Products** as we are safe in making this extraordinary offer. Everything connected with **Bird Neponset Products** we make ourselves — the felt, the saturation, the coating, and even the rustproof cap and nails. Every detail is studied for new improvements. Every year it costs us more to make **Paroid**. Every year **Paroid** sets a new standard for roofing.

Are You Building or Repairing?

Our Building Counsel Department, experienced in the construction of every kind of building, is placed at your disposal. Write us particulars of any work you have in hand. Our suggestions or advice are offered free of charge. [illegible] you many dollars.

If your dealer does not carry **Bird Neponset Products** [illegible]

F. W. BIRD & SON

Main Mills and General Offices, 1 Neponset St., East Walpole, Mass.

[illegible]

Paroid

has become "sable." A prime dark marten from British Columbia, Wisconsin or New Brunswick once brought the trapper two or three dollars, but now would bring him thirty to sixty. Naturally, we sell such skins as "Hudson Bay sable," as "Russian sable," or even as "Russian crown sable." When a coat is made up the stamp on the flesh side of the skin does not show, and neither does its absence show. Many a wealthy man buys for Irene Russian crown sables that never saw Russia, and maybe, also, a bottle of Imperial Tokay, although no such thing ever came across the sea.

Most of these lighter-colored muffs with dark streaks on them, or the stoles which show from ten to twenty-four little heads hanging down, with spots of white on the throats, are marten. Sometimes you will see a set of marten fur of beautifully matched stripes and a handsome dark color. A set really as dark as that would be worth any money, but if an expert bought these furs not so much would be paid, for when pressed the dealer will admit they are blended, which means dyed.

Of course you know that the rather yellowish, black-streaked, three-quarter coat worn by the old-fashioned elderly lady yonder is mink. Mink fades, and so does otter, if exposed too much to strong sunlight. The old lady paid seventy-five dollars for her coat. It would cost a little over eight hundred today, still more if made of handsome, dark, well-matched mink skins. Two hundred and fifty dollars was cheap for this narrow stole and the muff of the demure-looking young lady, who sits over there with eighteen heads and tails dangling from her person. Mink is fashionable and expensive today. Each year the buyers collect some millions of mink, and still other millions of muskrats, pretty much all over the United States, Canada and elsewhere. The farmer boy produces an enormous amount of mink, rat and fox.

Nutria fur, from Central and South America, you will not be so apt to recognize; nor would you this handsome black fur, which only an expert would tell you to be the native coat of the "fisher" or "black cat," an animal for which the trapper would have been willing to take six to eight dollars a skin, not long ago. Rhinoceros fur is not yet fashionable, but leopard is sometimes worn, though not so much as in ancient Rome.

But Irene Will Never Know

The most expensive furs are the genuine dark sable, for which the price goes into the thousands, in two-piece sets of muff and collaret. You can hold twenty thousand dollars' worth of that fur in your hand and not feel its weight. Blow deep down into the fur and you will fall in love with it. No man can imitate that in pile or color. Neither can man imitate the silver-gray fox, for you yourself can detect the white hairs pegged into the skin. A genuine silver-gray fox may be worth from seventy-five to a thousand dollars. One has seen three small skins sell for two thousand dollars. A perfect pelt of a fine black fox, with the white tip on his tail, and the occasional white-tipped hair, may bring the trapper as little as one hundred dollars and the dealer ten to twenty times as much. The "cross fox," so called because of the band over the shoulders, also runs dark and valuable sometimes, though you can say, on the Alaska coast—get a lot of them for six dollars, ten dollars, twenty dollars, as the local collector happens to fancy your looks. It may be seen that the fox family contributes a lot of fur, although the fox, in settled countries, is, next to the otter, the hardest of animals to trap.

When you make Irene the present of a little collaret, just to show her a sort of beginning of what she is going to get after you two are married, it is not necessary to advise her that the sable is marten or that the little white tails on it with black tips came from weasels and are not really ermine. That is to say, all ermine is the weasel in its winter coat, but it is not sold as weasel. Five years ago a trapper could not get over five or ten cents apiece for the best of ermine skin. He can today. If Irene should lose one of the white spots off her ermine collaret you would have to pay about one plunk, case or simoleon for the end of a weasel's tail to replace it. The royal ermine which we see in paintings of coronations is only winter weasel, and the black spots are the ends of tails.

All the world is combed for furs today, and in spite of Senator Aldrich human beings keep on buying and wearing furs, no matter where the prices go. In no way better than this love for furs is our wilderness genealogy to be traced. The trapping of furs or the killing of fur-bearing animals is a practice as old as clothes-wearing man. The native tribes used nooses, snares very largely, and it is likely that the deadfall was first perfected by the white man. The Hudson Bay Company made most of its money out of deadfalls. That form of trap is merciful, killing at once. The steel trap, an invention of the white man or of the Evil One, is the most cruel and abominable instrument of torture ever invented in the history of the world. It is from this source that most of the better-class commercial furs are obtained. The otter and the beaver and the muskrat must all be taken in steel traps, in what is known as the "water set," since the keen nose of these animals would detect the trap if it were not under water. The pole which holds the trap is usually so arranged that the animal gets into deep water and drowns itself, which is relatively merciful. The raccoon, the skunk, the lynx, the mink, the marten, the weasel, nearly all the foxes—indeed, nearly all the fur-bearing animals of lesser sort—are taken in steel traps, where they starve or freeze to death or suffer from one to eight days before they are put out of their misery.

On the Rounds With Jimmy

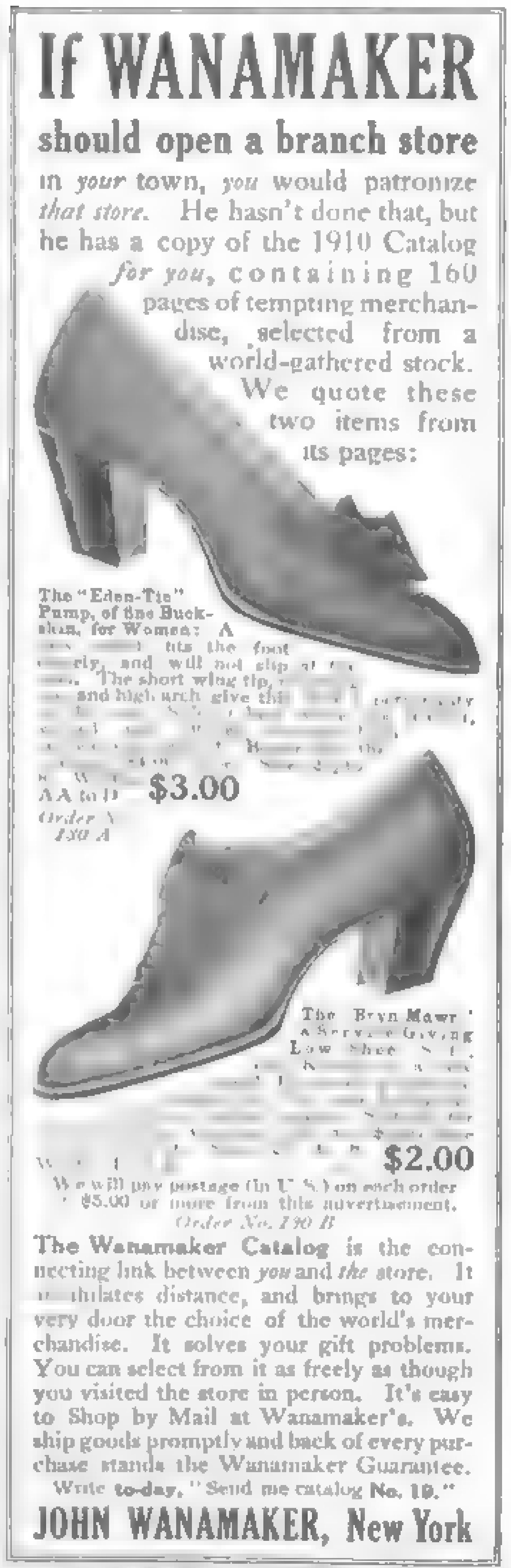
Take a round with Jimmy, your guide, some time in New Brunswick, Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, British Columbia, Ontario, anywhere north where pine trees grow and the snow lies deep. You go on snowshoes and you carry a heavy pack of bait, traps, grub, and so on, and your line of traps will run forty to sixty miles, perhaps, which means since you must stop to cook and eat, and "skin out" your catch, a round, say, once a week, or, in very bad weather, not so often.

You note the line of big, round tracks paralleling your trail and know that a lynx is looking for trouble. The magazine lynx is a wise and ferocious animal, but the lynx of Jimmy, the trapper, is simply a big, foolish cat, which is ten times easier to catch than even a young fox. You bait for him with a piece of rabbit. If you want to you can hang up a piece of red flannel right by your trap—it will not frighten but only arouse the curiosity of your lynx. At last, half a mile down the trail, you see, floundering about in the snow as you approach, a lank, draggled, wet and weary creature. It is your lynx, and he has been waiting for you, perhaps four or five days, his foot swollen full to the size of the steel trap that holds him. Jimmy taps him lightly on the back of his head with his snowshoe pole. His skull is thin as paper, and this tragedy is at last concluded.

Jimmy is much displeased in the next mile or so, for the two or three traps furnish nothing better than a jaybird or a pair of weasels. Of course the traps must be kept out of the snow and are placed back under a leaning tree, a pile of brush, or in a hole under some root. The scent of these little fur-bearing animals leads them long distances to your trap. Jimmy increases this by using just a drop here and there of oil from his "scent" bottle, prepared after his own secret formula. He may put just a moistened twig of this in the bark of a tree, just above the crotch where he hangs a small trap for a mink or a marten.

In countries of heavy snowfall trappers often set their marten traps by cutting off a small tree about the height of a man's head and building a little shelter or house on top of it of chips and bark, to protect the trap, over which the animal must pass to get at the bait. Again, a marten trapper will sometimes set his small steel trap away out at the end of a slim pole which he leans in the crotch of a tree. The snow does not hang very deep on so slight a support, and the marten smells the bait, runs out along the pole, steps in the trap, falls off into the air, and hangs there by his imprisoned foot until he freezes, or until Jimmy comes along —say, in three or four days.

Jimmy's eyes brighten at last as he stoops down and peers under the brush after one trap which he has called the "lucky" one. You also peer in. There is just the slightest movement of a dull, weary, little brown body. A pair of black eyes look at you. This marten is nearly gone, and probably has been in the trap two or three days. A tap from the axe handle ends this tragedy. The next trap is better still. Here there is


If WANAMAKER
should open a branch store

in *your* town, *you* would patronize *that store*. He hasn't done that, but he has a copy of the 1910 Catalog *for you*, containing 160 pages of tempting merchandise, selected from a world-gathered stock. We quote these two items from its pages:

The "Eden-Tie" Pump, of fine Buckskin, for Women: A [illegible] fits the foot [illegible] and will not slip at the [illegible]. The short wing tip, [illegible] and high arch give this [illegible]

[illegible] AA to D **$3.00**
Order No. 190 A

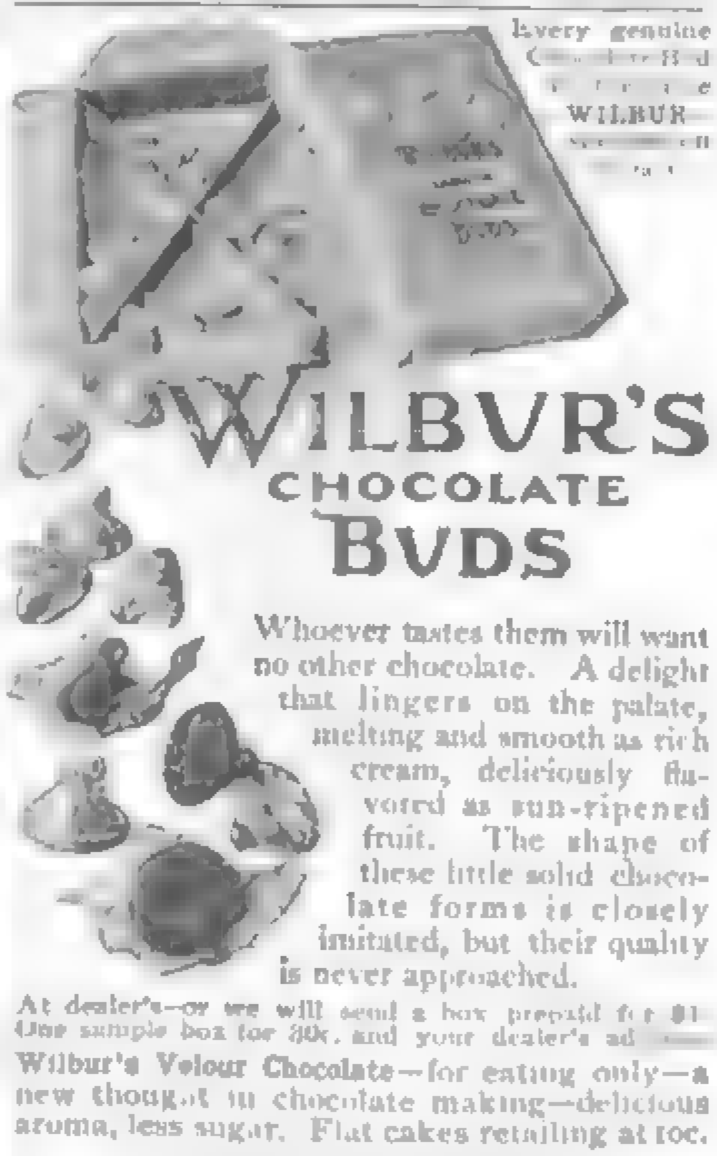
The "Bryn Mawr" a Service-Giving Low Shoe [illegible]

[illegible] **$2.00**
We will pay postage (in U. S.) on each order [illegible] $5.00 or more from this advertisement.
Order No. 190 B

The Wanamaker Catalog is the connecting link between *you* and *the store*. It annihilates distance, and brings to your very door the choice of the world's merchandise. It solves your gift problems. You can select from it as freely as though you visited the store in person. It's easy to Shop by Mail at Wanamaker's. We ship goods promptly and back of every purchase stands the Wanamaker Guarantee.

Write **to-day**, "Send me catalog **No. 19**."

JOHN WANAMAKER, New York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CHOCOLATE
BUDS

Whoever tastes them will want no other chocolate. A delight that lingers on the palate, melting and smooth as rich cream, deliciously flavored as sun-ripened fruit. The shape of these little solid chocolate forms is closely imitated, but their quality is never approached.

At dealer's—or we will send a box prepaid for $1. One sample box for 30c. and your dealer's ad[illegible]

Wilbur's Velour Chocolate—for eating only—a new thought in chocolate making—delicious aroma, less sugar. Flat cakes retailing at 10c.

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Makers of WILBUR'S COCOA—famous everywhere

Safety Razor Blades Made Sharper Than New $2\frac{1}{2}$c EA.

Dull razor blades resharpened by Keenedge Electric Process ("the only way"), 30c the dozen. 80,000 repeating customers. Send address [illegible]

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A Folding Table For Every Need

Elegant, strong, durable, convenient — a folding table that is a unique piece of furniture because of its beauty and marvelous utility.

Lightweight
PEERLESS
Folding Table

Suitable for any purpose — adaptable to any style of furnishing. Won't wobble or shake and has none of the frailness common to folding tables.

Dining Tables, Sewing Tables, Tables for the Sick Room, for Games, Parties, Every Table Use.

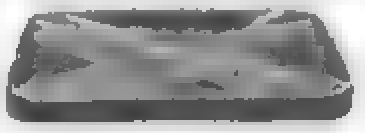
The Lightweight Peerless Folding Dining Table is [illegible] for small rooms, flats — anywhere that space [illegible] its eight, weight [illegible] wood top.

Many other styles [illegible] wood top. Light [illegible]

An Actual Photograph
12 Pound
Peerless Table
Supporting 1082 Lbs.

Ask your dealer. If he doesn't handle our tables, write us for catalogue and we will tell you a dealer who does or supply you direct.

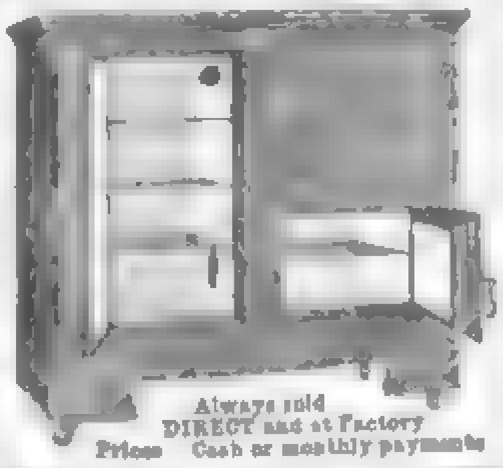
CARROM-ARCHARENA COMPANY
120 Rowe Street, Ludington, Mich.



PEERLESS TABLE FOLDED

Write for Our Free Book on
Home Refrigeration

This book tells how to select the home Refrigerator, how to know the poor from the good, how to keep down ice bills, how to keep a Refrigerator sanitary and sweet lots of things you should know before buying ANY Refrigerator [illegible]



Always sold DIRECT and at Factory Prices Cash or monthly payments

[illegible] "Monroe" is as easy to keep clean as a china [illegible]

The "Monroe"

Most other Refrigerators have cracks and corners which [illegible] be cleaned. Here particles of food collect and breed countless [illegible] food and make it poison, and [illegible] [illegible] can be sterilized and made germ [illegible] [illegible] the "Monroe" [illegible] The high death rate [illegible] [illegible]

Monroe Refrigerator Co., Station M, Cincinnati, O

Old Appliance LAME PEOPLE Our Appliance

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with [illegible]

HENRY G LOTZ, 313 Third Avenue, NEW YORK

simply a little circular coil of fur, frozen hard and stiff. The marten curled its head and tail around its imprisoned foot and died that way in the snow. It is, perhaps, not necessary you should tell Irene these things. Besides, Irene is so constituted that it would not make much difference if you did.

Mink trapping is rather similar to marten trapping. Always the snow must be taken into consideration. Sometimes Jimmy has little light ends of logs or board troughs made, with a little house on one end to cover the trap. He sticks this up on end in the snow, so that the trap will not get buried. The mink climbs up the side and gets into the trap. Whereas the marten is a great traveler, but hangs mostly to the high ridges of hardwood, the mink is more apt to be found along the streams and in the cedar swamps and thickets. He also is a great traveler, but is more local than the larger fisherman, the otter, which, some trappers say, will come around every week or so after making a circle of fifty miles, crossing from one river to another and never "locating." The otter is after trout, the mink after trout or rabbit.

All these animals and you will have been lucky if you have three or four by night, these days. Jimmy takes home with him in his packbag and he skins them at night in the shanty or tent or lean-to, by the fire. He explains to you how to judge fur, which is never to look at the fur side but at the flesh side. February fur is prime—that is to say, the white of the flesh side is clear and even. A skin bluish on the inside is not prime, but, perhaps, was taken too soon in the fall or too late in the winter.

Trapping the Otter

The way to set an otter trap is not right at the place where the otter comes down the slide, because he slides on his belly with his forefeet doubled back under, and thus will spring a trap with his breast and not get caught by the jaws of the trap. Jimmy knows that the trap should be set at one side, where the otter climbs out of the water to go up to the top of his toboggan-slide. In this case Jimmy determines to put the trap in the narrow run where the spring hole drains into the river. Not even a shaving does he leave about the place, and, of course, he does not touch the trap with his hands, and leave it exposed for either otter, fox or wolf. He sets it at the end of a long pole, drops it under the water, drives his fastening stake deep into the mud, and cuts it off under the water, or breaks it where it has already been nearly cut off. With another pole he stirs the moss and slime until it settles all over the trap and chain. Then he half cuts in two four or five long willow wands, which he sticks in the mud around the trap, breaking them off so that their ends are under the water, but projecting above the trap.

"When Mr. Otter comes swimming along in here next time," says Jimmy, "he'll feel one of them little sticks hit him in the breast, and he'll put down a foot and stick it in the trap." So saying, Jimmy gathers up all shavings, splashes a little water in his tracks, and gets away.

If the otter gets in the trap he will not be drowned. The best he can get out of it in his fight with the relentless jaws and the winter's cold will be a foot torn off. Otherwise he must die. If he drowns, his glossy hide will keep for seven days under water without any "slipping" of the fur. At least we do not see this tragedy.

The story of the woods in wintertime is full of interest. The art of the trapping trail itself is curious and interesting, if only it were not for the tragedy of it, the terrible suffering of it. That is where the furs come from. It is difficult in the limited comprehension of a plain person to tell why Irene does not wear a necklace made of these little gnawed-off frozen feet, as supplementary ornament to the garments made of the original coats of woods-dwellers that died a little at a time, say for a week, starving and freezing. But then, human beings freeze and starve to death in the alley each cold snap in the cities. This never was so in Indian villages, so long as any one had food or fuel; but then, civilization is so much more civilized than the ways of the wilderness. Tell Irene a woman and baby died in the cold two blocks away last night, and she says: "Too bad!" Show her a set of sables and she says: "How lovely!" Enjoy yourself on the street car if you can. Although a sportsman all his life, the writer never does.

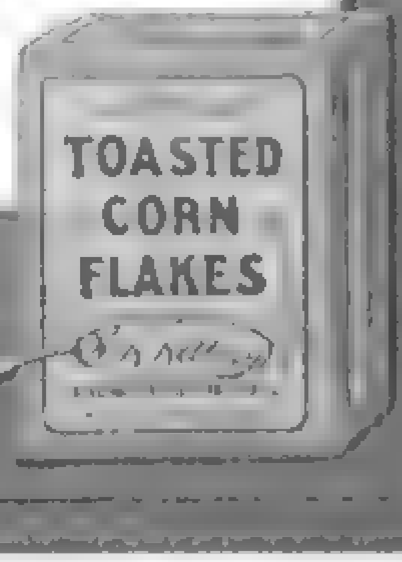
W. K. Kellogg's Corner

Message No. 1—
The Square Deal.

It is doubtful if any other food company in the United States holds so rigorously to its established policy of dealing with all customers under all conditions on the same terms as Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co.

There are no special contracts with big or little customers. There are no side guarantees. Every dealer—wholesale and retail—gets *a square deal.*

This is the reason why Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes finds as much favor among the trade as it does in the homes of the consumers.



The Genuine has this Signature.
W. K. Kellogg

In the Spring of A. D. 2010

A HUNDRED years from this Spring somebody may be found who will insist that "Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes are not for him."

That man will be a direct descendant of the one who in 1809 declared that Fulton was a fool or in 1900 that Marconi was a fakir.

We cannot *compel* a man to wear Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes. We can only appeal to his judgment, to his sense of style and of good taste.

We can only emphasize to him that Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes meet every dress requirement from morning to midnight.

Stein-Bloch Style is the composite harvest of the best fashions displayed at the world's great fashion centers, gathered by trained and skillful observers.

The workmanship in Stein-Bloch Clothes is thorough and proven.

Go to the Stein-Bloch Clothier's and try them on.

Write for "Smartness," a book of photographed Spring and Summer styles.

Always look for this label, which means 55 years of Knowing How

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Salt Lake City

Gas Bonds

To Net 5⅜%

We offer for April 1st delivery the unsold portion of $1,000,000 First Mortgage 5% Bonds of the

Utah Gas & Coke Co.

Salt Lake City. This Company supplies all the gas used in this important and growing city, with a population officially estimated at 116,000. The increase in population in the past nine years was about 115%.

The total authorized bond issue is $3,000,000, of which $2,000,000 is held to be issued under conservative restrictions.

The bonds are secured by a first and only mortgage on all the property of the Company. The gas plant is new and modern—built in 1907. The franchise runs for 20 years beyond the life of the bonds. The mortgage provides for a sinking fund.

The management is efficient, and the capital investment is liberal. The earnings, now about twice interest charges, are showing a rapid increase.

The bonds mature January 1, 1936.

We offer these bonds, subject to previous subscription, at 95 and accrued interest, netting the investor about 5⅜%. We consider that the First Mortgage Bonds of the only gas company operating in so important a city form, at this price, a very attractive investment.

Circulars on request.

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Chicago, Illinois

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R. W. Chapin, 28 Bishopsgate St., Within, London, E. C., England

Reserve Fund Invested in Bonds

Write for our Special Letter No. 960 ex[illegible] why there is a growing tendency [illegible] firms [illegible] set aside some per centage of earnings as a Reserve Fund and to invest the money in good [illegible]. Our letter contains recommendations of six bond issues which are, in our opinion, suitable investments for a Reserve Fund. The bonds are well-known issues practically all listed on the New York Stock Exchange and yield from about 4½ to 5 per cent. They have been purchased by institutions and discriminating investors.

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YOUR SAVINGS

Bonds and the Cost of Living

IN INVESTMENT, as in all other important activities, there are good and bad seasons. At certain times, as was pointed out in the last article, it is advisable to buy stocks, and then again there are occasions when it is to the advantage of the investor to purchase bonds. The latter condition prevails now, and since it may have a bearing on a problem that touches everybody—the high cost of living—it seems well worth explaining.

In the first place, bonds are cheaper than they have been in a good while. There are various reasons. One is that during the panic of 1907 many financial institutions, such as banks and trust companies, bought high-class bonds at low prices. As prosperity returned and business expanded there developed a big demand for money in business. Last year the banks found it profitable to sell their bonds at the advance prices which they had reached, and to lend the proceeds on commercial paper for business purposes. The natural result of this unloading of high-class bonds was a decline in price, and they have been low ever since.

In the second place, the uncertainty of the stock market has caused many cautious investors to refrain from buying bonds. The two slumps within the past few months have unsettled conditions. In addition, two important Supreme Court decisions—the Standard Oil and American Tobacco cases—are impending, and it is generally believed that they will be unfavorable to the companies. The result would likely be further unrest. Hence, another factor contributes to the dullness and cheapness of bonds. This is all the more remarkable because money rates are low, and ordinarily, when the money market is very easy, the price of bonds goes up.

Yet this cheapness in bonds comes at a time when it is most useful to the average man, because it enables him to get a very satisfactory return on his money. This may serve him for two distinct purposes. One is that it facilitates the safe employment of his money, and the other is that it serves as an antidote for the high cost of living

One of the most striking facts in the whole present-day investment situation is the increasing demand for bonds of high yield and return. Ten years ago the financing of the great railroad corporations was on a three and a half and four per cent basis. The three and one-halfs were eagerly taken up. Today such financing would be impossible. Even good four per cent bonds put out by railroads today sell at a discount, as was shown in the recent issues by the Chicago and Great Western first mortgage fours, which brought ninety-two and one-half and declined to ninety, and the Delaware and Hudson fours and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul fours, which had only an indifferent market.

Should You Sell Your Fours?

The investor now wants a bond that pays a face interest rate of five per cent, that sells around par, and that not only yields him around five per cent, but pays him five per cent each year during the life of the bond. It is with this type of bonds that this week's article is mainly concerned.

You have only to ask any prominent investment banker today in order to find out that daily inquiries are coming in from investors who have four per cent bonds and who want to exchange them for five per cent bonds. Here is a kind of trading that every investor should know about, especially one whom the high cost of living is pinching. But in order to avail himself of what seems an opportunity to increase his income he is liable to sacrifice the profit of a well-established investment—and here is the danger:

Let us assume that a man owns five one-thousand-dollar four per cent bonds for which he has paid ninety. They have ten years to run. This means that the yield on this investment is 5.30 per cent, providing he keeps them to maturity. The annual income from the bonds, however, is $200. This man has a moderate income and he sees five per cent bonds selling around par Shall he sell his fours and buy the fives? At first glance it seems a good proposition, but let us see how it would work out. Assuming that the fours are selling at ninety, they would realize approximately $4500. Yet it would take $5000 to buy the fives, or just $500 more, which would be the entire first year's income from the fives. Now look at the question of yields. The man would lose his yield of 5.30 per cent on the original money employed and would get in exchange a yield of five per cent.

It is at this point that an old investment fact, often repeated here, may be emphasized again, and it is well to keep it in mind in the present situation. Yield is the return to the investor *on the amount of money invested*, and it is figured out through bond tables, on the assumption that the bonds are held to maturity. Yield is often confused with bond income. Income is the amount that the bonds pay each year as represented by their face interest rate.

But there are many instances today where it is wise and profitable for the investor to exchange his fours for fives, and increase his income accordingly. This is in cases where his four per cent bond, if it is of the very highest quality, is selling around par. There is no reason why a business man should pay an excessive price for security. What he wants is a good, safe bond. Therefore, he can exchange his four per cent iron-clad security for a railroad or a public-service five, with a margin of security ample for all his needs. Yet do not lose sight of this fact which is worth tucking away among the investment axioms: When you ascend the scale of income you make some sacrifice of security or marketability. The higher the yield the bigger the risk. This is true of every kind of employment of money. But it does not mean that the well-selected, five per cent bond exchanged for a four is not safe.

Some Typical Fives

Another fact to be remembered in the exchange of bonds is the matter of the investor's business and the particular needs he has for his bonds. If, for example, he is in the habit of using his bonds as collateral for borrowed money, he must have bonds with a quick market. The more marketable his bonds are the bigger the amount of the loan. If, however, he simply buys bonds to put them away in a safety-vault box and draw the interest as income, it really makes no great difference whether he has listed bonds or not.

For the man who has money to invest now there is ample opportunity to invest in five per cent bonds around par, and the following list, with "and interest" prices ruling at the time this article is written, will show the various types:

Kansas City Southern Refunding and Improvement Mortgage 5s, due 1950. Interest is payable January and July. The price is 102½, which would make the yield about 4.85 per cent.

Denver and Rio Grande First and Refunding 5s, due 1955. Interest is payable February and August. At the present price of 94½ the yield would be about 5.35 per cent.

Western Pacific First 5s, due 1933. The interest is payable March and September. The present price is 97½, which makes the yield about 5.18 per cent.

Chesapeake and Ohio General Improvement 5s, due 1929, interest payable January and July. At the present price of 105⅛ the yield would be about 4.70 per cent.

Central Leather First Mortgage 5s, due 1925. The interest is payable April and October. At the ruling price of par the yield would be 5 per cent.

United States Steel Corporation Sinking Fund 5s, due 1963. The interest is payable May and November. The price is 105, which makes the yield about 4.60 per cent.

American Agricultural Chemical First Convertible 5s, due 1928. Interest is payable April and October. The price is 102⅞, which would make the yield about 4.75 per cent

Virginia-Carolina Chemical First Mortgage 5s, due 1923. The present price is 99, which would make the yield about 5.10 per cent

Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company Convertible 5s, due in 1931.

Write for Our List of 6% Tax Bonds

Not dependent upon the success of any enterprise, upon personal ability, or even upon honesty, but payable *from Taxes* levied and collected by counties, under state laws, for permanent public improvements. We recommend:

Woodruff County, Ark., Levee Dist., 6%, $1,000 Bonds

District contains about 60,000 acres of productive cotton land valued at $1,250,000, with a total debt of $160,000. Various maturities—prices to yield 5¼% interest.

Calhoun County, Iowa, Drainage, 6%, $500 Bonds

District contains 4,120 acres of high class and improved farm lands worth $200,000, with a total debt of $12,600.

These bonds are tax exempt in Iowa and legal investments for Iowa Savings Banks. Various maturities—price to yield 5⅛% interest.

Bowie County, Texas (Divisional Improvement), 4½%, $1,000 Bonds

Actual Value	$15,000,000
Assessed Value	8,008,136
Total debt, this issue	250,000

Population, 15,000. The city of Texarkana and 320 square miles of rich farming land is included. Price 99 and interest.

4% Municipal Bonds

$250,000 City of Chicago, 4%, price 100 and interest. $200,000 City of Milwaukee, 4%, price 100 and interest

The Rich Southwest

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We also offer Corporation Bonds and high class securities to suit every careful investor from the $100 Saver to the largest Bank or Insurance Co., on the most favorable terms. No losses in our 21 years of business, which now covers 40 states. Let us add your name to our mailing list. Write today.

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The Handiest Easy Chair Ever Made

The Royal Reclining Chair is unique—new—**different** than any other easy chair on the market.

No rods to fall down—no getting up to adjust the back. You simply push the button and move the back either up or down to the exact position you want. And it allows **eighteen** different positions.

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Push the Button and Rest
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The Royal Reclining Chair is **not** a Morris Chair. There's nothing common about it. Its Patented Push Button feature puts it in a class by itself. Thousands of the most fashionable people in this country have put it in their homes.

The Royal Chair is especially handy for sick folks or invalids. Frequent changes of position can be made without the slightest help, and there's enough variety to the positions allowed so that the patient **is bound** to find comfort.

150 Exclusive Styles

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Made with or without foot rest. Made in all woods and finished in any style to match your furniture. If your dealer doesn't have them, kindly send us his name. Prices range from $12 to $75.

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Genuine Panama $4

Light, cool, dressy, closely woven, adaptable to all shapes, with neat silk band and leather sweat band, **a genuine $10.00 value, South American Panama, sent express prepaid for $4.00.** We import direct through Galveston from South America and **save you two profits.** Order today, state size. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address **Houston Hat Co., "*Panama Hat Kings,*" Houston, Texas**

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Fine Indian-[illegible], the most comfortable shoe you ever wore [illegible]

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ORDER TODAY [illegible] or write for folder of [illegible] styles.

YPSILANTI INDIAN SHOE CO., 30 E. Cross St., Ypsilanti, Mich.

Interest is payable January and July, and the yield, at the present price of 93, would be about 5.45 per cent.

Missouri Pacific Convertible 5s, due 1959. Interest is payable March and September. At the present price of 96 the yield would be about 5.20 per cent.

The present time also seems an opportune one to call attention to what is called the "specialty" bond. It grows out of the underwriting of public-service and other issues by large bond and investment houses. When a certain house takes over an issue it becomes one of the "specialties" of the house and is identified with it. Bankers speak of it as "Blank and Company's bond." Hence much of the character of the bond depends often upon the stability of the house behind it. A conservative house will only underwrite issues when it has made a careful investigation of the property behind them. In the case of a traction company engineers are sent to inspect tracks, equipment and power-houses, lawyers search titles and franchises, and accountants go over the books. So it is, also, in the case of a power or lighting company. It is only after the most exacting requirements are met that the reliable and experienced house will underwrite the bonds. In many cases a member of the banking firm becomes a director in the board of the company, and thus the investor, buying the bond of the corporation through that house, has a sort of personal representative in the property. Sometimes the "specialty" happens to be of a company in your home town, and thus you can see the corporation in action yourself and know just what is going on. "Home investment" is desirable.

The public-service bonds, and most of them are "specialties," have gained in popularity and stability each year. One reason is that our cities are growing in size and prosperity, and the people in them need more heat, light, power and transportation all the time.

Public Utility Bonds

In view of the fact that many specialties have a face interest rate of five per cent and lend themselves to safe and desirable investment, the following list will be given to show the type and yield. They include some large and representative issues, with prices quoted on the day this article is written.

Detroit Edison Company First Mortgage 5s, due 1933. The interest is payable January and July. The present price is 101½, which would make the yield about 4.90 per cent.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company First and Collateral Trust 5s, due 1937. The interest is payable January and July. At the present price of 99 the yield would be about 5.05 per cent.

Tri-City Railway and Light Company First Collateral Trust 5s, due 1923. Interest is payable April and October. The price is 99, which would make the yield about 5.10 per cent.

Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company First Mortgage 5s, due 1939. The interest is payable April and October. At the present price of 103 the yield would be about 4.80 per cent.

Laclede Gas Light Company First 5s, due 1919. Interest is paid quarterly—that is, February, May, August and November. The present price is 103, which would make the yield about 4.60 per cent.

People's Gas Light and Coke Company (Chicago) Refunding 5s, due 1947. The interest is payable March and September. At the present price of 104 the yield would be about 4.75 per cent.

New York Gas, Electric Light, Heat and Power Collateral Trust 5s, due 1948. The interest is payable June and December. The price is 102½, which would make the yield about 4.85 per cent.

Pacific Gas and Electric Company General Mortgage 5s, due 1936. Interest is payable January and July. The price is 96, which would make the yield about 5.25 per cent.

This word of caution must be added in relation to the buying of "specialties": Never buy one from a house that has not made a searching investigation of the property, that cannot furnish complete, satisfactory and comprehensive statements of the earning power and the business condition of the concern whose bonds are being offered. A depreciation fund for replacement always adds to the stability of the investment.

How We Select Our 6% Reclamation Bonds

Our experience with Reclamation bonds covers 16 years. During that time we have bought and sold 78 separate issues of Drainage and Irrigation bonds. All have been secured by first liens on good farm land, and no investor has lost a dollar through default in interest or principal

We are the largest purchasers of Reclamation bonds, and thousands of bond buyers place confidence in our selections. As a result we are constantly offered the pick of many projects. Thus we are able to select for our customers the cream of these securities.

Our Competent Staff

We employ in our investigations engineers and attorneys of national repute, and of wide experience in reclamation projects. Certified copies of their reports and opinions are supplied to our customers.

The Vice-President of our Company almost constantly travels in sections where land is reclaimed. Thus we keep in close touch with the best undertakings.

We buy no issue of Reclamation bonds until all officers of our Company, and all engineers and attorneys employed in the matter, unanimously agree on the safety of the bonds in question.

The Exact Data

In irrigation projects water supply is now determined by Government records covering a number of years. Government surveys show the area drained by the streams in question. Government records tell the minimum rainfall.

When fertility is in question, soils are easily analyzed. We may know their constituents, and the size and kind of crops they will raise.

Naturally, men don't reclaim land that isn't remarkably fertile. These lands on the average are the most productive farm lands in America. And the question of crop failure is practically eliminated by the control of water supply.

There are few undertakings where the security of a lien can be more exactly determined than in reclamation projects rightly investigated. The Government itself is spending many millions of dollars on such projects, depending solely on the land for repayment.

Farm Lien Security

Reclamation bonds are secured by first liens on good farm land. In irrigation projects the liens are given by land owners in payment for water rights. The bonded indebtedness rarely exceeds one-fourth the land's value. As the liens are paid off in annual installments the security increases each year

The bonds are additionally secured by a first mortgage on all the property in which the proceeds of the bonds are invested. Thus we combine corporate responsibility and management with farm lien security.

Some Reclamation bonds are issued by organized districts, so the bonds become tax liens. Some are "Carey Act" bonds, where the State supervises the project.

All are serial bonds, so the indebtedness is rapidly reduced. One may get these bonds maturing all the way from one to twenty years. The denominations are $100, $500 and $1,000. The interest rate is six per cent.

These bonds have become the most popular bonds that we handle. In our estimation it is hard to conceive of any more inviting security.

Ask For Information

Reclamation bonds combine safety with fair interest rate. They appeal to all investors, small and large. Please ask us to send you a new book of facts which we now have in preparation. Cut out this coupon lest you forget.

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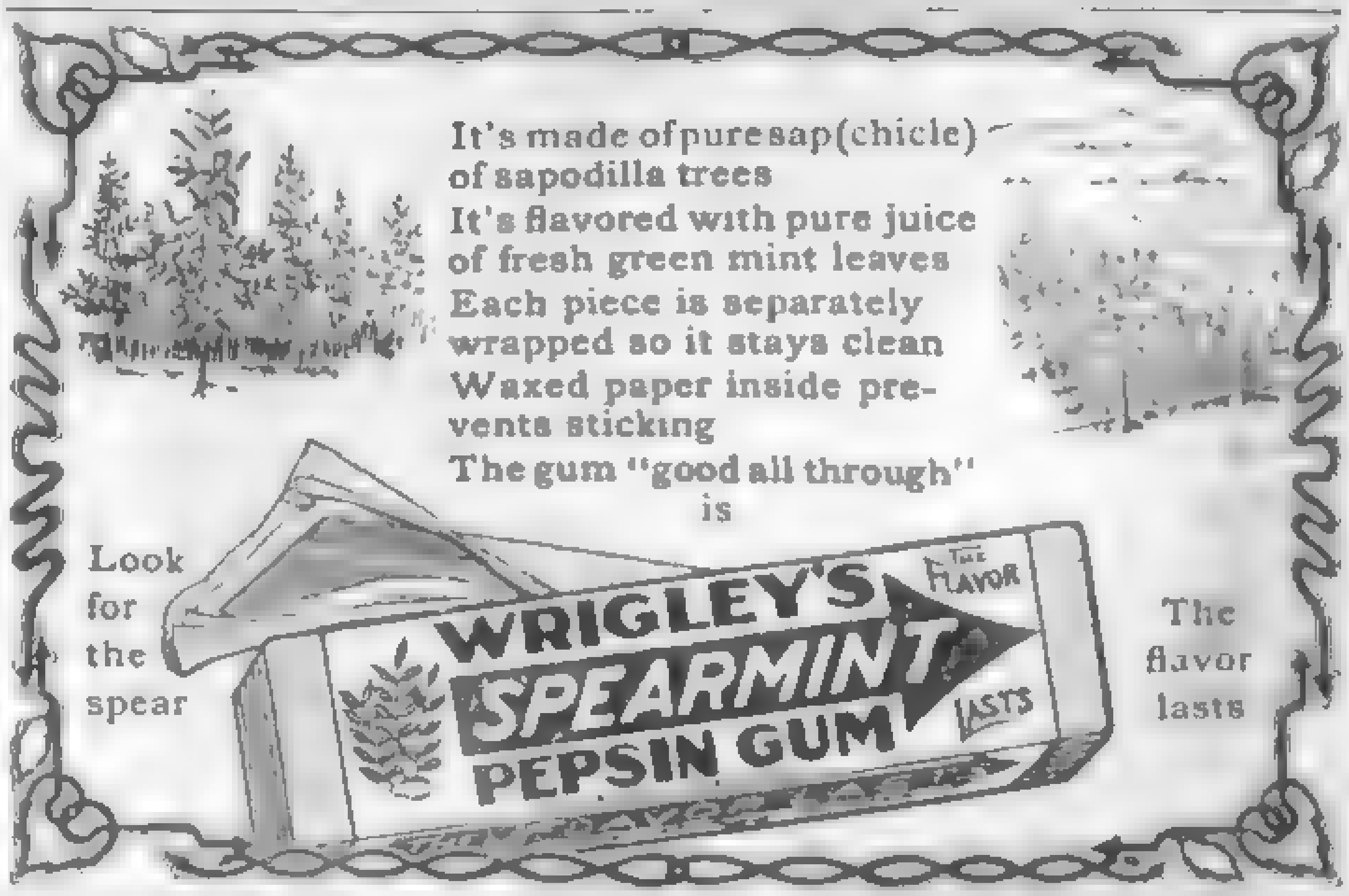

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The Senator's Secretary

POSTMASTER-GENERAL Hitchcock has his troubles. One of them is a large President named William H. Taft. When an agile and active young P.-M.-G., who was a political manager before a campaign that resulted in the nomination of the person he was politically managing and who was a political director during a campaign that resulted in the election of the person he was directing, having made various pledges and promises for support needed and acquired, tries to fulfill those promises and pledges with a President who "loathes patronage" the result is bound to be woe on one side and weariness on the other.

Naturally, when Hitchcock was scurrying for convention votes for Taft he got those convention votes by making certain pledges of patronage to the men who could deliver them. If a man in a state—any state—could control a convention and deliver a few Taft delegates to Chicago, warranted sound in wind and limb and guaranteed to stand without hitching, and that man in a state—any state—thought he would look well decorating the office of collector of internal revenue or of customs or as a marshal or as a postmaster, and while not making any demands should intimate to a campaign manager that such was the case, perchance the campaign manager, anxious to get the delegates, would promise to see what could be done about these ambitions after the successful outcome of the endeavor.

That is what happened. There have been instances where men delivered delegates without hope of reward in the shape of offices for themselves and their friends. There have been such instances, but they are so few they belong in the scattering column. Politics is a game of give and take—give as little as you can and take all you can get. The ordinary patriot who has or can get delegates gets them for one of two reasons. Either he has a job and wants to keep it, or he hasn't a job and wants to get one. If there ever was a man who played politics without an ulterior motive his name is not enrolled in the records. Anyhow, it wouldn't be politics he played. It would be old maid.

Hitchcock, in garnering his delegates and in garnering Taft's election as chairman of the Republican National Committee, had to make promises. His patriots would not perform without them. It is all very well and high-sounding for a man who has been elected to say he made no promises or pledges. He has been elected and can say it then; but there never was a man elected to anything worth while who did not have to make some arrangements with those who gave him their support—with the leaders, I mean, not with the rank and file. That goes with our system of politics. It is a part of it. It may be sordid, but it exists.

The Unhappiness of Hitchcock

In many instances the man for whom the promises are made, after he has been elected, thinks his election was a dispensation of Providence, and forgets. He deludes himself into thinking his intrinsic merit won for him. This has not happened to Hitchcock. His chief is willing enough to make good, but he doesn't like to be bothered with it. When it comes to patronage President Taft is a great *mañana* artist. He can put off consideration of offices longer and with better grace than any man who has been in the White House in years. The scramble for place makes him tired. He never had to scramble very much for any of his places, and he doesn't understand about it. Hitchcock, who does understand about it and who is flat up against it, has had a most unhappy year as Postmaster-General.

Now, that word unhappy is used in a broad and general sense. Personally, Hitchcock is not unhappy. At least he should not be. When a young man starts in in the Government service as a biologist at a few dollars a year and, before he is in the middle forties, gets to be chairman of the Republican National Committee and Postmaster-General, he has every reason for personal happiness. What I mean by being unhappy is that Hitchcock is politically unhappy. He is trying the best he can to get the places his clamoring henchmen want, but almost every time he dashes impetuously against the President he is dashed back, not so impetuously, perhaps, but effectually, and told to come around another day. The President has no idea of repudiating any of Hitchcock's arrangements, but he wants to take his time about ratifying them. As it is, Hitchcock has got in some of his men, but any day you choose to go down to the Post-Office Department you can find lean and hungry statesmen and patriots waiting outside the P.-M.-G.'s office for a chance to go in and inquire the precise time when they will be connected with the payroll.

The Postmaster-General cannot tell these anxious inquirers that it is his chief who is procrastinating. He has to make the best of it, and, in many instances, the best isn't very good. Thus, there are many stories afloat that Hitchcock isn't coming across as he should, that he is not taking care of his people, that he is hard to see, that nobody can get to him; and Hitchcock has to listen to these stories with a sad, sweet smile, and all he can say is that he is doing the best he can. Hence, this is a doing-the-best-it-can Administration. Mr. Taft said, in his little sidewinder at the press in his Newark speech, that he is doing the best he can, and, certainly, Hitchcock is doing that same. So are we all. "Don't shoot the piano-player," ran the legend in the mining-camp dance hall, and you know the rest.

The Seven-Cent Fable

At that, the Postmaster-General isn't so swift. It took him a long time to get out of his system that reply to the publishers about his proposed increase in the postage rates on second-class mail matter, and when it did come out it was more of a special plea than a reply. The trouble with the Postmaster-General on that second-class postage business is that he inherited a hoodoo. Away back in the days when Charles Emory Smith was Postmaster-General some clerk or other strolled into the Postmaster-General's office and told Mr. Smith it cost a whole heap more than a cent a pound to carry and distribute second-class matter. Whereupon, Mr. Smith fixed it in his own mind that seven cents a pound, instead of one cent, would be a proper figure and so recommended. Postmasters-General are frequent episodes in our Government. We have new ones very frequently. We have had ten in the last twenty years, each one striving, in his little term, to master the tremendous and intricate problems of the greatest business institution in the world.

Succeeding Postmasters-General took a hack at this business, using Mr. Smith's figures and expanding or contracting, as the case might have been. When the Penrose-Overstreet Postal Commission had its hearings Mr. Smith was asked where he found the figures on which he based his recommendation for a seven-cent rate. Mr. Smith was out of office at that time and couldn't remember much about it, but the figures hung on, just the same. Whereupon, the Postal Commission put a force of expert accountants into the Post-Office Department and kept them there for seven or eight months, at a cost of seventy-five thousand dollars, and those accountants couldn't find anything to justify such an increase in the rate of second-class postage, and so reported. The Postal Commission, in its bill, did not change the rate.

However, this is a diversion from what I started out to say. It proves that all Postmasters-General think alike. The real object of these few remarks was to show that the Postmaster-General, as political expert of this Administration, is not having such a grand and glorious time, owing to certain circumstances over which he has no control, one being W. H. Taft, and to lead up to the plan of the Administration, as lately set forth, to discipline the insurgents in the House and Senate by declaring them no Republicans and by depriving them of patronage if they dare to oppose the so-called Taft policy measures in Congress.

It is a job of some magnitude to read a man out of a party. Individuals rarely accomplish it. The task properly belongs to the people, who are responsible for the man who is to be disciplined. The mere fact that the President and the Postmaster-General and the leaders of the Republican

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party in Congress do not think a man is a Republican does not de-Republicanize that man. Like as not, the man in question does not think the President or the Postmaster-General or the leaders in the House and Senate are Republicans, and while his opinion may not have the circulation or the from-high-quarters trademark as does the opinion of those opposing him, it has just as much authority.

The only correct definition of what is a Republican or what is a Democrat is the opinion the people deliver at the polls. If a man is at variance with a wing of his party, and every party seems to have as many wings as a flock of pigeons, he isn't necessarily without that party until he puts the proposition up to the people back home. If they refuse to elect him on the ground that he is or is not a Democrat or a Republican that settles it, although it cannot change the personal ideas of the man himself, who can go on calling himself a Republican or a piece of custard pie or anything else, so long as he breaks no laws.

If the report is true that President Taft has been advised to go after the insurgents by depriving them of patronage, by reading them out of the party of which he is the titular head, it would be a good thing for Mr. Taft to change his advisers. I know of no surer way to help reëlect an insurgent than by trying to read him out of the party at Washington, to harass him, to deprive him of patronage, to say he is not a Republican. There are mighty few Congressional districts in this country where the people would not resent this procedure, and where they would not show their resentment at the polls by sending back the man whom the powers at Washington tried to destroy.

Back to the Kindergarten

I do not know who is responsible for this plan of reprisal, but I do know that those who are responsible for it should be sent back to the kindergarten of politics and taught their political A, B, C's over again. The scheme isn't worthy of a grown man, much less of men who have grown up in politics, like Aldrich and Crane and Cannon and Hitchcock and the rest. If I were an insurgent I would ask nothing better than a certified statement that Crane and Aldrich and Cannon and Hitchcock, or Taft, even, had declared that I was not a Republican. It would be a certificate of election in any insurgent district I have been in, and I have been in most of them.

The trouble with the men who are advising this reprisal is that they all, with the exception of Cannon, know very little about the temper and the habit of thought of the people in the West, where most of the insurgents live, and Cannon is behind the political times. Crane and Hitchcock are from Massachusetts, and Aldrich from Rhode Island, for example. That sort of thing might work in their country, but it will not work in the West. It is puerile.

Meantime, it becomes more and more apparent that the man who is getting to be the real reactionary power in the Senate is Senator Crane, of Massachusetts. This silent, affable little man, in his few years in the Senate, has shown such a genius for organization that if Aldrich should step out tomorrow I am of the opinion Crane would instantly become the real leader of the Senate. He never appears on the surface, but he is big now and growing rapidly.

There can be no objection to the leaders in Congress, at the direction of the President, opposing to the last ditch all amendments offered and urged by the insurgents to the measures the President wants made into law, such as the railroad bill, the conservation bills, the injunction bill and others. That is fair legislative practice. But when it comes to the announcement that efforts of the insurgents to amend the bills will be considered unfriendly, un-Republican and hostile to the Administration and, accordingly, punished in the only way punishment can be meted out—which is the withdrawal of favor and patronage, and by virtual if not actual reading out of the party—why, then it is time for the Fool Killer to begin operations.

Meantime, did it ever occur to you that the allies of the President in Congress, the men with whom he consults and who are supposed to be doing things for him, in each individual instance opposed him for the nomination for President and fought him to the last, even going so far as to try to get Roosevelt to agree to a stampede of the convention for himself, Roosevelt, whom they all hated? Look over the list.

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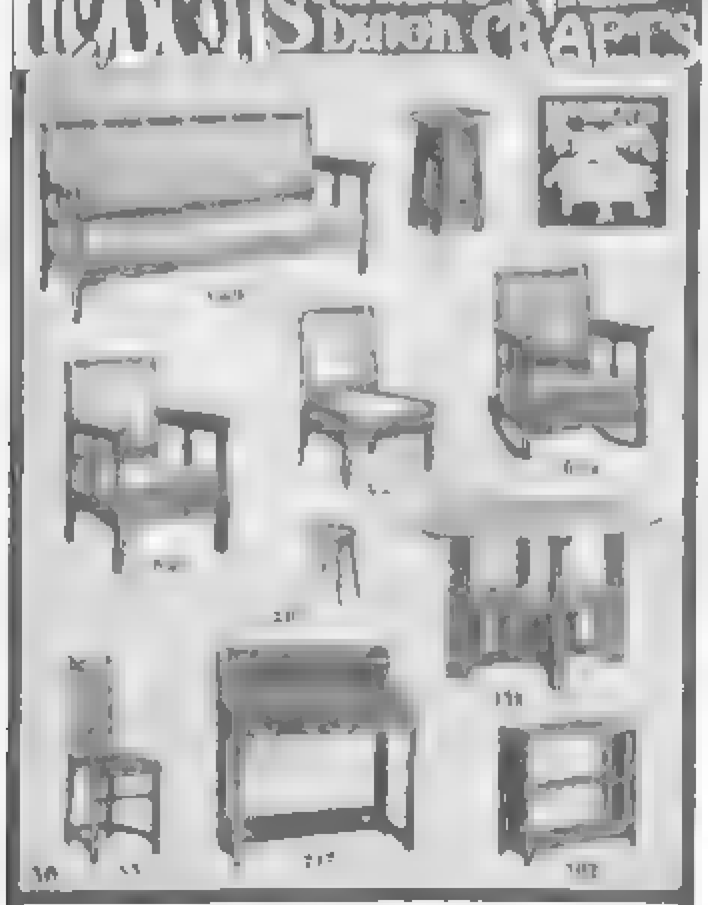

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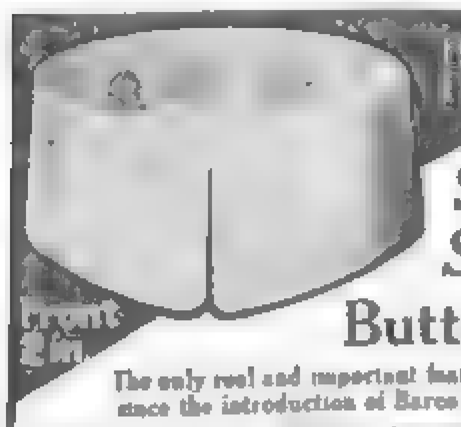

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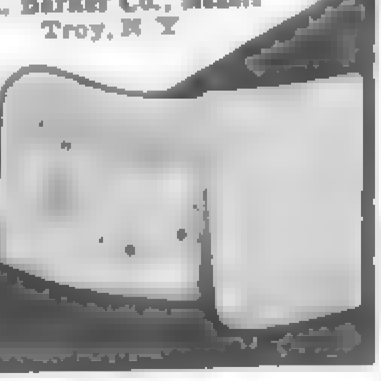

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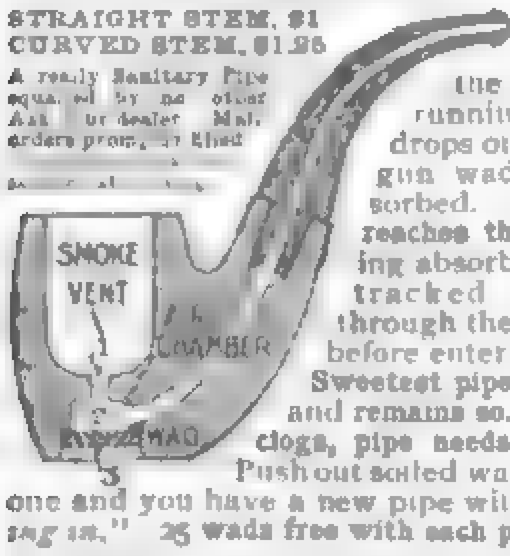

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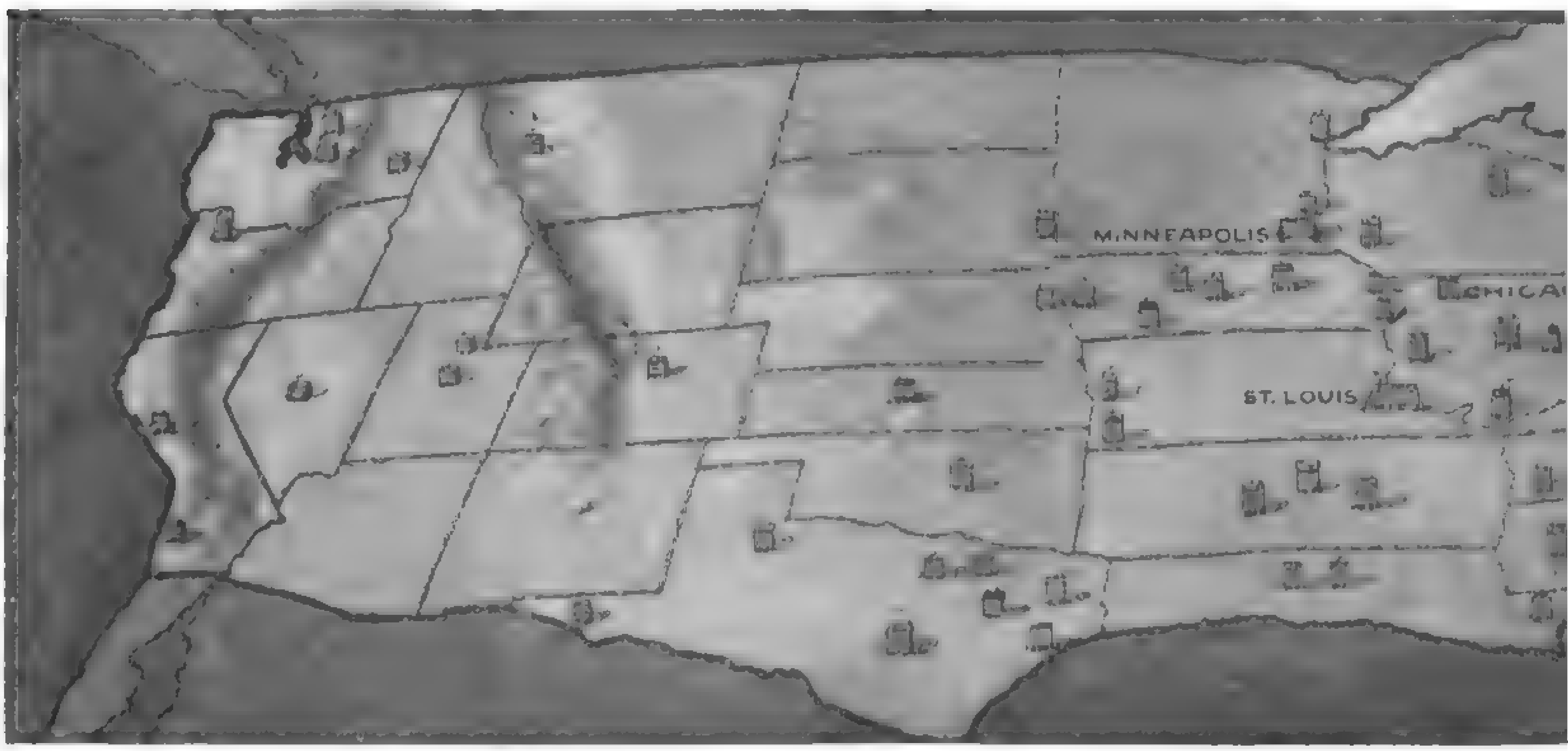

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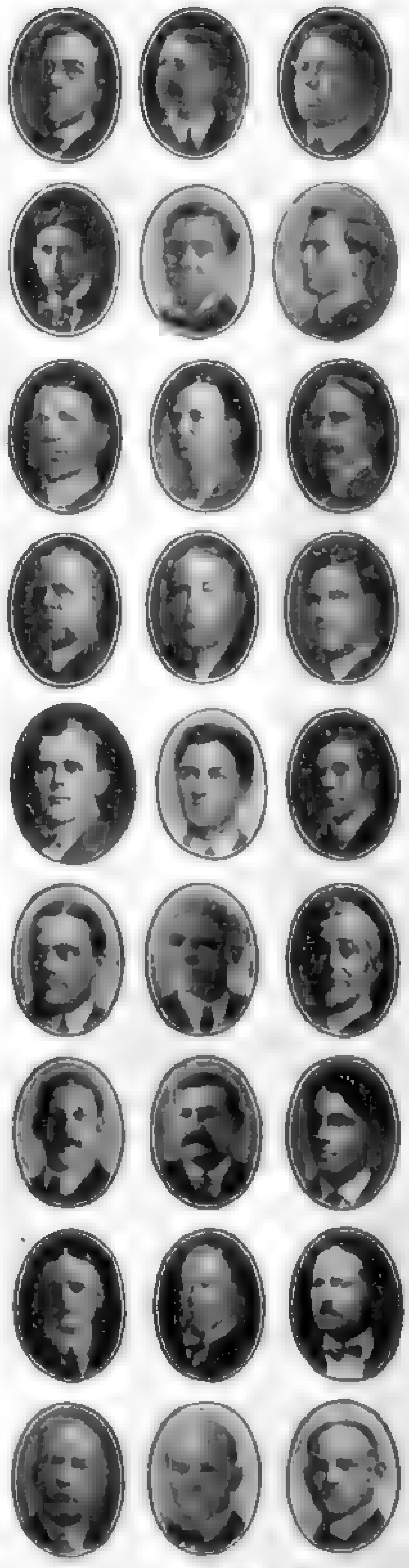

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(Continued from Page 17)

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You may listen for the clatter of the telegraph key in this superintendent's house and be entirely disappointed.

"I should have poor system if I had to listen to all the gossip of the wire," he tells you quietly. "We've organization on this stretch of line," he says; this with a bit of pride. "We have men and we have system. My trainmasters are in effect assistant superintendents; they are expected to organize beneath them."

Watch this sort of man—he is the kind that American railroading is hungry for today. Of him the big executives are being made each year. He enters his office in the morning and gets a few brief reports of the situation on the line—first weather, then congestion conditions in the big yards. After that he talks over the long-distance telephone with the general manager, four hundred miles away. He gives a summary of the situation to headquarters, just as the summaries came in to him from his trainmasters at junctions and terminals. He holds the telephone receiver for a minute. The telephone is rapidly coming into general railroad use since the telegraphers made Congress pass a bill limiting their working-hours to eight each day.

Presidential Specials

His sunshiny office is at ground level—the main-line tracks pass close to its windows. As he rises to his feet to change his position a long time-freight is rumbling by. There is a brakie on the top of the caboose and he salutes the boss—with a smile.

The superintendent salutes—with a smile. It is the regular salute of the railroad army, only this salute is different from that of other armies—not from superior to inferior, but from equal to equal. The superintendent must read that in your mind, for he says: "In a dozen years that boy may be crowding me for my job."

The telephone calls him. He hangs up the receiver and speaks to his chief clerk.

"W. H. T. is coming up the line this afternoon. Tell the boys not to get rattled," he says.

That is all. The passage of the President of the United States over his three-hundred miles of well-ordered track makes no flutter in this superintendent's heart. If it were Europe the troops would be drawn out, all other trains brought to a standstill, pilot engines run in advance of the royal train, a powwow over the railroading of nobility. But it is not Europe, it is this blessed United States; partly blessed because it differs so excessively from Europe.

Only the military aides of the President lament the informality of his travel. Some time since a certain great executive was making the familiar loop throughout the West. The superintendent of a division of line the far side of the Missouri was a worrier and was personally watching the progress. In order to facilitate rear platform oratory the President's cars were placed at the rear of a train that hardly ranked as express. Between towns the delays grew frequent, and some one protested to the superintendent.

"Lookyhere, sir," he said stiffly; "why don't you let these other trains up the line

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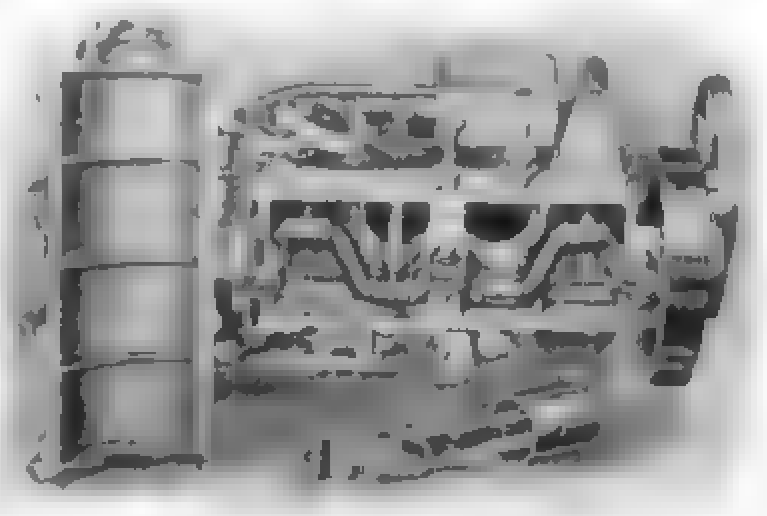
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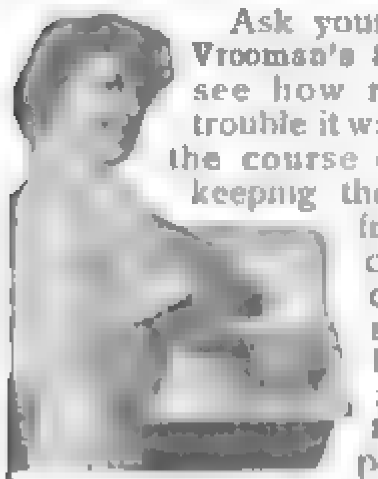

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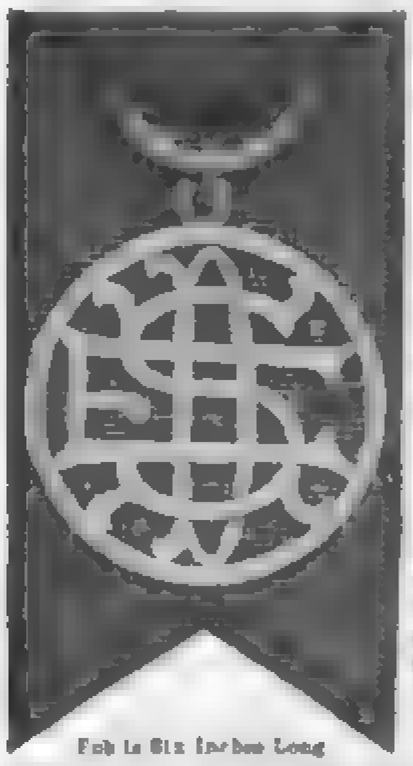

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wait?"—the division was single track. "You know this is the President's train."

A twinkle came into that superintendent's eye.

"You're wrong," he said in the positive tones of a real executive. "This is not the President's special. This is train number sixty-seven of the B—— main line and she hasn't many more rights on the time-card than a gravel limited. Now, if you were snitching along on our crackerjack Nippon Limited—there's some train, sir. They wouldn't lay her out. She's double-extra, first-class all the way through to the coast."

The point of that was not lost.

An instance of a different sort occurred some years ago when Mr. Roosevelt, then Governor, went up into northern New York to make a speech. The superintendent of the old Black River Road was pretty proud of his stretch of line and invited the Governor to ride in his neat inspection engine.

"Dee-lighted!" said he of the gleaming teeth, and he climbed up into the big cab. The superintendent wondered what he'd think of that nifty stretch of track just north of Lowville. Roosevelt never thought. As soon as he was settled in the cab he picked a well-thumbed copy of Carlyle's French Revolution out of pocket and read it every inch of the way from Utica to Watertown. The Republican party had to worry along thereafter without that superintendent's vote.

. . . .

Buffalo is no mean principality in the railroad world—it is nearly a kingdom in itself. For years there reigned there a man who was entitled by every virtue of the word to be called superintendent. They called him the "lion" and did not misuse that word, either.

When the Real Prince Came

But time aged the man, and the day came when the clerks in his outer office began to talk in whispers—they were having the audacity to wonder who the new prince would be. Two men thought that they were capable—one an assistant superintendent in the great yard at East Buffalo, the other holding similar rank over at Rochester. Each of these men was prepared to assume greater honor, to sit in command at the lion's great desk.

That old fellow sat aloof. His ears were not too deaf to hear the whisperings of his clerks in the outer office, and sometimes when one of them would creep in upon him unawares he would find the lion sitting alone there, head in hands, holding the fort.

The two assistant superintendents locked horns over one great question. It was not operation that set them at odds—not a vexing practical question of how some congested yard might be lanced so that traffic should flow the more freely or a main-line section be aided to give a greater daily tonnage. Nothing of that sort.

A new pony inspection engine, with an observation-room built forward over the boiler—just the sort that Colonel Roosevelt had once used as a reading-room—was to be built for the division, and each assistant thought that he needed that engine for the dignity of his job. Each in turn went before the lion and stated his claims for the possession of the pretty toy. The old man listened with grave dignity. A week later he sent down to the master mechanic at the big Depew shops and had him deliver a brand-new handcar, with his compliments, to each.

The pony engine went into the roundhouse until the real prince should come. Then he sat long hours alone at his desk once more.

Finally they brought a man to him, a fine, upstanding man. The lion rose from his comfortable old chair and gave greeting to the newcomer.

"I'm glad to see you," was all he said, but of the general manager, who had come up from New York, his eyes seem to ask: "You've brought the right man here at last?" He turned to the stranger.

"Would you like a pony engine to get over the division?" was his question.

"I'm willing to go to hell-and-gone in a caboose," laughed the stranger.

The old superintendent grasped him by the hand.

"Thank God, they've sent a real man to be superintendent at Buffalo!" was all he said—the only recognition that he gave to one who since has become one of the master railroaders of America. But in that moment the act of succession had been consummated.

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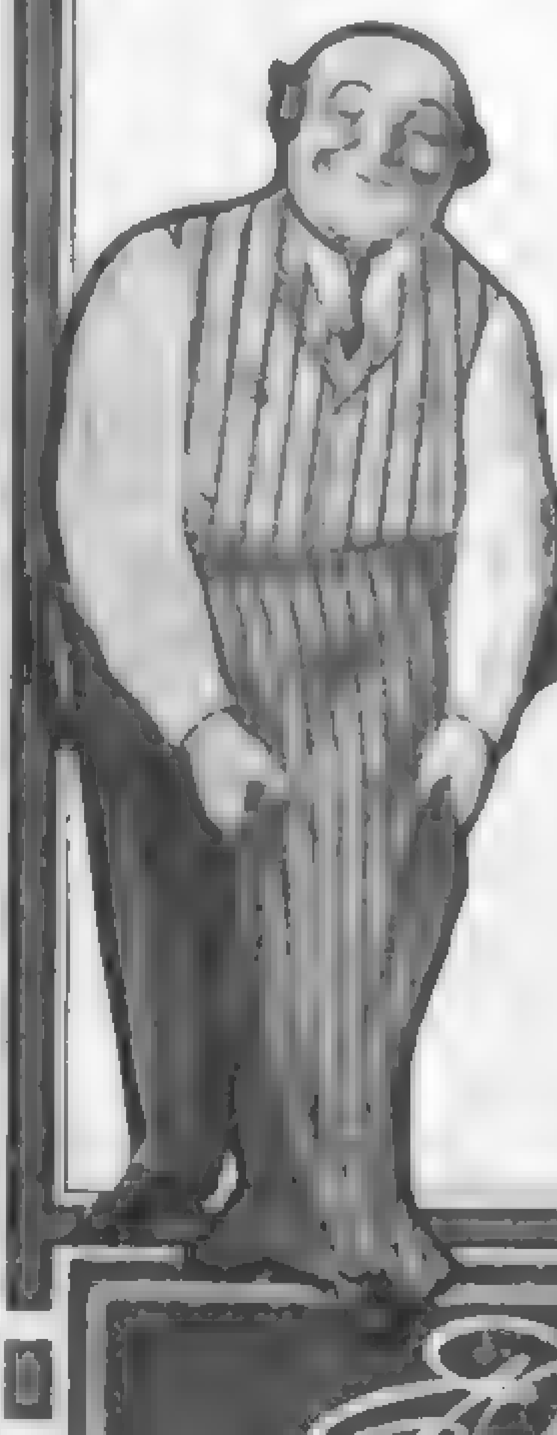

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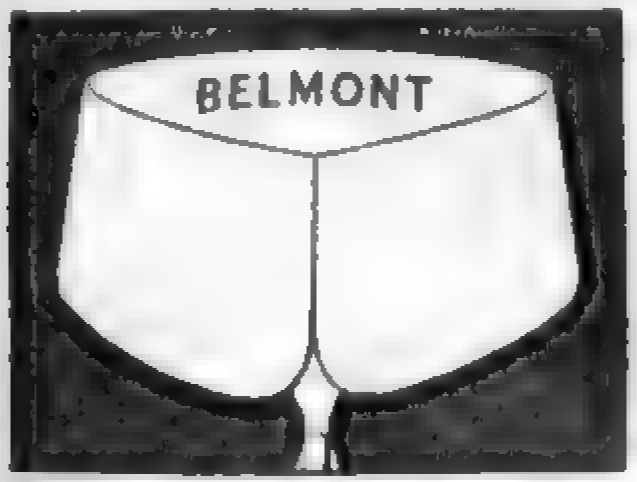

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America's Greatest Feeding Farm

(Continued from Page 22)

and canned and fresh fruits and vegetables in their season are bought by the wholesale and hauled out to the farms. Every man gets all he wants of everything, even to the fourth helping.

As nearly as he can figure it, the cost to Mr. Rankin of housing and feeding each man in his employ is three dollars a week. The alarm-clocks on the Rankin farms raise their strident voices at four in the morning—and no beauty-sleeps or cat-naps allowed! The men turn out on the minute and harness and water their teams—the feed-troughs are always kept full by the barnman—and by that time breakfast is steaming on the table. Then comes the day's work.

All the work animals are looked after with the most scrupulous care. The moment a horse or a mule with a sore shoulder or a lame foot is spotted it is taken out of the harness and given a lay-off and the treatment that it needs. There are always plenty of extra teams and harnesses for emergencies of this kind. Not as a matter of calculation, but rather of oversight or default, little attention is paid on the Rankin farms to the breeding of horses or mules. The land and the crops so dominate the activities of this great enterprise that there is little time or thought for secondary matters, however worthy of consideration they may be. Farming here is done on such a wholesale basis that, in the words of Mr. Rankin, "there is no time to bother with breeding or things of that sort; and, anyway, mules and horses can always be bought about as cheaply as they can be raised." No veterinary is regularly on the pay-roll of Mr. Rankin, but whenever one is needed he is promptly called from the village—which is only another way of saying that the leading veterinary of Tarkio is a very prosperous individual.

The Work of the Cattlemen

The cattle are cared for, on each farm, by one man who has "cattle sense." Invariably he is a man who likes cattle and is gifted with the knack of "knowing" them. If a steer were to be slipped out of his feed-lot overnight this man would instantly note his absence on making the rounds in the morning, and he has a quick eye and a subtle sense for detecting any change in the condition of his cattle before it would be apparent to the eye of the average onlooker. He does little else than shovel ear corn and cottonseed meal into the feed-bunks of the steers and keep a watchful eye over the herds of cattle and the droves of hogs. Especial vigilance is at all times required in order to protect the swine against that always imminent scourge, the cholera. The moment a dead hog is found in the feeding-yard its carcass is immediately burned and all trash about the lot is raked into heaps and reduced to ashes. Salt and ashes are constantly kept in ground-boxes. Any animal that shows the slightest symptom of the cholera is promptly isolated and the hypodermic syringe brought into play. Mr. Rankin has seen years in which he has not turned out more than 14,000 hogs, but it is his rule and aim each year to finish not fewer than 25,000 porkers. In the matter of cattle his low mark is 13,000 steers ready for the block; but here, again, his calculation is to increase this number by several thousand and when he fails he feels that he has not done a year's full work.

All seeding, cultivation and harvesting are done under the eye of the foreman, who acts under the intimate supervision of Mr. Rankin. It is a cardinal rule of the management to let the requirements of the corn crop take precedence over all other considerations. For example, if the small grain on Number One needed cutting at the moment when the work of corn-plowing was most urgent and opportune an effort would be made to draft an extra force of men and machines for the grain-harvesting from some near farm which could spare them from the cornfields. But if either crop were to suffer or take the chances of delay on Number One it would be the small grain, not the corn.

Once a month each foreman enters appearance at Mr. Rankin's eight-by-twelve office back of the First National Bank in Tarkio, and hands in his time-book showing the name of each man on the pay-roll of

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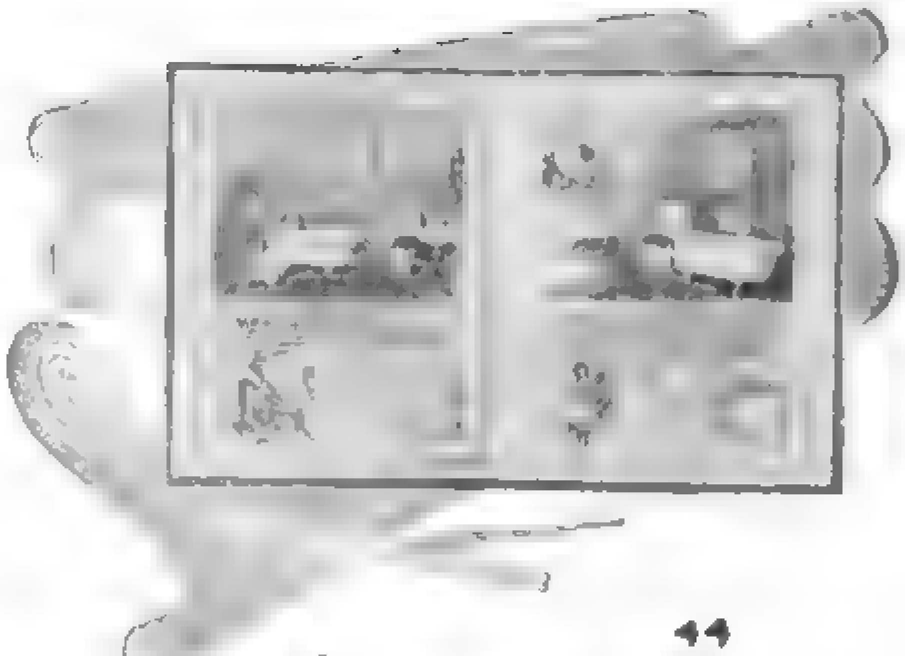

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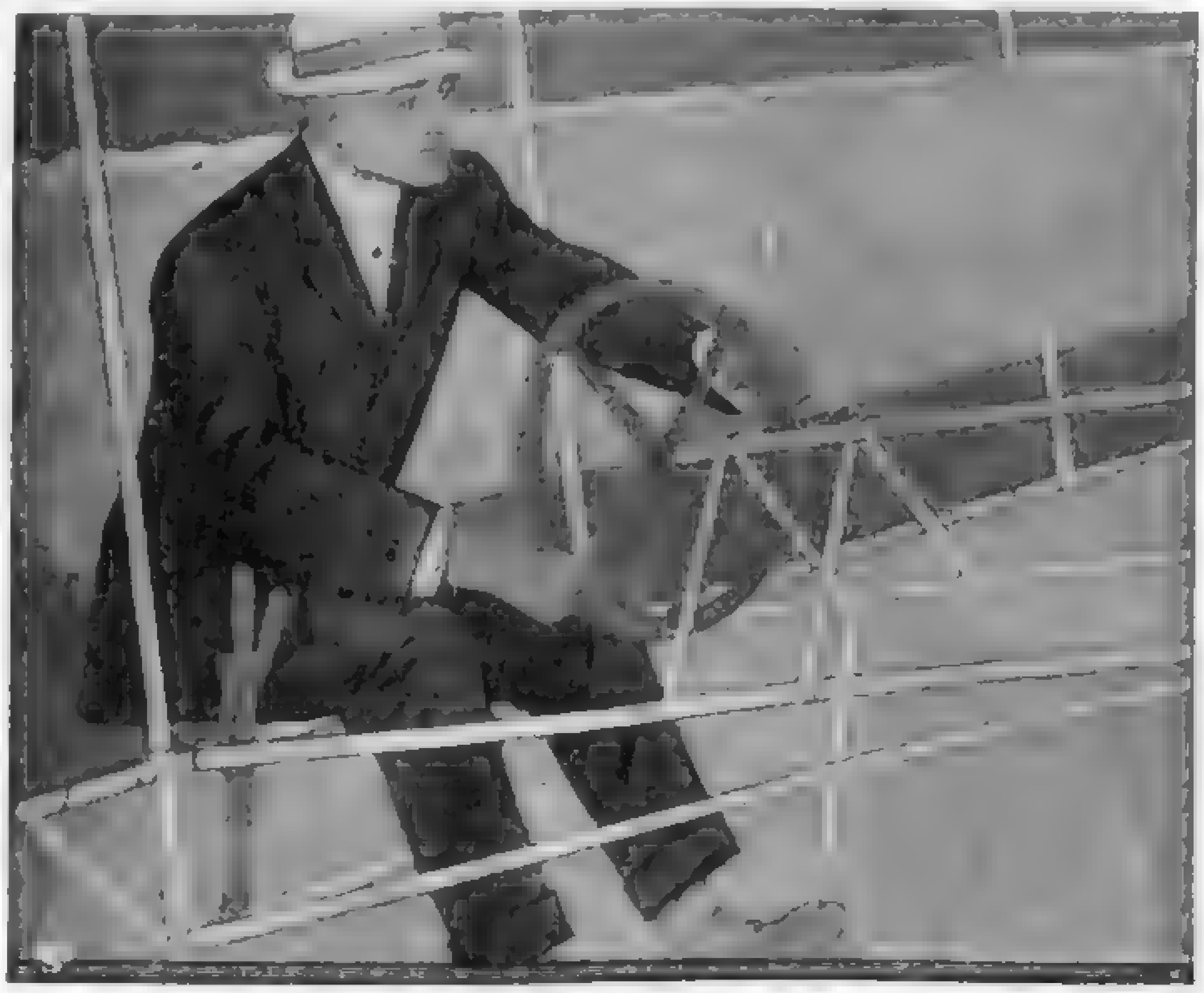

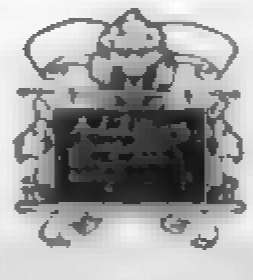

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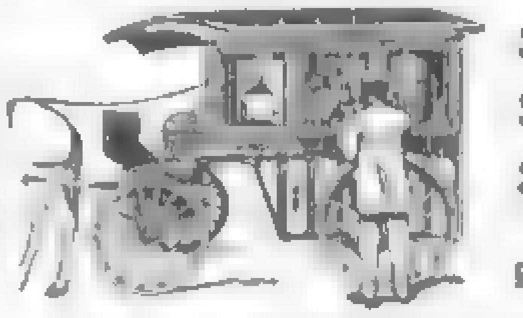

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his farm and the wage due him. Then and there one secretary enters these data in a report-book, while the other makes out the checks and Mr. Rankin signs them. All the farms have the same pay-night, and as there are at least two hundred and fifty hands on the payroll, and all of them waiting on the outside for their checks, the occasion is generally lively and picturesque. September 1 is the end of the business year of the great Rankin system of farms, and then a summary of the pay-reports is charged up to the respective ranches, along with the cost of kitchen supplies, harness repairs, implements and all other equipment and items of expense. The salaries of the foremen, the cook and the cook's helpers go down against the ranch's general expense. All expense chargeable against Number One, for example, is divided by the acreage of that farm, without regard to whether a third or a half of its acres have been in corn. The credits from that ranch are from three sources only: the sale of cattle, the sale of hogs and the sale of old or surplus mules or horses. No grain is ever sold! No crops of any kind are ever sold. These sale transactions are always made in Chicago, St. Joseph, Missouri, Kansas City, Omaha, or some other big livestock markets, and the records of the transactions are on file in the office, as are the records of the first cost of the cattle and the hogs.

The difference between expense and credits is again divided by the acreage of that particular ranch, so that the profits—or the very rare losses—are apportioned per acre. Results are the only things that count in Mr. Rankin's bookkeeping, and no footnotes of "bad break in cattle market," "hog cholera scourge," "drought," or "flood" are found to shed excusing light upon the bad showing. But one or more of these misfortunes is always responsible wherever a farm shows a loss. However, this happens so infrequently as to be a decided novelty.

Uncle David has no cocksure rule for buying feeding stock—no ideal steer that is a sure winner. He looks at this matter philosophically and seems to trust as much to instinct as to cold calculation—in which he differs little from many, perhaps most, successful buyers of feeding cattle.

How the Hogs are Handled

"Sometimes steers that look good turn out badly," he remarks, "but I try to get good-boned and good-colored cattle that are well matured and in fair flesh. It is a mistake to get cattle that are too young."

While each farm has a full complement of hoghouses and a man especially detailed to look after the breeding of hogs, it is comparatively seldom that any farm in Mr. Rankin's system is able to raise pigs enough to follow the steers that are fattened on it—and the number of steers is, of course, regulated mainly by the amount of corn which its acres have produced. Therefore, to make up the quota, he sends a hog-buyer into southern Missouri and Arkansas to pick up the required number of barrows, which are turned into the feed-lots along with the native-bred pigs. But, of course, all the sows that can be spared from the business of following the steers and picking up their waste are taken out for breeding purposes. No attention is paid to breeding fine swine. Any likely male is taken into service and, after one or two breeding seasons, is fattened for the market. The sows, however, are kept as long as possible. But the demands of the feed-lot are insatiable. Even under this broad-gauge system it is seldom that Mr. Rankin has hogs enough to go round and utilize the waste of the feeding lot. In winter all the hogs run with the cattle. Corn is seldom fed directly to the swine. The exception to this rule is when the hog market is phenomenally high and the quota of cattle on hand is low. He has never yet seen the time when he had too many hogs, or even enough. He declares that two hogs to one steer on full feed will get fat from the waste without a pound of direct feeding.

On the question of condition powders and hog-cholera cures Mr. Rankin is both a pessimist and a stoic. In his mind, a hog has more than a family resemblance to a gasoline engine—it gets out of gear and goes to pieces, or gets out of gear and rights itself, and no man is the wiser as to the whys and wherefores of either result.

As to the science of steer-feeding, Uncle David is a man of few theories. He admits that he has had a heap of good practical help from the United States Department of

STEARNS & FOSTER MATTRESS

Four Grades of Superiority

Anchor Grade	Windsor Grade	Lenox Grade	Style "A"
$10.50	$13.50	$16.00	$22.50

IT'S not by any patented process that determines the comfort or wearing qualities of a mattress. It's the *quality* of *cotton* used *inside the mattress* and the experience in handling and knowing the particular kinds of cotton suitable for making the most comfortable and serviceable mattresses, at the least cost. And this is just why our experience of over 60 years in the manufacture of cotton products on a very large scale, our ability to purchase the raw materials at a considerable saving in cost to you—the magnitude of our business over any others—all mean to you a superior mattress at considerably less expense.

Comfortable—Durable and Sanitary

A Stearns & Foster Mattress is soft, yet firm; half yields to your figure, yet supports it in perfect relaxation. We allow every purchaser of a Stearns & Foster Mattress to try it for 60 nights. We allow you two months of greatest comfort. If after *that* you are not entirely satisfied with it, your money will be promptly refunded, either by your dealer or us. More than this—at no time do we ask you to buy on faith. The *inside* of many mattresses sold as "Felt" or "Cotton Felt" is a dark secret. Neither you nor your *dealer knows* what is in them. You both must "trust" that it is the same as you see in the pretty open-end sample, or as represented.

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Stearns & Foster Mattresses are sold by leading furniture and department stores everywhere. If not at your dealer's, don't accept a substitute—write us, and your mattress will be sent same day your check, postal or money order is received. We guarantee safe delivery.

CAUTION Our name and grade on silk label at end of every mattress—don't accept unless on mattress you get.

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Largest Builders of Cotton-Felt Mattresses in the World

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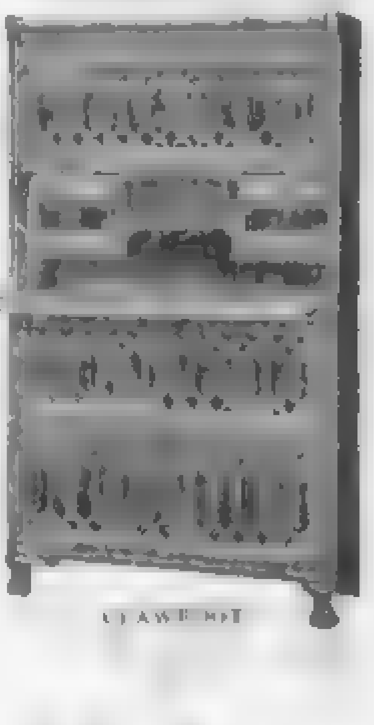

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Florsheim Styles—over 200 in all are so varied that every taste can be suited. The fit is made perfect by "Natural Shape" lasts and "Hugtite" construction.

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Ask your dealer about the Florsheim Shoe or send us $5.25 to cover cost of shoes and express charges, and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

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of finest material and League construction. Natural, deep ball-holding pocket makes the ball stick. 25c to $7.00.

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of special soft, flexible, tanned leather; **already broke.** 25c to $3.50

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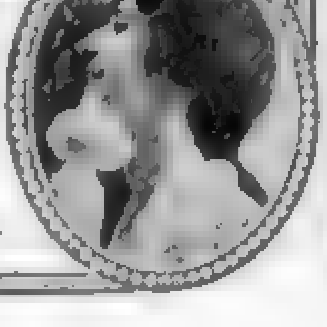

LABLACHE FACE POWDER

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are the women everywhere, whose skin is smooth and velvety, unmarred by the lines of time or by exposure to wind and sun. They are the users of Lablache. [illegible] the fragrant blossom of the youth.

Refuse Substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh White, Pink, or Cream, 50c a box, of druggists or by mail. *Send 10c. for sample box*

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Dept. 48, 125 Kingston St.
Boston, Mass.

Agriculture and from various state experiment stations and colleges. He studies the reports and bulletins of these institutions carefully and then tries out their scientific wisdom on the steer and on the hog. In his experience, some of it works and some of it doesn't—and when it doesn't work he charges the failure to his own inability to give the theory an adequate trial. He once made a brave attempt at getting the business of feeding down fine and working out a scientific balanced ration, but he declares that it involved too much bother and fuss in the weighing and mixing of the feeds and the weighing of the cattle to apply to so big a wholesale feeding business as his, and that "the man who does my feeding works for twenty-five dollars a month and shovels corn and juggles sacks of cottonseed like a stevedore on a Mississippi River steamboat from morning until night, and is lucky if he gets through the job in time for supper. The only science he knows is to keep his muscles moving. There isn't much chance to ring in any science on him, and as his kind of feeding has served me fairly well I don't quite see my way to weighing everything out, as a man with only a small bunch of steers may do to advantage."

In the lexicon of David Rankin, scientific agriculture spells The Preservation of the Land—that and that only.

If Mr. Rankin's system of bookkeeping dealt with anything beyond the broadest general results its showing would be far more interesting and instructive. But it does not. Take the matter of corn yield, for example. The reports of foremen on this score are vague and indefinite. As a matter of fact, thousands of bushels are husked and hauled out of the field to the cattle, and no account is taken of them. Apparently, no corn in the crib is ever measured unless the foreman suspects that a certain field has made a yield of a hundred bushels or more to the acre. Some of Mr. Rankin's fields, in banner years, have yielded as high as one hundred and eighteen bushels to the acre

For the year of 1906 Mr. Rankin's total profits on his eleven ranches in the home system of 23,690 acres were $123,851.58, or an average of $5.22 per acre. He isn't saying what they were in 1909, but he seems to be cheerful about it.

It must be admitted on this showing that the average profit per acre is not high. But in this particular year more than 4000 acres of his corn lands were flooded just when the corn was coming into the ear. The crop, together with the labor expended in fighting the floods, amounting to hundreds of dollars, was all swept away. The expense on those acres that year was great—just as great as if the crop had matured. There were no net proceeds from these lands because there was nothing left on which to fatten cattle or hogs. That expense went into the general budget just the same. Other ranches had to bear the loss in the general distribution.

Mr. Rankin is a firm believer in the reclamation of low lands. This is consistent with his theory that increased land value, rather than crops, is his ultimate aim, his accrued profits and savings. While these drainage improvements have made him great profits in the increase of the value of his lands, above the expense of drainage added to first cost, the reclamation work has not yet had sufficient time in which to demonstrate its full value. These low farms often make much money, because on them a special effort is made to raise pigs and as much corn as may be safely planted. But on lands where only a few years since cattails grew ten feet high and muskrats built their rush houses in water three feet deep, and where, to get drainage, it was necessary to leave the many twisted channels cut by Nature and dig a drainage canal with regular drainage dredges, it is unreasonable to expect that good corn crops may be secured from overflow at once. But when the ditches have eroded enough to bear away the flood waters as they fall there is no doubt that these bottom ranches will leap at once into front rank as profit-makers, for the simple reason that bottom lands are rich and that they neither wash away nor lose their fertility appreciably as do those of the hills.

If Uncle David Rankin ever does get around to make a final clean-up of his undivided land profits, he certainly will have a snug little nestegg! Then is when he will be able to make his real showing, for the land is the basis and the aim of his operations.

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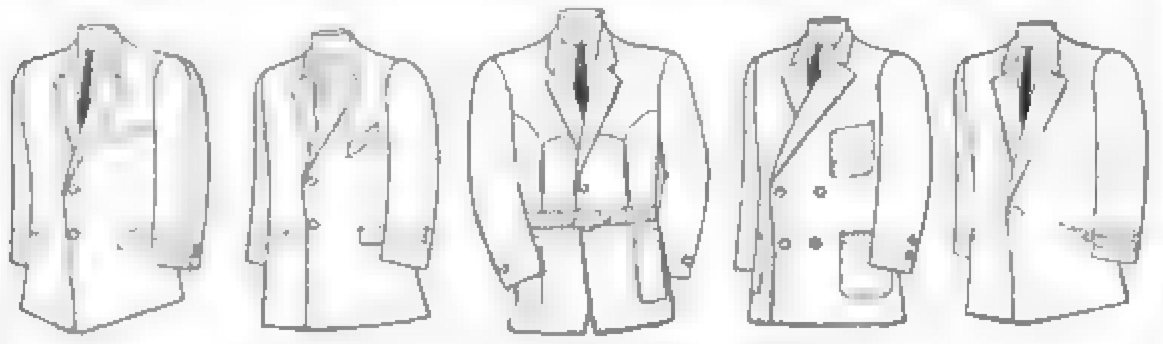

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should be handsome, just as the part which doesn't show should be durable.

Here is an Iron Clad sock that is so beautifully mercerized that pure silk hose could not be more pleasing in finish or coloring. Thrust your hand clear into it and it even *feels* like silk, yet its *wearing* parts are as strong as those of a much heavier sock because they are woven with four-ply Sea Island yarn with the famous Iron Clad "extra twist." We do not believe that such beauty and great durability were ever so perfectly combined as in this

***Handsome* Iron Clad No. 398. Only 25c**

Colors: Light tan, green, mode, wine, Copenhagen blue, dark grey, dark tan, heliotrope, pearl, hunter green, navy blue, black

Won't you try at least one pair of these socks? Your dealer probably keeps them—if not, we will send you as many pairs as you may wish, **prepaid**, if you will state the size and colors you want. Remember, they only cost **25c** a pair.

This sock is illustrated in natural colors in our beautiful catalogue. Write for this catalogue, whether you order socks or not—we gladly mail it free.

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ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, **the antiseptic powder for the feet.** It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. **It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age.** Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for ingrowing nails, perspiring, callous and tired, aching feet. It is always in demand for use in Patent Leather Shoes and for Breaking in New Shoes. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold everywhere, 25c. **Do not accept any Substitute.** Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps

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Eastwood Play Shoe

For the Boy who is Hard on Shoes

$3.75

Sizes 1 to 5

Real smoke tanned leather, unlined. Natural (Chrome gray) color. Both inner and outer soles the best oak tanned leather obtainable. The shoe is outing cut, laces low in front. Seamless, easy and very pliable. Spring heel, made with an arch to the last that gives full support to the foot.

Good for all forms of play and recreation. Always comfortable.

Eastwood Play Shoe does not become har[illegible] Cleans easily with soap and water. Doesn' [illegible] Stands all kinds of wear and still looks good.

Very econom cal — for they will wear longer than any ordinary shoe

Youths' sizes, 10 to 13½, $3.25
Boys' sizes, 1 to 5, . . 3.75
Men's sizes, 6 to 10, . . 4.25

Above prices include delivery

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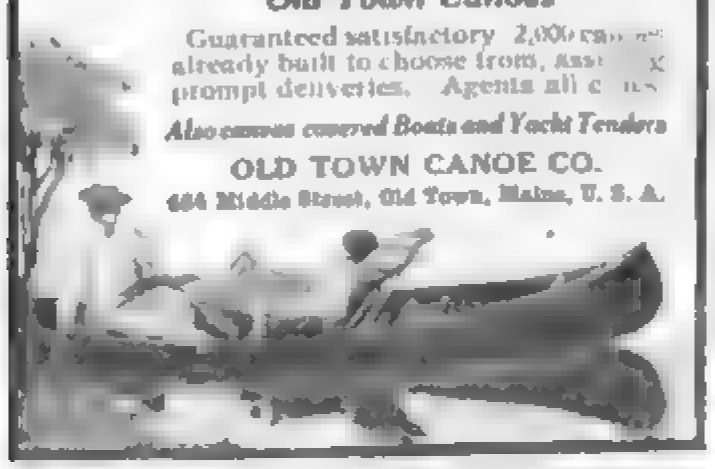
The Home of Good Shoemaking



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You can learn all about this p[illegible] sport and see pictures of real cano[illegible] beautiful free booklet depicting in use the

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The booklet shows pictures of canoeing scenes from Maine to California — actual instances of the healthful, happy pleasure in this sport and pastime — as *enjoyable* and as *safe* as gondoliering in Venice.

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Also canvas covered Boats and Yacht Tenders

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
404 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

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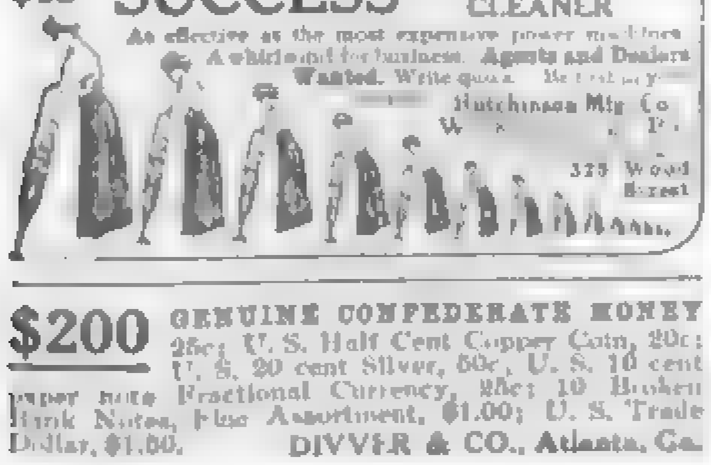
on six months' Certificates of Deposit. The man who deposits at 3% loses two-thirds of his income. Write for information.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Established 1883
BILLINGS, MONTANA

One of the oldest and largest banks in the State.



$15 SUCCESS HAND VACUUM CLEANER

As effective as the most expensive power machines. A whirlwind for business. Agents and Dealers Wanted. Write quick. [illegible]

Hutchinson Mfg Co. [illegible]
323 Wood Street

$200 GENUINE CONFEDERATE MONEY 25c; U. S. Half Cent Copper Coin, 20c; U. S. 20 cent Silver, 60c, U. S. 10 cent paper note Fractional Currency, 25c; 10 Broken Bank Notes, Fine Assortment, $1.00; U. S. Trade Dollar, $1.00. DIVVER & CO., Atlanta, Ga.

THE REBELLION OF KITTY BELL

(Concluded from Page 19)

squatted on the steps, his head resting against a post, and Uncle Hank pulled on a cold pipe and gloomed at the cañon's walls, casting back in memory to the brave days of free range. As they sat thus a rider dogtrotted down the plains trail, and Jed Hildreth dropped to the ground at the veranda steps.

Uncle Hank got up with a grunt and entered the house.

"Good-evenin', Miz Lisby," said Jed politely. "Howdy, Joe? Say, Miz Lisby, we're goin' to get up a surprise party for Bud Parker an' Sally Jo — yes, they'll hitch up next week. I knew you-all was friends. Kin you an' Joe come?"

"Sure," said Lisby heartily. His wife smiled at Hildreth and nodded brightly in return.

When Jed had ridden away on his social mission Mrs. Lisby remained with her hands folded in her lap, the musing smile still on her lips. She flushed, and once or twice, when she looked at her husband, she trembled.

"Joe," she said softly, breaking the quiet.

"Yes, Kitty Bell?"

"Come here."

Lisby reluctantly left the steps and came and stood squarely in front of his wife's chair.

"Well?"

"Do you remember, Joe — don't stand looking at me that way – do you remember asking me the other day what – what I was sewing?"

"Sure," was the wondering reply.

"Well, I'm going to tell you. No, I can't with you like that. Put down your ear, please. You won't tell your father — yet?"

Joe inclined his head to listen. His wife encircled his neck with both arms and whispered. A moment of absolute silence, and then Lisby dropped to his knees beside the chair, one arm cast about her shoulders, his face pressed against the clustering ringlets at her neck.

"Kitty Bell," he said chokingly, "Kitty Bell."

"Why, Joe . . . I do believe . . . Look at me. Let me see your eyes . . . ."

"It's that damn fool Jed," muttered Joe.

"No," said his wife swiftly, "that's not it. I know . . . Joe . . . my own Joe."

The Mistaken Cue

Scrimp Short, th' banker, tells some stale ol' joke,
An' Abner Watkins laughs nigh fit t' choke,
An' Peleg Hawkins lets out a wild screech
An' slaps his knees an' says: "Ain't that a peach!"
Hod Griggs, th' grocer, hollers like his craw
Is all choked up, an' Pike Botts says: "Haw, haw!
Th' best I've heered in many a day, by jing!"
An' holds his sides an' snorts like everything.

Kin almost tell from hearin' of 'em snort
Which one has got th' biggest note with Short!

Scrimp Short says sich-an'-sich is so-an'-so,
An' Abner Watkins drinks it in as though
It's gospel from St. Luke; an' Peleg says,
"There's common-sense to that, Hod Griggs, I guess!"
An' Hod Griggs says: "I allus told you, Hawk,
Scrimp Short could got' Congress in a walk!"
An' Pike Botts sets up in his cheer, an' he
Jist looks at Scrimp, an' looks admirin'ly.

Kin almost tell from hearin' of 'em speak
Which ones can't pay their interest next week!

An' one time when Scrimp Short was layin' low
Down hard, Pike Botts come in an' says: "Haw, haw!"
An' busted out a-laughin' cuz he thort
Scrimp's tellin' of a joke an' that he ort
T' come in on the haw-haw good an' strong,
But he seen in a minute he was wrong,
Cuz Short was talkin' fie-nance, great an' small,
An' never had a joke in mind at all!

An' when Scrimp went I heered Ab Watkins snort,
"By gosh, Botts, you hev queered yerself with Short!"

—*J. W. Foley.*

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5,000 Merchants

are now busy taking orders for our Good Made-to-Measure Clothes in 5,000 cities and towns throughout the United States.

In your own city our established dealer is showing our great Spring line of 500 woolens, and our ultra-correct fashions — all exclusive.

Our High-Class Suits and Overcoats ***to order, $20.00 to $40.00,*** are recognized to be the Standard of Clothes Excellence. Our prices are far below what your local tailor would charge — in fact, no higher than so-called "fine" stock clothing

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Don't delay calling on our representative!

If perchance you don't know [illegible]

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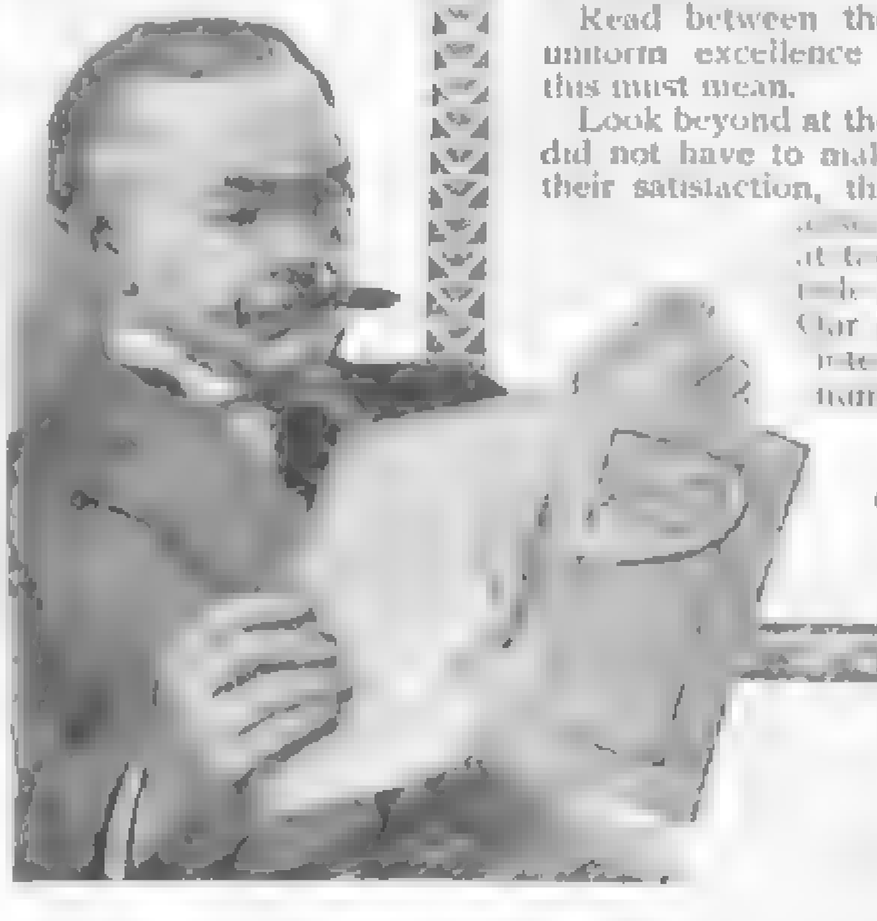
TAILORS FOR THE NATION SINCE 1877



Look for this mark on the tires you buy

"MANY thousand dollars worth sold, and during the entire season we were not called upon once to make a single replacement of

G & J TIRES

Such is the remarkable record reported by one of our dealers, and it could be repeated verbatim by practically all others throughout the country.

Read between the lines what remarkably uniform excellence of materials and making this must mean.

Look beyond at those thousands of users who did not have to make a complaint and realize their satisfaction, their ever present feeling of [illegible] safety, their [illegible] at [illegible] low cost per mile of G & J Tires.

Our new [illegible] some interesting expressions from a number of [illegible] owners.

Write for it today.

G & J TIRE COMPANY
Indianapolis, Ind.
Branches in All Large Cities

The Rate Question From a Consumer's Standpoint

(Continued from Page 9)

1908, $127. Such an amount becomes an important factor in the accounts of most of the families in America. In view of the millions whose annual expenses are exceedingly small, the probabilities are that the present reader of this article would have to multiply that average several times in order to equal his share. The average annual railroad charges per family increased 10 per cent during the ten years from 1890 to 1900, while it increased 38 per cent during the next eight years. The same relative increase in the future will be of grave consequence. During the same time the tariff decreased from $18 to $15 per family.

The data from which the foregoing figures were compiled are as follows: The customs revenue of the United States was $229,668,584 in 1890; $233,164,871 in 1900; and $285,680,653 in 1908. The gross earnings of the railways in the United States were: $1,051,877,632 in 1890; $1,487,044,814 in 1900; and $2,424,640,637 in 1908. The number of families in the United States in 1890 was 12,690,152; in 1900, 16,187,715; and 18,985,7[illegible] estimated – in 1908

Authorities: 22d Annual Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission; 3d and 13th Annual Reports on the Statistics of Railways in the United States, prepared by the Statistician to the Interstate Commerce Commission; 12th Census of the United States.

It has been widely asserted that these advances, and others to be made soon, are necessary in order to meet the heavy increases in operating expenses which have been forced upon the railroad companies during recent years. These claims are not substantiated by the facts. There has been much said about their operating expenses, and nothing has been said about the increase in their earnings. We now have the complete reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission concerning the statistics of American railroads from June 30, 1887, to June 30, 1907. These reports show that the earnings of American railways from operation, above their operating expenses, in 1907 were $840,589,764, as compared to $424,352,345 in 1898, and $315,[illegible] in 1888

Authorities: 1st, 10th and 20th Annual Reports on the Statistics of Railways in the United States, prepared by the Statistician to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Thus, during the last nine years, the increase in annual net earnings was four times the net earnings during the prior decade.

This enormous increase in net earnings, approaching a half billion of dollars per year, has not been the result of increased rates so much as the result of increased volume of traffic which could be handled per the same unit of transportation. Larger cars, larger engines and better roadbeds have made it possible. This is shown by the following figures: The net earnings have increased over 40 per cent for every train hauled one mile, and 50 per cent for every mile of railroad in the nation

The figures, in detail, are as follows:

	NET EARNINGS		AVERAGE REVENUE	
	PER MILE OF LINE	PER TRAIN-MILE (in cents)	PER TON MILE (in cents)	PER PASSENGER-MILE (in cents)
1888	$2307	50.669	1.001	2.349
1889	2087	44.331	.922	2.1[illegible]
1898	2325	49.814	.753	1.973
1899	2435	52.016	.724	1.978
1907	3696	71.727	.7[illegible]	2.014
1908	3226		.754	
1909	3558			

The marked advance in the net earnings from operation per train-mile is indicated by these statistics for each year (in cents):

1888 50.669	1895 44.118	1902 64.390
1889 44.[illegible]	1896 [illegible]	1903 64.776
1890 48.2[illegible]	1897 [illegible]	1904 62.585
1891 47.6[illegible]	1898 49.8[illegible]	1905 [illegible]
1892 48.[illegible]	1899 52.016	1906 70.187
1893 45.957	1900 58.[illegible]	1907 71.727
1894 43.480	1901 60.[illegible]16	

Authorities: 1st to the 20th—inclusive—Annual Reports on the Statistics of Railways in the United States, prepared by the Statistician to the Interstate Commerce Commission; 22d Annual Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission; 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Bulletins of Revenue and Expenses of Steam Roads in the United States, prepared by the Bureau of Statistics and Accounts of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

During the past decade railroading has been revolutionized—any experienced traffic official will tell you this; and this conclusion is substantiated by the remarkable figures just given.

It may not be practical or feasible ever to try to reduce the earnings of American railroads; the genius and courage which have made them possible should have their reward. But it is entirely feasible to take all the steps that are necessary to prevent any more advances in our railroad rates without a careful investigation as to whether or not such advances are justifiable. Railway men have shrewdly taken advantage of the present situation; they have learned that there is no one to fight uniform advances over a large territory. Such advances have been going on all over the country during the past few months, and others are scheduled to occur in the near future. The machinery of our Government at the present time is entirely inadequate to cope with this situation.

There is no one in the United States today looking after the consumer's interest.

At the present time, when we are paying over four million dollars every day for freight rates, there is positively no one authorized to take the initiative on our behalf, no one who is investigating this subject from the consumer's standpoint, no one who knows whether the rates the consumers happen to be paying are high or low.

Is the cost to me so small that it is not worthy of consideration? Consider a few facts.

The net earnings of American railways during the past ten years—above operating expenses—amount to over seven billion dollars. The exact figures to 1908 are:

1899–$456,641,119
1900–$525,616,303
1901–$558,128,767
1902–$610,131,520
1903–$643,308,055
1904–$636,277,838
1905–$691,880,254
1906–$788,887,896
1907 $840,589,764

Authorities: 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th Annual Reports on the Statistics of Railways in the United States, prepared by the Statistician to the Interstate Commerce Commission; Bulletins 1, 2, 3 and 4 of Revenue and Expenses of Steam Roads in the United States, prepared by the Bureau of Statistics and Accounts of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

It would take almost all of the gold and silver coin in circulation in the United States to pay the net earnings and income of American railways for one year.

The latest year for which these statistics were obtainable was 1906; for that year the items were as follows

Gold coin in circulation in the United States	$668,656,075
Subsidiary silver coin in circulation in the United States .	111,629,504
Standard dollars in circulation in the United States . . .	77,001,368
Total	$857,286,947
Net earnings and income of railroads	848,836,771

Authorities: 19th Annual Report on the Statistics of Railways in the United States, prepared by the Division of Statistics and Accounts of the Interstate Commerce Commission, page 82; Statistical Abstract of the United States—29th Number—prepared by the Bureau of Statistics, under the direction of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, page 111.

The value of the railroads and their equipment in this country in 1904, as estimated by disinterested Government officials, was greater than the combined value of all the livestock, all the farm implements and machinery, all the gold and silver coin and bullion, and all the manufacturing machinery, tools and implements, added to the total capital of all our national banks.

Statistical Abstract of the United States (29th Number), prepared by the Bureau of Statistics, under the direction of the

Scene in New York Yacht Club

L. Adler, Bros. & Co

Adler-Rochester Grays and Blues

Find the dealer in your town who sells Adler-Rochester clothes. It is sure to be one of the best clothing stores.

Go there and see the new spring fabrics shown in these famous clothes.

Our beautiful patterns in gray, blue and brown will appeal to all men of good taste.

We have spent forty years in making clothes for men who demand the best. Now we spend on the making four times what some makers spend.

The work is all done by masters of this craft. It is done in a model shop—all cement and glass; a shop where the air is changed every eight minutes.

It is done slowly and carefully, without stinting on time or cost.

As a result, we are selling Adler-Rochester Clothes to the well-dressed men of six nations.

Yet the price is the same as for other good clothes—$18 and up—for we add only six per cent profit.

ADLER-ROCHESTER-CLOTHES

24 Styles in Colors

We have had 24 of our spring designs painted by a famous artist. And we have reproduced the paintings in actual colors, showing the patterns and shades. You will find them all in our Spring Style Book C—sent free for the asking to men who care. Write us today for it.

Take a note so you don't forget.

L. Adler, Bros. & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

IPSWICH HOSIERY

The surest way to get stockings that last is to look for the Ipswich trademark.

That trademark has back of it the largest hosiery mill in the world, with the accumulated knowledge and stocking-making skill of nearly half a century.

Ipswich Hosiery *must* stand the wear. Its high quality has made us a good reputation which we cannot afford to lose.

So we take our pick of the seasons' best cotton crops; spin the yarn in our own Mills; knit the stockings under careful supervision; and dye them by an expensive process that produces absolutely fast color

And because our business is so big we are able to give this high quality at a moderate price, and still make a fair profit.

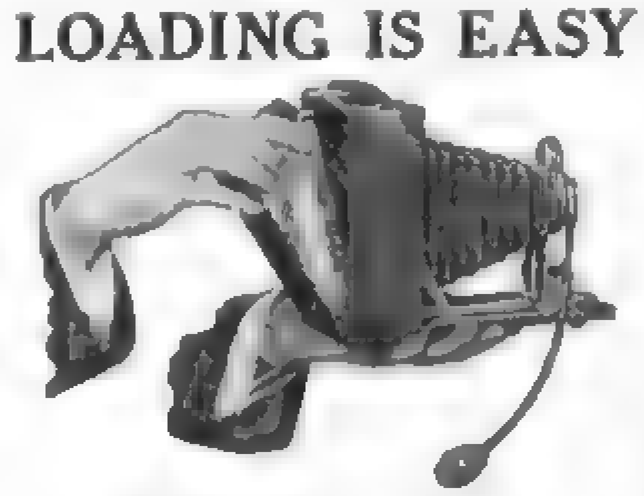
12½c to 25c a pair

for men women and children

[illegible] and [illegible] the Witch trademark is on the top or toe of every pair of stockings

If your dealer hasn't them write us [illegible] and [illegible] that you get them. Write for our beautiful illustrated book

Ipswich Mills [illegible]



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Every step is easy with a

Film Premo

To load, open back—drop in Premo Film Pack—close back and it's all done.

To make pictures, set the shutter—locate subject in finder and press the bulb.

To change films for successive exposures merely pull out successive paper tabs.

Film Premos are the lightest and most compact of all cameras making pictures of corresponding sizes

Our catalogue describes over fifty styles and sizes of Premos at prices from $2.00 to $200.00. [illegible] film or plates with equal facility. Free at the dealers, or mailed direct to you on request.

IMPORTANT—In writing please be sure to specify PREMO Catalogue.

ROCHESTER OPTICAL DIVISION
Eastman Kodak Co. Rochester, N.Y.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Turn on the light." My name, Macbeth, on my lamp-chimneys means that I am willing to be judged by them. They're the best lamp-chimneys made and they do not break from heat.

They are sold by the best grocers.

My book insures your getting the right chimney for your lamp. And it gives general suggestions about the care of lamps. It is free. Send name and address to

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

Secretary of Commerce and Labor, page 77. The following are the statistics in detail.

	1904
Live stock	$ 4,073,791,736
Farm implements and machinery	844,989,863
Gold and silver coin and bullion	1,998,603,303
Manufacturing machinery, tools and implements	3,297,754,180
Capital of all our national banks	765,948,330
Total	$10,981,087,412
Railroads and their equipment	11,244,752,000

And yet our great-grandfathers never saw a railroad. The men who framed this Government did not dream of such a stupendous industry, reaching out into all the avenues of human activity, wherever public utilities are bought and sold. Here we are face to face with the greatest problem of modern times. The human race has been studying about the regulation of banks and tariffs and navies and colonies for thousands of years. In the regulation of railroads we are just beginning to learn the alphabet.

Instead of going at the railroad question spasmodically, like a child or like a mob, acting largely upon our passions and emotions, and reducing rates because we can, we should build up a well-organized system. We should act intelligently.

We have tax ferrets, bank examiners, revenue collectors and custom-house inspectors by the hundred. Our freight bill is a greater tax today than all the rest put together.

Every stitch of clothing you have on, this sheet of paper, the chair you are sitting on, the floor, the walls, everything about you has paid its railroad tax. Whenever you ship a steer to market, and every time you buy a pair of shoes or a hat or a new handkerchief, you pay a railroad tax. These trifling contributions, collected every day last year from ninety million people, made the enormous revenue of two and a half billion dollars which the railroads received. You had nothing to say about the size of that tribute. This is a colossal example of taxation without representation.

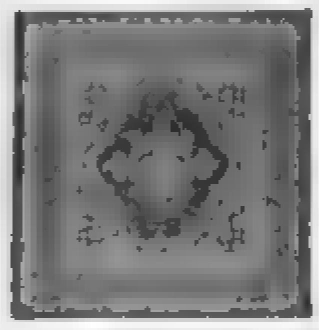
The greatest public question of our time, the question that comes closest to the everyday life of all of us, is the rate question. It greets us at every turn in the road, in every avenue of human industry, whenever we buy anything, whenever we sell anything, whenever we go any place. This needs no apology. It is not demagogy. It needs no explanation. It is true. And yet we consumers have given no thought to this subject. Why? Simply because the old adage is still true: "What is everybody's business is nobody's business."

The interests of the consumers in the United States demand that some department of the Government shall be provided with ample facilities and shall have power to act on its own initiative in prosecuting investigations and filing complaints on behalf of the consumers of the country, before some tribunal which has power to fix rates and schedules.

The magnitude and importance of transportation matters justifies that we demand of our national Government a department that shall be second to none in the nation and that shall be represented in every trade center in the country. Whenever an advance in rates is proposed let the railway companies present their side before the Interstate Commerce Commission; then let the Department of Commerce and Labor, or some other department of the Government, be prepared to present the other side of the controversy; and after both sides have been heard the Commission can decide whether the conditions justify the raise. We need have no ill will against the companies whatever. We should merely see to it that our side of the case is heard from. These vast interests must be guarded, or else we are fools.

This is a matter that requires immediate action. While you are waiting changes are going on. Notwithstanding the marvelous increase in the net earnings of our railroads during the past decade, approaching a half billion dollars every year, thousands of rates are being advanced, and other thousands are announced for the future, with no effort whatever by any one to prevent them or to test their reasonableness.

The rate question from the consumer's standpoint, a question which has heretofore received no consideration, must take rank along with the tariff question as a vital problem of public importance.



Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Blankets from the Mill We Pay Freight

Manufacturers' prices save you dealers' profits. We give a binding guarantee of satisfaction and save you 33 1-3 per cent.

You can buy the well known **Regal Rug**, reversible, all wool finish, at $3.75. Our **Brussello Rug**, greatest value known $1.85. Splendid grade **Brussels Rug** [illegible] $11. Famous **Invincible Velvets**, [illegible] $16. [illegible] **Axminsters**, [illegible] $18.50. [illegible] **Lace Curtains**, [illegible] per pair and up. **Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleums** at Mill prices.

Write to-day for our NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOG, No. 12. Sent free. Shows latest designs in actual colors.

UNITED MILLS MFG. CO.
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RANCOCAS EGGS HIGHEST FERTILITY

Hatching Eggs

From the heavy-laying Rancocas strain S. C. White Leghorns. 10,000 layers at work. [illegible] We guarantee 90 per cent. fertility. [illegible] Write for prices.

INTERNATIONAL POULTRY SALES CO
Box 155, Brown's Mills in the Pines, N J

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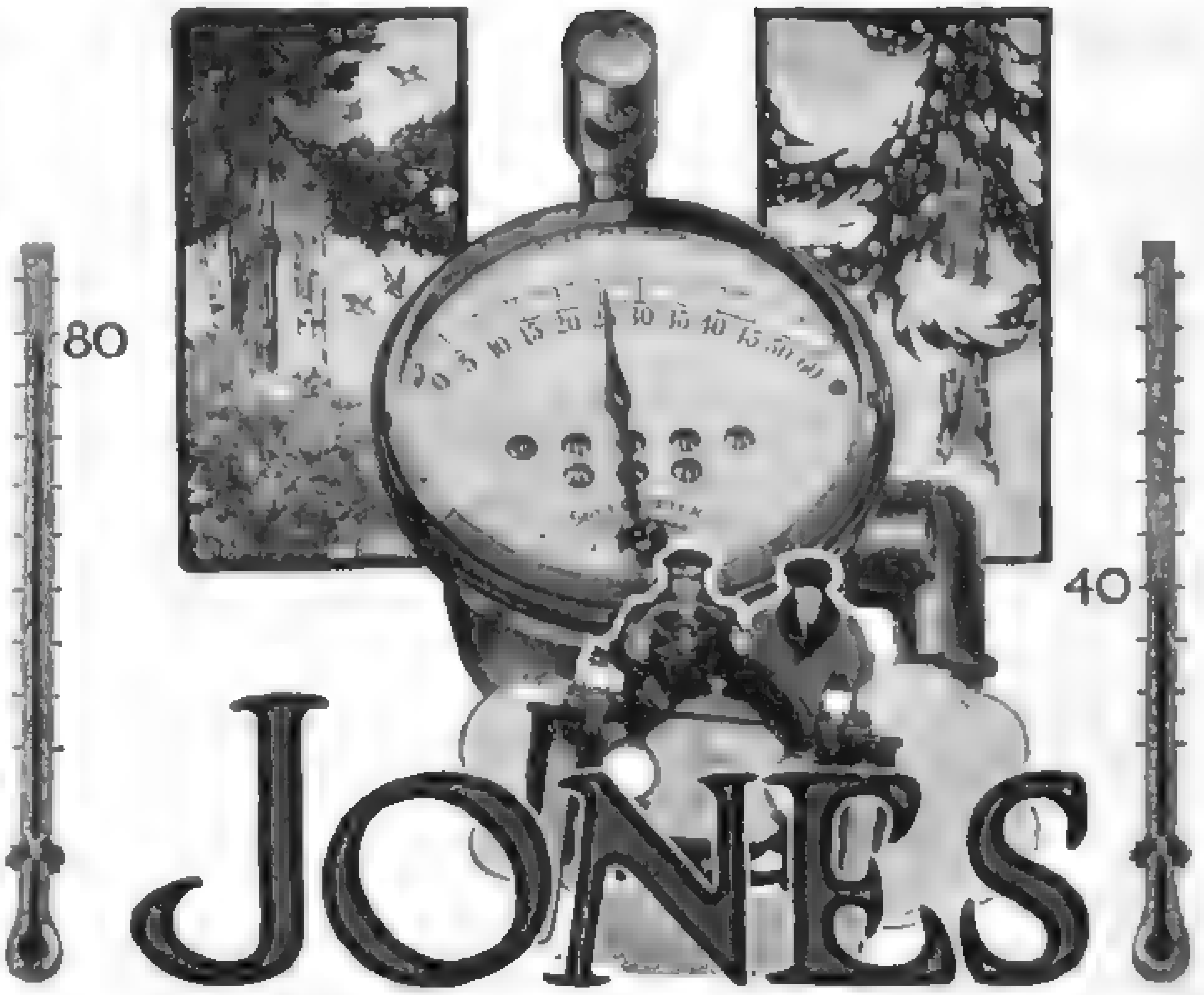
STEEL PENS

are made of accurately tempered steel. Smooth, non-scratching, elastic, easy writers. There's one to suit you. Sample card, 12 different, for 6 cts. postage

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, N.Y.



SPEEDOMETER
GEARED · TO · THE · TRUTH

Nearly all speedometers, except the Jones, depend on a magnet, a hair spring and a gap to pull the indicating hand. Magnets lose their strength. Hair Springs, like mercury, are sensitive to the slightest changes of weather. Gaps break the transmission of speed from road wheel to indicating hand. The Jones Speedometer is not made of such unreliable and vacillating material. That is why it tells the truth.

The indicating hand on a Jones Speedometer doesn't depend on the varying pull of a magnet, nor on the Fluctuating thermometer pull of a hair spring, nor on a broken transmission pull. Far be it!

It depends on the pull of the wheel on the road. The wheel on the road pulls the hand on the dial. This pull is by a metal to metal, shaft and gear transmission. This direct drive keeps the Jones hand on the Truth. It can never weaken, never vary. That is why we say the Jones Speedometer is "Geared to the Truth."

Send us the name of your dealer if he doesn't keep the Jones Speedometer, and we'll see that you get one quick. Write United Manufacturers, address below.

NEW JONES YOBEL

There is a vast difference between an automobile signal which says "I'm coming," and one which says "Get out of here."

One is a gentleman's request for his fair share of the road; the other is an insulting, abusive command to get into the ditch.

At the sound of one signal, a man turns out with quick civility; at the sound of the other, he unwillingly sulks aside.

Mr. J.W. Jones wanted a signal which would get the road without getting everybody mad, so he invented the New Jones Electric Yobel.

It is a signal that carries as far as any of the shrieking horns, but gives no offense. It sounds one harmonious, penetrating note. It is not the loud, coarse, vulgar blast of the rowdy. It is the signal of a gentleman's car.

Uses 75% less electricity than any other signal.

If your dealer doesn't keep the Jones Yobel, write United Manufacturers, address below.

JONES LIVE-MAP

is the phonograph of the road. It has disc records covering the roads of the entire world. You insert the record of the trip you want to make. The Live-Map "plays" it. Not out loud, but with a pointer that always points the way—that tells you where you are *now* and what to do about it.

To have it with you is like having in your car a man who knows every road, every corner, every crossing, every landmark, every puzzling fork and crossroad in the entire world.

Maps compiled by the Automobile Touring Club of America, 239 West 54th Street, New York.

It has the humanness of the phonograph, for it was invented by Mr. J. W. Jones, inventor of the disc phonograph record, Jones Speedometer, Jones Electric Yobel and the Jones Taximeter.

Send for "The Live-Map," a luxurious free book that tells you all about it. Write United Manufacturers, address below.

OUR DEALERS SHOW THIS SIGN
UNITED STANDARD EQUIPMENT MANUFACTURERS

All Jones accessories wholesaled by the United Manufacturers. Other standard equipment accessories, wholesaled by United Manufacturers, are Non-Fluid Oils, MoToRoL, Merger Automatic Wind Shield, Weed Anti-Skid Chains, Soot-Proof Spark Plug, Connecticut Ignition Specialties.

United Manufacturers, 76th St. and Broadway, New York

The Investment Oppor-

Buy NOW—While Prices are Low—Ten Choice Building Sites in Ten of the Fastest Growing Young Cities in America for $5. a lot Down—Balance on Easy Payments—No Interest, no Taxes—Option of Full Cash Refund.

WE, the Northwest Townsite Company, a permanent land-developing organization, present to readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST an investment proposition unique in the history of Real Estate. So certain are we of its soundness, so confident of the profit it will pay investors, that each investor is given the option, at any time within 6 months, of cancelling his contract and receiving cash in full, and release from further payments.

Our cash refund offer is plainly stated. It means, ***your money back any time within 6 months if you want it.***

Our responsibility may be ascertained by referring to the Merchants' National Bank of Philadelphia.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, officially represented by Mr. Geo. B. Haynes, Immigration Agent, is cooperating with our Organization in building and developing cities along its new line. Investigation will conclusively prove the merit and soundness of the investment we offer readers of this publication.

The Properties Offered

The properties being sold are choice building lots in ten young cities situated on the new Pacific Coast line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Each of the ten towns selected is a center of rapid industrial growth After thorough investigation of the best new towns on this line, we bought land in ten of the most promising.

Today we are selling a part of those properties at a price far lower than equal land values can be secured elsewhere. Our interest in the growth and development of the chosen towns is permanent.

Equalized Profits for Investors

Not only do we safeguard investors, but, so far as possible, they shall share equally in the profits of this enterprise. For we have introduced a new plan of investment, based on a scientific principle upon which many great businesses stand—the Law of Averages.

Each investor will own, not one lot in one town, nor ten lots in one town, but ***one lot in each of ten towns.***

The merit of this plan appeals to the most conservative. Life insurance and fire insurance companies pay large dividends, yet they owe their stability to insuring many persons or properties. No life insurance company places a large per cent of its capital upon the life of one person, regardless of that person's health and strength; no fire insurance company carries excessive insurance in one city. So, in this case, the investor is safeguarded, while his profit is assured by securing choice properties in a number of thriving towns.

Amazing Growth of Northwest

Astounding as is the recent development of our Northwest states, but few people realize the exceptional opportunities they now offer for investment. Only the American farmer has been keen to grasp the situation and to act.

The more one learns of the great Northwest, the more evident its wealth. Those who can do so should see the country and observe its unlimited resources.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co., owning and operating nearly 9000 miles of railroad, has recently completed its line to the Northwest Pacific Coast. Its eastern terminus is Chicago; its western terminals are now Seattle and Tacoma, Wash. Freight trains and local passenger trains are already in operation. On July 1st, of this year, fast passenger train service will be given.

The new line is the shortest, most direct route between the Great Lakes and Pacific tidewater. The freight haul from Chicago to Seattle has been lessened by more than 48 hours. The new passenger trains will clip 13 hours from former schedules.

But—shortening the haul from east to west seaboard is not the most significant feature of a railway project costing more than $100,000,000. For in laying railroad steel across the Northwest states, a vast, new territory has been opened.

In undeveloped resources, it is the richest region in the world. The State of Montana outranks even Pennsylvania in mineral wealth; lands and farms along the new railroad rival in productiveness the soils of Iowa and Illinois; the great Northwest boasts the greatest lumber and mining industries in the world.

A Tide of Immigration

A Tide of Immigration has followed every trans-continental railway. History records not one exception. Yet, in no instance has the territory opened been so rich in natural resources as that tapped by the new line of the C. M. & St. P. Ry.

The United States Government has just opened up millions of acres of land for homestead farms along the new railroad line.

Enormous sums have been spent and are being spent to tell American farmers of this new land of Opportunity.

Eastern and middle-West farmers are selling their high priced lands, rushing into the new districts, and securing virgin farms of unexcelled richness. They are using steam plows and other up-to-the-minute machinery to overtake older agricultural sections of the United States

In ten months the newly-settled country has undergone a transformation quite inconceivable to those not familiar with the Western spirit to do things. In three years the new country will have grown beyond recognition to those who see it this year.

Young Cities Mean New Fortunes

Flourishing cities are born and developed in a decade along new trans-continental lines. Agricultural, mineral and lumber industries insure them permanent, rapid growth

On the line of the new Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway—1399 miles long—two hundred and twenty-nine stations have been established. Around them, towns and young cities are springing up. Already many of them have banks, stores, hotels, churches, newspapers, schoolhouses, grain elevators, lumber yards, water-works, electric light plants, telephone exchanges, and other civic improvements—all are progressing and growing.

Those in touch with industrial conditions along the new railway line quickly saw the unusual investment opportunities offered in the young cities and towns—investments as secure as farm property, much more profitable than bonds or mortgages—and, if desirable, ***easy to buy or sell.***

Northwest Townsite Company an Early Purchaser

The first passenger over the new line, from Chicago to Seattle and Tacoma, was Mr. George M. Bailey, of the Northwest Townsite Company. Clad in overalls and jumper, riding freight and construction trains, he reached Seattle May 27, 1909. He had spent two months examining lands and townsites along the route. Every help was given him for getting information—railroad officials, agents, contractors, government land agents, surveyors, old settlers—all were consulted. Finally, after a consultation with the General Land Agent of the Land Department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway, Mr. John Quincy Adams, and with their Immigration Agent, Mr. Geo. B. Haynes, certain choice properties in ten towns were selected.

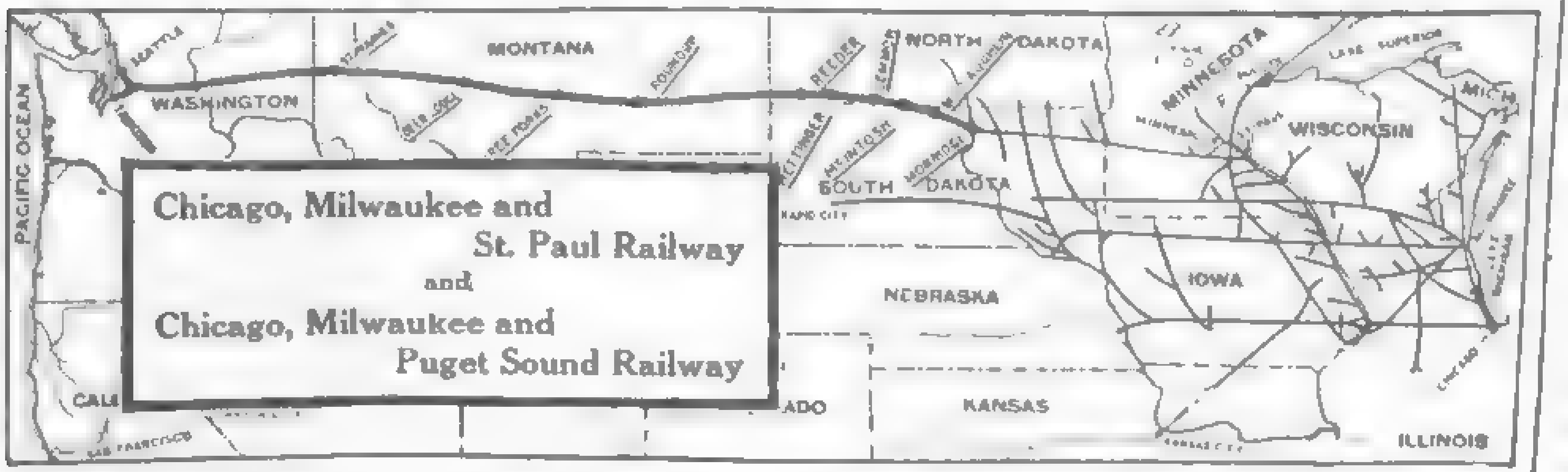
Desirable building lots were bought outright at a price so low that they could be sold very cheap—so cheap that they may be sold again and again and each time at a profit to the seller. Many of the lots here offered have a local, open market value today of $250.

Each Town a County Seat or Division Point

Of the ten young cities (picked from 229 stations along the new line), four are county seats and six are railroad division points; each

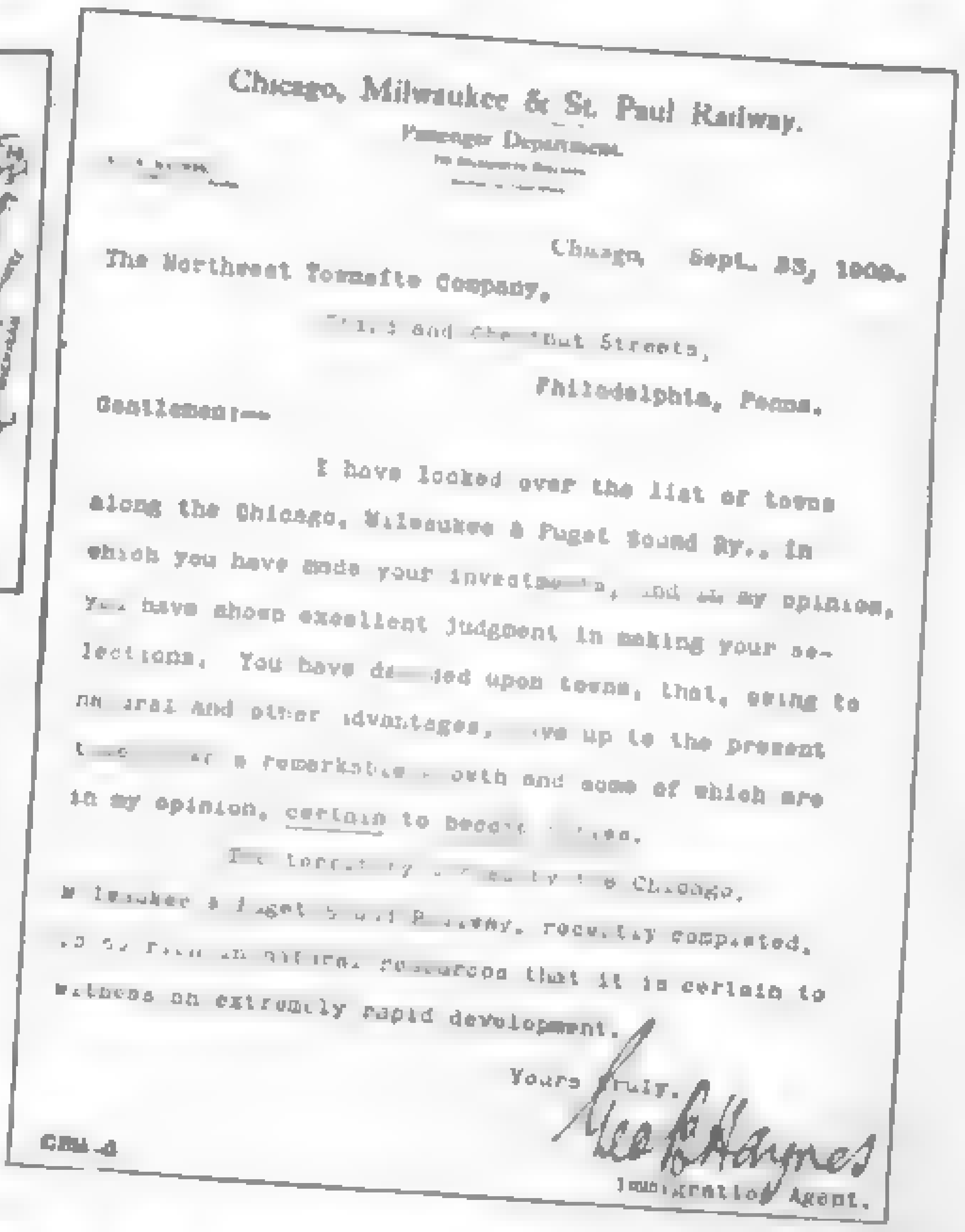
The Northwest Townsite

tunity of a Lifetime-NOW!



The condensed map shows territory traversed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway System. The Eastern terminus is Chicago; the Western terminals are Seattle and Tacoma, Wash. The new part of the line — nearly 1400 miles in length — begins at Mobridge, on the Missouri River, following the shortest possible course to Pacific Tidewater. More than 48 hours have been cut off the tonnage haul from Atlantic to Pacific sea-board.

The ten new industrial centers, in each of which our properties have exceptional location, were picked from two hundred and twenty-nine stations along the recently built railway. They are not cities "on paper" or "boom towns," but *established, permanent, rapidly-growing,* commercial centers. Each is a sturdy, fast-growing point of industry, chosen on account of peculiar advantages which are here briefly set forth. The names of the ten young cities are underscored. Heavy crossed lines indicate the new extension line of the C. M. & St. P. Ry.



Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.
Passenger Department.

Chicago, Sept. 25, 1909.

The Northwest Townsite Company,
[illegible] and Chestnut Streets,
Philadelphia, Penna.

Gentlemen:—

I have looked over the list of towns along the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Ry., in which you have made your investments, and in my opinion, you have shown excellent judgment in making your selections. You have decided upon towns, that, owing to natural and other advantages, have up to the present time [illegible] a remarkable growth and some of which are in my opinion, certain to become cities.

The territory [illegible] by the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway, recently completed, is so rich in natural resources that it is certain to witness an extremely rapid development.

Yours truly,
Geo B Haynes
Immigration Agent.

CBH-G

has peculiar natural advantages that are making it a city of importance. Lands of abundant agricultural, mineral or timber wealth surround them.

Investigators will be impressed with the fact that, ***in every instance,*** our properties lie close to the business center of the town.

The towns are Mobridge, McLaughlin, McIntosh, and Lemmon in South Dakota; Hettinger and Reeder in North Dakota; Roundup, Three Forks and Deer Lodge in Montana; and St. Maries in Idaho.

MOBRIDGE, South Dakota, — has developed faster in three years than Omaha did in ten years, — a railroad center on the Missouri River, where the new line begins — branch lines terminating here are feeders to main lines, has car shops, storage depot and other railway properties. Surrounding territory rich in agricultural resources — corn, oats, wheat, flax, potatoes, alfalfa are raised. Coal and timber for fuel. Water supply unlimited — an ideal manufacturing and distributing point. A coming Missouri River city

McLAUGHLIN, South Dakota, — an important junction point. A branch road 100 miles long here [illegible] cattle business. Hay may be cut from open prairie in this fertile region, now to become a vast wheat field. Town has a bank, stores, lumber yards, substantial houses, and the [illegible] will see here the most rapid development on the new road

McINTOSH, South Dakota, — A county seat, division point on the C. M. & P. S. Ry. In the heart of [illegible] Indian Reservation, where 16,000 American farmers [illegible] these farms will be put [illegible] homestead lands [illegible] A National Bank with res[illegible] $100,000, a State Bank [illegible] churches, schoolhouses, newspapers, elevators, stock yards. [illegible] $1000 each. Our properties abut on Main Street, close to the business center. [illegible] in its progress last Fall, was not equalled by any town on the line.

LEMMON, South Dakota, — Named for George E. Lemmon. One of the most remarkable towns in the Northwest. At the age of two years it was an incorporated city with complete city org[illegible] aldermen, auditor, assessor, city attorney, city engineer, chief [illegible] missioner, fire department, school board, and a park. Has three [illegible] $[illegible],000 resources, municipal water works, electric lighting plant, long distance and local 'phone service, three churches, good schools, hospital, three newspapers, theatre, six hotels, four grain elevators. Already its freight business rivals that of Butte, Anaconda and Missoula.

HETTINGER, North Dakota, — County seat, center of fertile farming country, settled 50 miles north and 65 miles south, all tributary to Hettinger. Four banks, five grain elevators, $14,000 public school, three exceptionally good hotels, six lumber yards, good merchandise stores, opera house, auditorium, three churches, active Commercial Club. State Experimental Station nearby, under care of Agricultural College of North Dakota. Hettinger's pride is its substantial brick and stone business blocks and big farming trade.

REEDER, North Dakota, — A beautiful townsite with wide [illegible] tory. Center of rich farming com[illegible] wheat, fruits, live stock are most important products, lignite coal and tile clay here, three banks, five lumber yards, churches, schools, newspapers, four grain elevators, automobile livery, bottling works, etc. Commercial Club very active in leading the movement to make Reeder the county seat.

ROUNDUP, Montana, — [illegible] Musselshell River [illegible] — unlimited supply of good coal. Fer[illegible] rolls of mines [illegible] The Railway Company has invested $[illegible],000,000 in coal [illegible]

THREE FORKS, Montana. — [illegible] on the C. M. & P. S. Ry., also a station on the Northern Pacific R. R. [illegible] branch of the C. M. & P. S. Ry. is projected south to the Yellowstone National Park, project under way for building electric line to Bozeman

DEER LODGE, Montana, — County seat. Connection point of the C. M. & P. S. Ry. and Northern Pacific. Location of Montana State College, and famous for its beautiful homes, shade trees and lawns. Here are the car shops of the new C. M. & P. S. Ry., employing several hundred men. Has electric lighting plant, two gravity water supply systems, sewer system, fine schools, college, churches, court house, public library, rich in its surrounding copper m[illegible] of many high-salaried emp[illegible]

ST. MARIES, Idaho, — At the confluence of beautiful St. Maries and St. Joe Rivers, with steamboat navigation to Coeur d'Alene country — $60,000 brick business blocks; $20,000 schoolhouse, one $17,000, and one $40,000 bank building, big saw mills, supplied from largest body of white pine timber in world, lying south of city, reached by branch of C. M. & P. S. Ry. — electric lights, gravity water works, water power, copper, le[illegible] being developed in [illegible] just opened to white settlers.

$50 Down Secures 10 Lots

All sales are made in ***ten-lot*** groups — one lot in each of the ten towns — under ***one*** contract. Yet two or more buyers may club together to secure one group or allotment.

Ten lots cost but $1000—$50 down, balance payable in $25 monthly installments. No interest on installments, no taxes to pay. When all payments have been made, a ***warranty deed*** and ***abstract*** of ***title*** for each ***individual*** lot will be given to the investor.

The contract provides that, should the purchaser become dissatisfied with his investment within 6 months from date of first payment, all payments will be refunded and a release given. This statement is ***unqualified.***

In case a purchaser dies during the payment period, all further obligations will be cancelled and a warranty deed given his estate for the ten properties he holds, provided as much as $500 has been paid in

For those who build, we will collect rentals, if desired (Buildings pay better than usual rents.) However, no building requirements or restrictions of any kind are made

If, during the period of monthly payments, the purchaser has an advantageous opportunity to sell one or more of his ten lots, this Company will help close the sale. We have an active agent in each town—either a Bank or responsible real-estate firm.

Now Is The Time

As before explained, we are selling but a limited number of our lots.

Only 200 readers of this publication can be supplied

Hence, the advisability of prompt action by those interested in this investment proposition

In case of oversubscription, applications will be filled in the order received

We reserve the right to reject applications or to increase the price of our properties at any time

Reservations may be made by wire or letter—or by coupon No. 1, here attached. Those who wish to do so may make personal application at our offices, 308 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

The Reservation Coupon (No. 1) brings to you our contract of sale for examination, and execution (if satisfactory to you). Also, full information about the properties on sale, and about our Company, with which is associated more than a score of successful business-men of integrity and prominence.

The Inquiry Coupon (No. 2) brings full information but does ***not*** bring contract of sale

Please address inquiries—letters or coupons—to

NORTHWEST TOWNSITE COMPANY
308 Chestnut Street
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

References
Merchants' National [illegible]
Geo. B. Haynes, Immigration Agt., C. M. & St. P. Ry., Chicago, Ill.
Dun, Bradstreet

No. 1—Reservation Coupon

NORTHWEST TOWNSITE COMPANY
308 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

[illegible] advertisement in THE SATURDAY EVENING [illegible] plans of your properties, and contract, which I will [illegible]

Name

[illegible]

[illegible] Banker or Express Co

No. 2—Inquiry Coupon

NORTHWEST TOWNSITE COMPANY
308 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia, Penna.

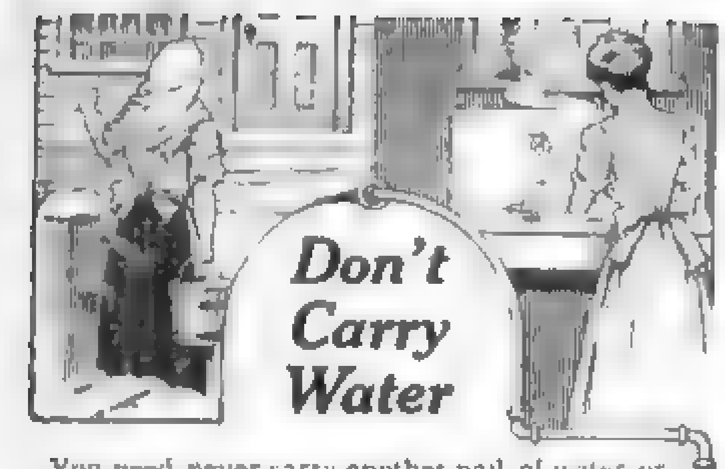
Gentlemen:—

You may send me further information regarding your properties, with maps.

Name

P. O. Address

Company, Philadelphia, Pa.



Don't Carry Water

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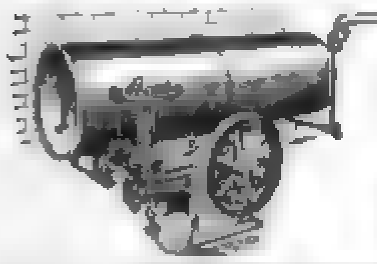

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(Continued from Page 12)

"Never mind!" L. Mendelbaum hissed; and then in dulcet tones he emitted: "Hello, Harry."

"Hello, Mendelbaum," said Harry Taub. "What's the trouble between you and them people?"

"You got to ask me something easier, Harry," Mendelbaum replied. "I sold Fishbein & Blintz some piece goods a couple of weeks since and they returned 'em on me. Then I shipped 'em back and they said they would keep 'em. This morning they returned 'em again, and now I get these here papers from the court. I couldn't understand it at all."

"Well, lookyhere, Mendelbaum," Taub rejoined, "I wouldn't take no bluffs from them people. You should go right down and see my brother-in-law, Maurice Tickman. Tell him I sent you and he'll fix them suckers all right, y'understand."

Mendelbaum nodded vigorously into his end of the 'phone.

"That's the only way to deal with a couple of sharks like that," Taub continued at the other end of the wire.

Mendelbaum indorsed this statement with another nod.

"Did you hear what I said?" Taub went on.

Again Mendelbaum nodded.

"Much obliged to you, Harry," he said.

"Well, ain't you going to do it?" Taub asked.

For the third time Mendelbaum nodded.

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" Taub cried at the other end of the telephone. "Why don't you answer me? Are you deaf?"

"What d'ye mean, am I deaf?" Mendelbaum exclaimed indignantly. "Three times I told you already I would go down and see that feller Tickman. I couldn't stand here all day, Harry. I will take them papers down to him right away."

He hung up the receiver and seized his hat.

"Never seen anything like it in all my life," he grumbled. "Once that feller Taub starts in talking he could never leave off at all."

VI

WHEN Markie Gubiner informed Fishbein & Blintz that L. Mendelbaum had retained Maurice Tickman as his attorney Fishbein almost swooned; for Tickman's answer pleaded a general denial, and by way of counterclaim demanded one thousand dollars' damages for the failure of Fishbein & Blintz to accept and pay for the piece goods.

"What are you so scared about?" Blintz asked after the lapse of a fortnight and after Fishbein had calmed down. "Markie says that Tickman is a back number already. He's a nervous wreck, Fishbein. Markie says he could hardly talk above a whisper."

"I bet yer he could talk loud enough to put us in the hole a thousand dollars, Blintz," Fishbein rejoined. "And, anyhow, Blintz, what could a kid like Gubiner do against a feller like Tickman?"

"What could he do?" Blintz cried. "I'll show you what he could do, Fishbein. Tomorrow morning Tickman goes down on the city court and asks the judge he should try the case in a hurry. Markie is going down to tell the judge that we don't want to try the case in a hurry, y'understand, and I got an idee that you and me should go down also and hear it what Markie and Tickman has got to say."

In other words, Maurice Tickman essayed to draw first blood by moving to advance the case of Fishbein & Blintz versus Mendelbaum to the short-cause calendar of the city court, and since he deemed Markie Gubiner to be a worthy opponent he had notified Markie that he would argue that matter in person.

Accordingly, on the following morning the firm of Fishbein & Blintz were seated in the rear of the courtroom on Chambers Street when Markie Gubiner arrived.

"Hello!" he cried. "What are you doing here?"

"Ain't we got a right to be here?" Fishbein asked. "We come here to see you do up Maurice Tickman."

"The fact is, Markie," Blintz explained —"what's the use beating bushes? Fishbein ain't got so much confidence in what I tell him about you, and it was my idee he

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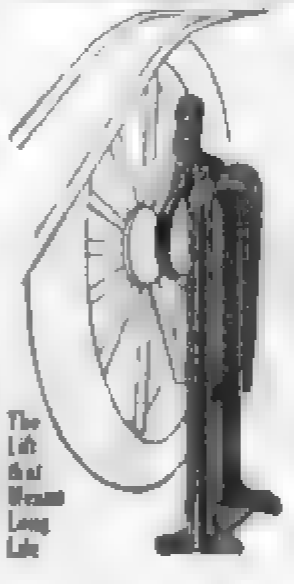
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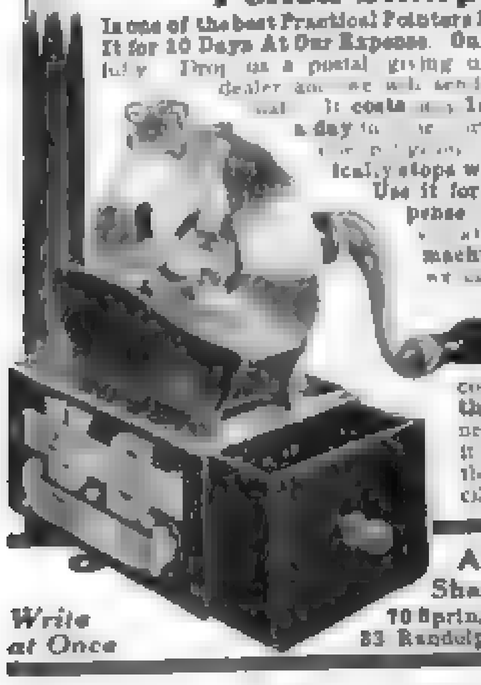

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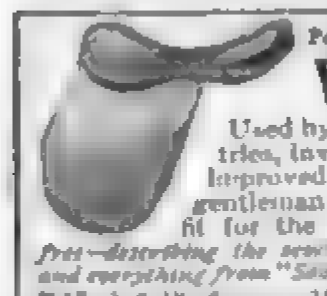

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should come down here and see for himself. Ain't I right?"

Markie nodded.

"You needn't be afraid of this case, Fishbein," he said. "I saw B. Gelb only yesterday and that feller's under big obligation to me. He's going to rip up those piece goods and when he testifies at the trial Mendelbaum won't have a leg to stand on."

"There's lots of time between now and the trial, Gubiner," Fishbein said, "and maybe you wouldn't be such good friends with Gelb by that time. Or, maybe, Mendelbaum would go to Gelb and *schmier* him *doch* a couple of dollars and Gelb would do us dirt."

"Don't worry about that part," Gubiner said. "In the first place, Gelb don't know that the piece goods came from Mendelbaum at all; and in the second place, Mendelbaum don't know that Gelb examined them. And what's more, so far as I've heard, Gelb don't know Mendelbaum and Mendelbaum don't know Gelb, either."

Further discussion was prevented by the judge's appearance on the bench, and five minutes later Maurice Tickman entered the courtroom. He had barely crossed the threshold when the clerk commenced to call the motion calendar.

"Fishbein against Mendelbaum," the clerk bawled, and Markie moved with dignified ease to the desk for counsel.

"Ready to oppose," he said in suave tones.

"Fishbein against Mendelbaum," the clerk cried again. "Mr. Tickman for the motion."

Maurice Tickman had been receiving whispered felicitations from his fellow-practitioners on his reappearance in court after a sharp attack of illness; for Maurice was trying to attend to a large commercial practice without the aid of a partner, and his nerves were unstrung accordingly. His voice, once full and resonant, was reduced to a croak, and his announcement that he was ready for the motion barely reached across the courtroom to where Fishbein and Blintz were sitting.

"Proceed, gentlemen," the judge requested, and Maurice started on the argument of his motion. Undeniably he was in poor form, for he had the reputation of deriving a sensation from the most formal court proceedings. In this instance, however, he presented in a cut-and-dried fashion his reasons for advancing the case of Fishbein versus Mendelbaum to the short-cause calendar, and when he concluded Markie Gubiner's opening words were a startling contrast to Tickman's peroration. Markie addressed the court as though it were a popular assemblage, and in picturesque language outlined the history of textile manufacturing from the construction of mummy cloth during the reign of the Pharaoh Amasis down to the rain-proofing process of the late Mr. Mackintosh. Next he discussed the topics of dyeing, finishing and refinishing, and by implication sought to convince the court that the quality of Mendelbaum's piece goods could only be impeached by subpœnaing a multitude of experts.

He finally sat down, glowing with the exuberance of his oratory, and even Maurice Tickman could not withhold glances of admiration as he rose with deliberation to reply.

"One moment, Mr. Tickman," the court said. "I have been much edified by your adversary's argument, to say nothing of his powers of elocution. I was at first disposed to believe with Mr. Gubiner that this case would take much more than two hours to try and is, therefore, not a short cause within the meaning of the code. At the same time I'm obliged to take cognizance of the circumstance that this is an action involving six hundred dollars' worth of cloth, and that there seems an exceedingly slight chance of the plaintiffs prevailing at the trial. I will, therefore, grant your motion. The case is set down for trial on Monday next."

Tickman bowed and turned to his adversary.

"Gubiner," Maurice Tickman said, "I've got to hand it to you. You're a first-class faker and I want you to come to lunch with me."

As the two attorneys passed out of the courtroom together, Fishbein and Blintz followed more slowly. They proceeded in silence down the corridor to the street, where Fishbein paused to light a stogy. Blintz waited for him and, as they started off toward the Sixth Avenue L, Blintz

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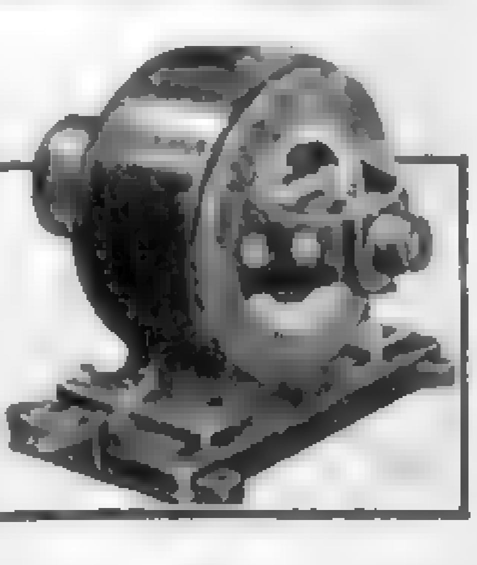

could endure no longer his partner's ominous silence.

"Say, lookyhere, Fishbein," he said at last, "what do you want from me, anyway? I acted for the best. Ain't it?"

"I ain't kicking," Fishbein said. "I don't say a word, Blintz. When I got it a partner like you, Blintz, what is the use I should open my mouth? What I say don't got no effect on you, anyway, Blintz, so I don't say nothing. I told it you from the first we should get it a lawyer, not a kid."

"Markie done his best, Fishbein," Blintz retorted. "What could the boy help it if that sucker decides against us? I bet Tickman and him is good friends already and that's why he done it."

"Sure they're good friends," Fishbein replied. "I seen 'em walk out of the court already, arm in arm, like brothers."

"Not Tickman and Markie," Blintz corrected, "but Tickman and the judge."

"The judge you shouldn't blame at all," Fishbein said. "If I would be the judge I wouldn't decide no different. If we got the same judge next Monday, Blintz, we are beat for fair."

"Not if we got a decent jury, Fishbein."

"Don't put no hopes in the jury, Blintz," Fishbein replied. "I bet yer Tickman will fix it so that our competitors gets on the jury already, and that's the way it goes."

The next three days Fishbein spent in preparing Blintz for the worst, and when at length the fateful morning arrived Blintz avoided a final discouraging interview with his partner by going direct from his home to the courthouse. Fishbein arrived first, however, and was standing in the corridor when his partner entered. He greeted Blintz with so malevolent a glare that the latter quailed.

"Well," Blintz said, "what's the trouble?"

"No trouble, Blintz," Fishbein grunted. "Everything's fine and dandy. You should go back to the store. That's all. We ain't needed here."

"What d'ye mean, we ain't needed here?" Blintz cried. "Markie gave a subpeeny to B. Gelb Friday, and everything is ready."

"Sure, I know it is," Fishbein replied, drawing a paper from his pocket. "I bet yer everything is ready. Just look at this."

He handed his partner a Sunday paper folded at the advertised announcement of betrothals, and Blintz seized it with trembling fingers.

"Right in the middle of the page, Blintz," Fishbein said, and indicated the spot with the butt of a moribund stogy. The item read as follows:

MENDELBAUM—TAUB—Mr. and Mrs. B. Gelb, of 3642 Madison Avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Mrs. Fannie Taub, to Levy Mendelbaum. Reception three to six, Sunday next. No cards

"Maybe it ain't the same Gelb," Blintz murmured.

"Maybe it ain't, Blintz," Fishbein retorted, "but if you would stick your head inside the courtroom door you would see Tickman and Simon Horowitz and B Gelb and that sucker Mendelbaum talking together like they was brothers already."

"Horowitz!" Blintz exclaimed. "What's Horowitz doing here?"

Before Fishbein could hazard an answer Markie Gubiner came down the corridor.

"Well, Fishbein," he cried, "sorry you should have come all the way down here for nothing."

Fishbein wheeled around and stared at his counsel.

"I know I come down here for nothing, Gubiner," he said, "but I don't see what you got to be so happy about it for."

"My partner is right, Markie," Blintz added. "What are you trying to do, Markie—make a fool out of us?"

"Hold on there," Markie replied. "I've got a surprise for you."

"We got a surprise for you, too," Fishbein broke in. "Just look at this here paper."

But Markie waved the paper aside and entered the courtroom, whence he emerged a moment later followed by Tickman, Horowitz, Gelb and Mendelbaum.

"Popper," Tickman said to Horowitz, "I want to introduce Mr. Marcus Gubiner."

"Pleased to meetcher," Horowitz said. "These other two gentlemen, I already know 'em."

Fishbein and Blintz nodded.

"You shouldn't look at me so sour, Blintz," Horowitz went on. "You and me should be good friends already."

Blintz shrugged his shoulders.

"Because a feller sends me a cancellation," he said, "ain't no reason why I should be such a terrible enemy of his, y'understand. But at the same time, Mr Horowitz, it ain't no reason why I got to be a good friend of yours, neither."

"Cancellations is nix," Horowitz replied cheerfully. "You and me is got to be good friends now, Blintz, because our son-in-laws is partners already."

"What!" Fishbein and Blintz cried.

"That's right," Markie interrupted "Mr. Tickman has invited me to join him as a partner, and we're going to start in from today on."

Tickman nodded and smiled.

"And the first copartnership transaction," he said, "will be the settlement of the suit of Fishbein against Mendelbaum upon the following basis: Mr. Horowitz recalls the cancellation of his order and Mendelbaum will send you back the goods. Ain't that right, Popper?"

"Pretty near right," Horowitz agreed. "Only, instead of fifty of them garments, Fishbein, make me up a hundred, and so Mendelbaum will send it you back the piece goods and ten pieces more of the same style."

Mendelbaum grinned rapturously.

"All I need it is a confirmation," he said

"You can consider that you've got it already," said Fishbein, beaming his delight. As for Blintz, he wrung the hands of Markie and Tickman by turns.

"Say, lookyhere, boys," B. Gelb broke in, "ain't I nothing here? You bring me downtown for a witness for a trial, and all I got to witness is a regular love feast already. Ain't it?"

"Don't kick, Gelb," Horowitz replied "You marry off a daughter which got the misfortune to be a widder, to a decent, respectable young feller, and, besides, Gelb, we are all coming to the party."

It was now Gelb's cue to smile, and he fairly glistened with good humor.

"Don't come in the afternoon," he said. "Come in the evening after the young folks is gone and we'll fix up a couple of games auction pinocle."

"Why," Fishbein exclaimed—"Why, I thought the announcement in the Herald says 'No cards.'"

He handed the paper to Gelb, who examined it with a frown.

"That's a mistake from my wife's," he said. "All of a sudden she gets them fancy ideas about no cards. We'll play cards, anyhow, the same game like we always play, ten cents a hundred."

"Well, Fishbein," Blintz said as they sat in the elevated train on their way uptown, "I hope you're satisfied now."

"Sure I'm satisfied," Fishbein replied, "but I always come out at the small end, anyhow. I got to buy Mendelbaum's intended an engagement present, while you and Markie could pass him along some of them duplicates in cut glass which your Hattie got it."

"You shouldn't kick, Fishbein," he said. "The way the case is settled we wouldn't got to pay nothing to Markie Gubiner for what he done for us, and so you are in half what the bill would of been already."

"So are you in half Markie's bill, too," Fishbein retorted.

Blintz remembered Hattie's engagement ring and sighed heavily.

"I bet yer I am," he said.

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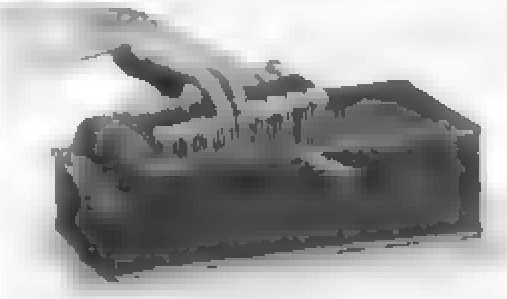

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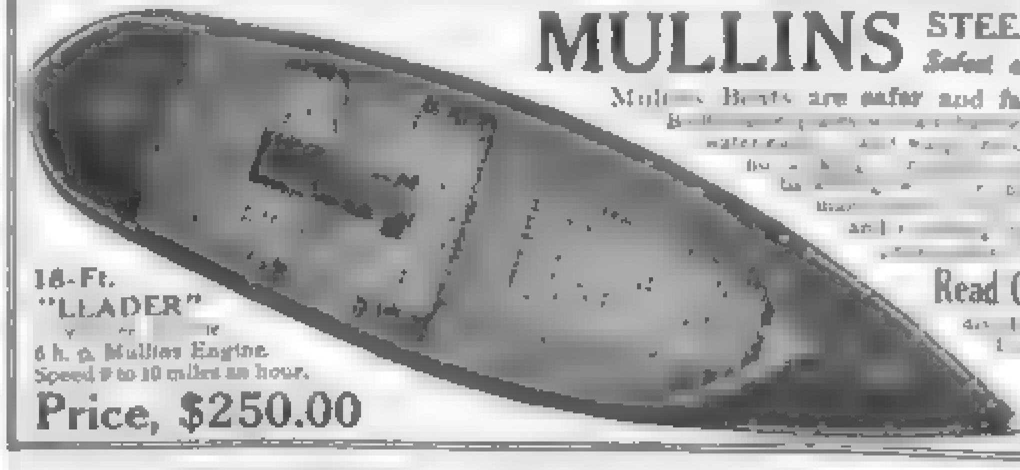

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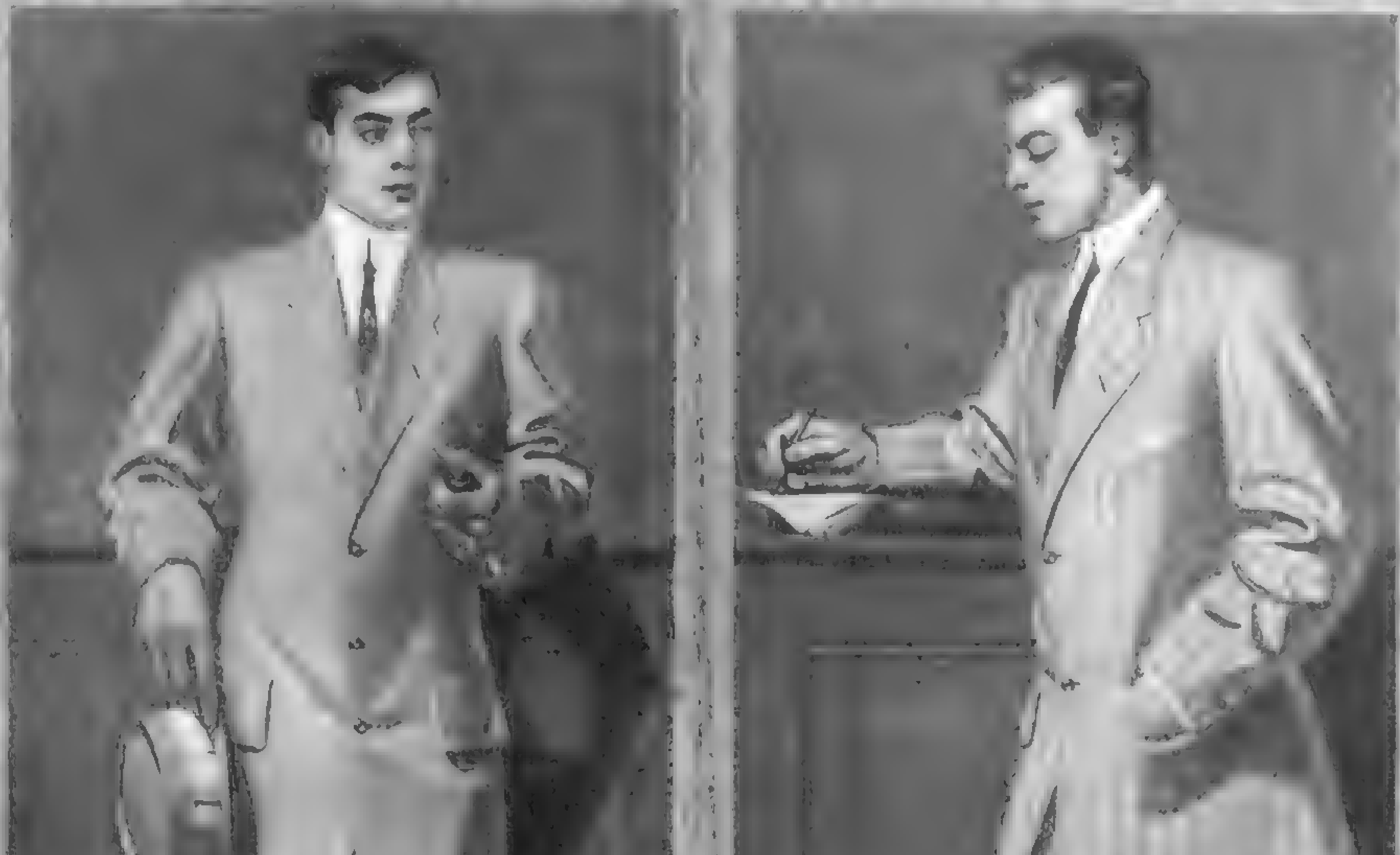

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Sense and Nonsense

Economy Balked

AMONG the millionaires who tried to economize when the hard times of 1907 hit the very rich was Myron T. Herrick, lawyer, financier and once Governor of Ohio.

On a trip to Florida he had been induced to join a fashionable fishing club, and when he looked over his opportunities for retrenchment he considered a fishing club a thousand miles away from his home a luxury he could forego. So he sent a polite resignation. In a few days it came back to him and inscribed over the letter in bold red ink was: "Go to h——. You can't resign. We need the dues."

The Steel-Worker

Wherever new bridges are flinging
Their spider-web skein to the skies;
Where the steel ships are made for the business of trade;
Where the skyscrapers gauntly arise;
Where the cranes lift the twenty-ton girders
And the red rivets hiss through the air—
From Chile to Nome and from China to Rome,
The steel-worker's sure to be there

"Hey you!"
(So the foreman said)
"Watch the way you're doin' there;
Use your bloomin' head
Lower her! Now—let 'er go!
Ram the rivets through."
(That's the way they do the job,
Do it proper, too.)

This week you will find him on Broadway
Some forty floors upward or so,
Where the men seem to crawl on just nothing at all
When you watch from the sidewalk below.
Next week he'll be starting for somewhere,
This viewer of cities and men,
With his money all spent he is fully content
So long as he's moving again.

"Hey you!"
(Hear the foreman call)
"Swing her over—hold her there!
Hoist a bit—that's all.
Drop her now, but drop her slow.
Now you've got her true."
(That's the way they do the job,
Do it proper, too.)

His passport's the card of his union
Wherever he happens to land,
His home is the spot where a job's to be got,
For the skill of his head and his hand,
No task is too distant to tackle,
No chance too outlandish or dim;
He carelessly goes like the wind as she blows,
And the world has no terrors for him.

"Hey you!"
(Hear the foreman shout)
"Watch that girder overhead!
Clear the way—LOOK OUT!
Hi, you fool, get out o' that!
Almost got him—whew!"
(That's the way they do the job,
Do it proper, too.)

—Berton Braley.

The Will-o'-the-Wisp

RIGHT here is Fashion, fickle dame, who no two years is quite the same; her parentage nobody knows; perhaps, like Topsy, she just grows; her other names are Vogue and Style, and she keeps busy all the while devising things so strange and queer, undoing what she did last year; she's old as Time, yet always new; she's always busy, never through; she says "thumbs up" and up they go, and vice versa, as you know; your wife and my wife and the wives of all men chase her all their lives with breathless eagerness to see what styles are here, and so do we; she darts by valley, hill and peak, capricious and with many a freak; what she may say or she may do, no matter—all the world does, too!

IT IS a merry chase she leads, and what the distance no one heeds; how she may travel, where may stir, the thing is to keep up with her; her moods are never twice the same, but we just grin and say we're game; next week she makes us throw away the kind of hats we buy today; today we rip and change and tear the things last week she bade us wear; the hatters wait for her to speak before they trim another freak; and women watch her as the Sphinx to speak and say what quips and kinks shall be the rage; all her decrees are absolute; the bended knees of millions crook in homage meek and breathing's hushed that she may speak!

SEE women stout with diet slips and thin ones buying forms and hips; see waistlines moving up and down to make last week's to this week's gown; the switch that made puffs yesterday is braided now another way, and what was Himalaya's peak of hair is now a squatty freak; that bonnet we adore today tomorrow is a castaway, and women dressed in style and vogue at noon find Fashion such a rogue, if they get home a little late their dresses are all out of date; the hat that was a dream at dawn may change the while you pin it on, and half an hour on the street may see a change of styles complete; for somewhere Fashion sits and smiles and ordains new and freakish styles, until no low, descending sun sees woman's wardrobe ever done!

—J. W. Foley.

The Champion Optimist

DOWN in Florida, where Ponce de Leon sought the spring of eternal youth, there is an old Confederate colonel who has regular replies to salutations of morning, afternoon and night.

"How are you this morning, Colonel?"

"If I felt any bettah, sah, I'd be ashamed of myself."

In the afternoon his answer as to his state of health and mind brings this:

"At the present moment, sah, there's only four drinks between me and Mr. Vanderbilt, sah."

At night he declares with great dignity and solemnity:

"I believe, sah, that in my next drink I shall catch the germ that will make my condition permanent, sah."

One of These Days

Say! Let's forget it! Let's put it aside!
Life is so large and the world is so wide,
Days are so short and there's so much to do,
What if it was false—there's so much that's true!
Say! Let's forget it! Let's brush it away
Now and forever—so, what do you say?
All of the bitter words said shall be praise
One of these days.

Say! Let's forgive it! Let's wipe off the slate!
Find something better to cherish than hate.
There's so much good in the world that we've had
Let's strike a balance and cross off the bad.
Say! Let's forgive it, whatever it be;
Let's not be slaves when we ought to be free.
We shall be walking in sunshiny ways
One of these days.

Say! Let's not mind it! Let's smile it away!
Bring not a withered rose from yesterday;
Flowers are so fresh by the wayside and wood,
Sorrows are blessings but half understood;
Say! Let's not mind it, however it seems;
Hope is so sweet and holds so many dreams.
All of the sere fields with blossoms shall blaze
One of these days.

Say! Let's not take it so sorely to heart;
Hates may be friendships just drifted apart;
Failure be genius not quite understood;
We could all help folks so much if we would!
Say! Let's get closer to somebody's side,
See what his dreams are and know how he tried,
Learn if our scoldings won't give way to praise
One of these days.

Say! Let's not wither! Let's branch out and rise
Out of the byways and nearer the skies;
Let's spread some shade that's refreshing and deep,
Where some tired traveler may lie down and sleep.
Say! Let's not tarry! Let's do it right now!
So much to do if we just find out how.
We may not be here to help folks or praise
One of these days.

—J. W. Foley.

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OUTCASTS

(Continued from Page 7)

better than the splendors of our house, for I'd never ached this way on leaving them behind.

I climbed the garden wall and, standing a minute in the dusky, frost-withered shrubbery, saw a light moving about the deserted north wing

AS TOLD BY JANIE HERSELF

NOW, if Robert is through and it's my turn to tell, I'll keep that light in the north wing till it comes more handy.

I had thought that I wouldn't be to home if Robert Sumner ever called to look us over a second time. But I didn't expect he'd come so forlorn and shrunk up in his clo'es, after he'd always gone about like a prince, with all the buttons on his jacket. I don't think he suspected himself of bein' forlorn, for he seemed as proud as ever; and not darin' to be sympathetic I was as rough in playin' as I could be. I believe the Fambly cried out of sympathy to him.

Well, the next day, we were all sitting in the kitchen, sayin' how nice it was that we could be together around the fire while it was burning; and not payin' the slightest attention to the cupboard, whether there was anything inside or not—at this time Robert came back.

He was even more pale and hollow-eyed, and it hurt me to see the way his clo'es were rumpled, with another button off his jacket.

He spoke to us in a low tone and sat down in the rockin'-chair. But he didn't rock—only sat still with his hands together and lookin' at us.

"Now the best thing for dead-tired folks," said Granny suddenly, "is to go to sleep. I allus said so and I allus will."

He drew a deep breath and seemed very thankful to learn this.

"If he'd only take off his jacket and put this shawl around him," I said, "it would make a regular sleepy nest and he could have a nap."

Robert answered that it wouldn't be quite the thing to visit folks and go to sleep, but his blue eyes winked in a tired way, and I just told him:

"Come, what are you talkin' so much for!" And I pulled at one sleeve and then the other, while he only smiled and then with the shawl around him fell asleep.

To think that Robert, who had never known what a torn place was, should wear such a jacket! I stitched it up and sewed on the buttons, while Granny, sitting by the sunny window on the bright rag carpet, hummed Rock o' Ages.

"Sumner's like a messenger sent out from a town ruined by war," she said.

As he slept on his face twitched, and he moaned softly to himself. Oh, we knew there must be somethin' wrong at the big house, and to see Robert goin' downhill, with his hair half-brushed and his shirt rumpled, was sad enough! He didn't know the risk he was runnin'.

"We're poverty folks, and used to it," I thought, "but it would be an awful thing for him to be an outcast, too."

As Granny was busy knittin', I combed his hair so lightly that he never stirred, while the Fambly wondered that he didn't row about it. Then everything fell quiet, and I looked at him feelin' that I watched over him and was a very brave, strong person.

"There's a light in the north wing," he said suddenly, in a low even voice; "and that man in the shrubbery is watchin' it. He must be a robber."

At this I did not feel so strong and brave, and gave a little cry, but Granny said:

"Hush! Don't wake him too quickly"; and I saw that Robert's eyes were glazed and still, though wide open.

"Skelytons! Skelytons!" he cried out shrilly; "and my Father is dead in the Black Pit." Then he set his feet to the floor, and being wide awake by this time started for the door. But as if somethin' we couldn't see halted him and twisted his head slowly around, he hesitated and looked squarely at Granny.

Now durin' all this time, from Robert's very first visit to our house, Granny had taken notice of him only in a careless-friendly way, as she might of any other little boy. Even after her bitter words on openin' the empty purse, she did not seem very interested. And believin' that she hated his Father and Mother, Robert looked at her now, afraid to go near, and yet feelin' that she alone of all the people in the world could comfort him in trouble.

Granny's face, which had become so wrinkled from laughin' at hard times, twitched with pain, for she heeded more than any one the words Robert had spoken in his sleep.

"Come, Sumner," she said.

"You hate him; and he is my Father," he whispered, tryin' to walk away.

"No! She does not hate him," I said, and held fast to his arm.

"Come, Bobby; come over to Granny": she held out her arms as if invitin' him to cross some dividin' line. Then he passed over and pressed against her shoulder, drawing deep, sobbin' breaths, though he would not cry.

After a time he told what had happened, even to seein' the light in the deserted wing and a man watchin' from the shrubbery.

"Did you tell your Mother of all this," asked Granny. Robert answered "No," and Granny thought a long time.

"Your Father is not dead; he has gone to the city," she said. "Things are not so bad. Now, when folks are worried they must play, and play their hardest."

Robert's face brightened.

"Why," went on Granny, "you must play among the very things that trouble you. A boy can break in anywhere — even a locked north wing!"

"I know a window on the lower veranda which I can unlock with a wire," said Robert.

"I knew it! Janie, put on your shawl and go with Sumner to play in the north wing. Leave the window open if you want to, and play everywhere on the lower floor. I don't say about the upper, where the closets should be looked into."

"Not by me," said Robert.

"Play on, right into the dusk, which will come pretty soon. You will not be afraid with Janie?"

Robert, who was puttin' on his jacket, looked around. I thought, perhaps, he would notice the new buttons, but he didn't.

"Nothin's goin' to touch Janie when I'm there," he said, as if ready to quarrel over it, while Granny's eyes sparkled on him for the very first time.

I was proud of him, and knowin' he meant what he said put on my shawl and was ready to follow anywhere.

Mother had sat quietly in the corner with the baby, all afternoon, thinkin' of Papa Jeff huntin' one of the skurse jobs. She looked up now, but Granny raised a finger, and everybody at Peaceland knew that meant either plans or magics.

So Robert and I played tag to the big house and went in through one of the long swinging windows which we didn't close behind us, either. Of course, there wasn't any particular reason for our talkin' in whispers, but we could hear this way as well as any and steppin' softly I kept close to Robert.

The rooms still held all the furniture, yet they had a queer feelin' of bein' empty, and were already drifted with dust in the dreariest way — like a desert island.

I was surprised to find everything so splendid; it all fitted in with Robert exac'ly, and seemed already to have started downhill with him. We stopped in the center of the second room and stared into the corners.

"I thought I heard a noise," whispered Robert; but he wasn't in the least afraid and let me stand on the side nearest the open window. When I got my breath I said out loud: "I ain't afraid o' whatever; Robert's here."

After that he stamped around instead o' steppin' softly, but somehow we couldn't find the heart to play in a house that echoed. I knew Granny wanted somethin' goin' on, to keep Robert from worryin', so I walked to the curtain which hung over one end of the room, and said:

"Behind here is magics."

"Throw 'em back," he answered.

My heart beat faster as I slowly drew back the curtains, and I looked at him as if expectin' the little cry which he really gave. He clenched his hands and makin' a tremendous pull on himself, said:

"Don't you be scared, Janie; ain't I here?" Then he walked boldly into the next room, pullin' me after him.

This room, curtained at one end, and with all shades drawn close, was dark and

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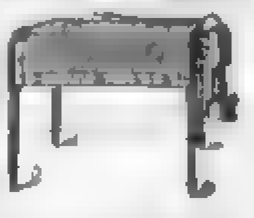

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dismal as a robbers' cavern. In the center of the wide fireplace burned a sickly little fire, with cold ashes scattered all over the hearth and a tiny thread o' smoke twistin' up the chimney.

And on a table burned a candle by an open book.

It was the room o' some old witch who had flown up the chimney, leavin' her light burnin' and riddle book open; and I must have been enchanted myself, for I crept along, soft-pawed as a cat, and turned the leaves.

"Here's what I suspected," I told Robert, noddin' my head in a solemn way; "Goblins and castles. Maybe we can find the riddle o' the skelyton closet."

He stared as if I had changed into somethin' wild and hauntin', but again he wasn't afraid, and when I sat down in the big, deep chair he huddled on the bearskin at my feet as close as he could get.

Then I explained the book, while the fire and the candle leaped in little jets and thin banners o' colored light wavered through the room. So we forgot the time, which ran like sand in Granny's hourglass —still and quickly.

Once on a time, we listened again, but we were enchanted far into the witch's stories and were not sure of anything.

"That was a real noise," whispered Robert in doubt.

"That was in the story," I answered, and though knowin' it was very dangerous for us to meddle in such adventures we rose and, close together, tiptoed into the hall and up the dark stairs. We never could have done this excep' as haunters in a castle. Through the wide and creaky upstairs a man with a lamp in his hand came on from room to room; he wore shaggy clo'es, with a red comforter knotted around his throat, and carried a heavy stick.

"It is the robber," Robert gasped, as we crouched low on the stair

"I saw a light—a movin' light," declared the robber. I wondered that he should speak so crossly to himself; but on his heels a lady followed, keepin' in the edge of the ring of light as if it had been thrown around her like a noose. Her hair was disordered where she had pushed it back with her hands, and I could only catch the light of her dark eyes.

"I am sure you are mistaken; there is no one here," she answered, in a voice that should have made even a robber cry.

"It is a captured princess," I thought, and with my body tremblin', though otherwise I wasn't myself, I crept on after to see the end of a story so real as this. Into one of the large rooms they led, and Robert and I peeped in from the hall.

"Here it stopped; I am sure, I tell you," cried the man.

They moved like shadows, for the light of the lamp was faint in that great room, and then the robber walked up to the door of the closet and struck it with his stick—a hollow blow.

"Now I have you! Come out!" he commanded.

Robert and I took one quick look at each other; we couldn't speak, but each understood that now the man would get it for meddlin' with those closets.

He laid his hand on the knob and threw wide the door. Inside quietly sortin' some clo'es and linen by the light of a lantern hung on a hook, stood Granny. Her eyes were sparklin' straight into the robber's face.

"Are these war times agin?" she asked in a cold, quiet voice. The man fell back a step, while the lady clasped her hands with a little cry.

"Are these war times," asked Granny once more, "that ruffians break into a peaceable household o' women?"

"Where is Sumner?" said the man roughly. "Two nights I've seen his light here. I am an officer of the court."

Granny laughed in a quiet, weird way "Mercy on us!" she said. "I've been sortin' and arrangin' things here in the evenin's so the folks can pack and move away. Must I do it in the dark?"

"'Sumner ——" began the robber.

"Oh, he's somewhere in the city. Ain't you gone yet?" she went on, stoppin' work and leanin' on her stick to face him. "Now, you bushwhacker, I'll tell you what's goin' to happen if you don't clear out o' this country tonight. I knew you were spyin' here, and this evenin' sent word to one of my old war friends back in the hills. He and his boys may be here at

(Continued on Page 57)

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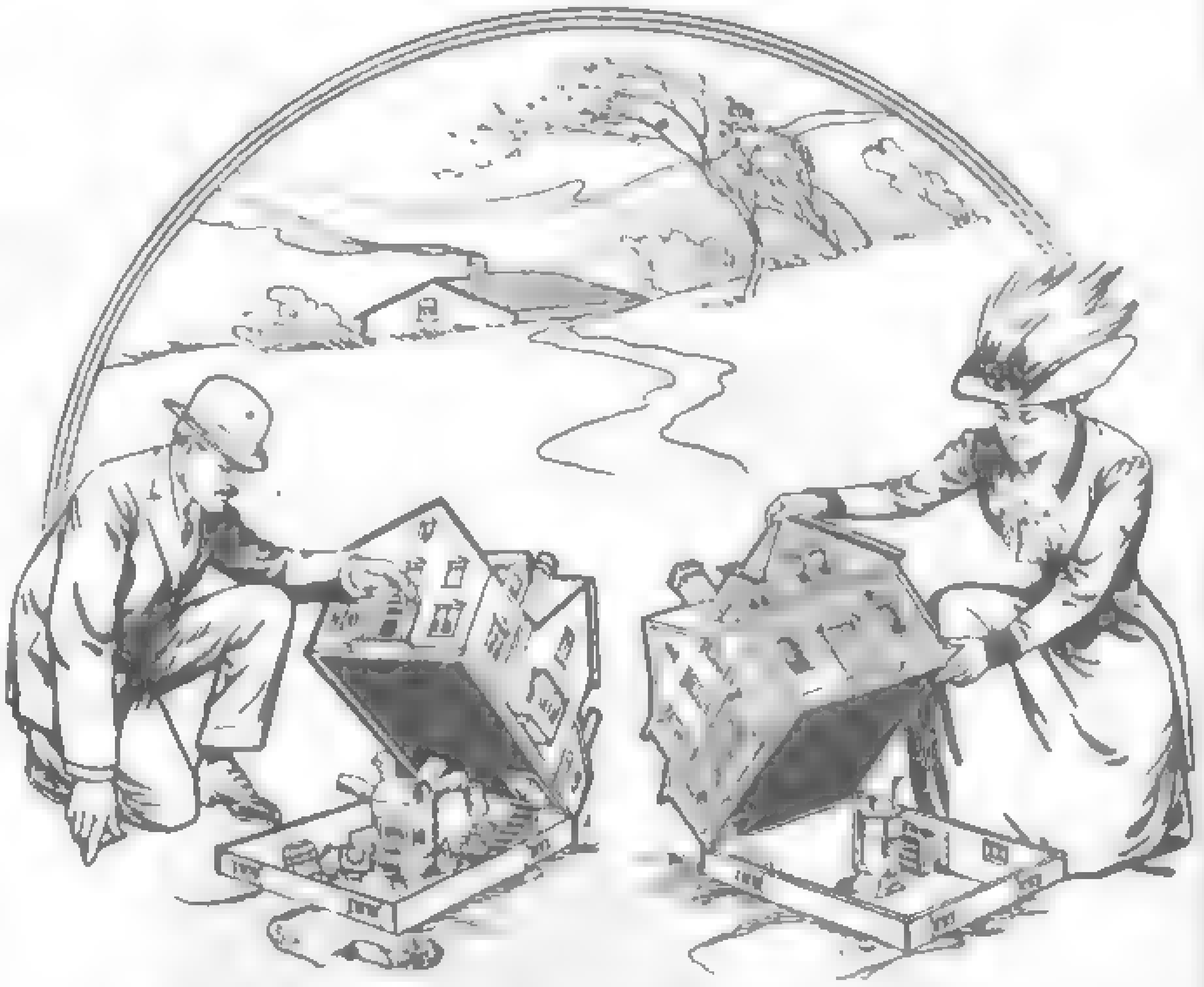

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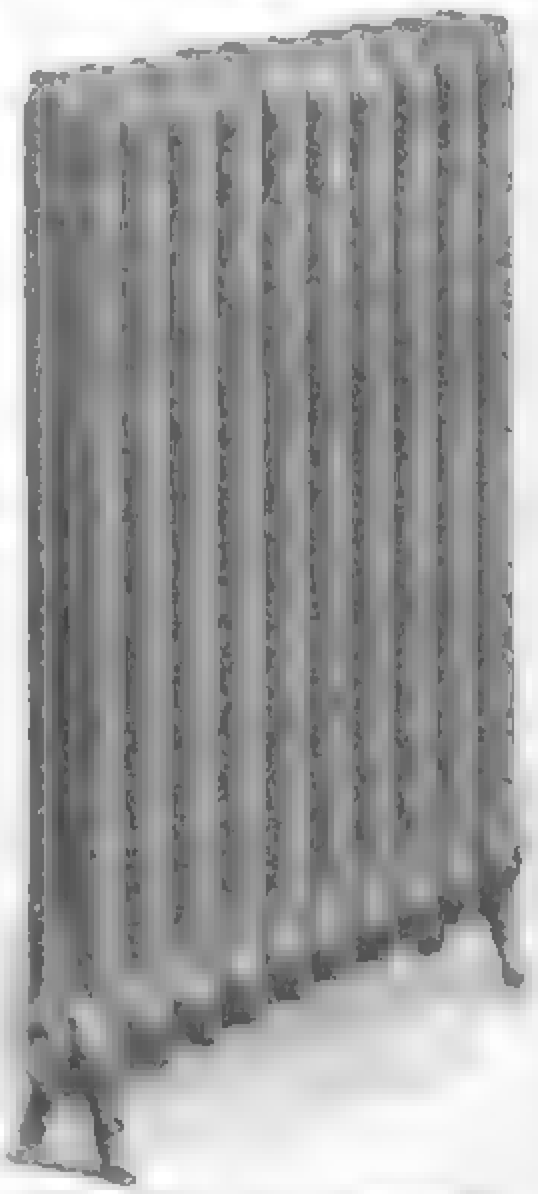

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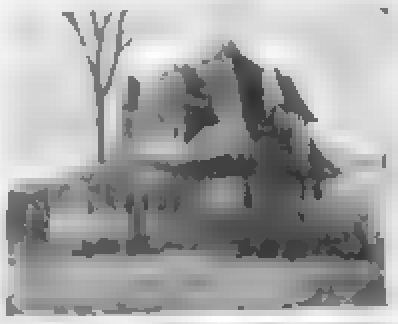

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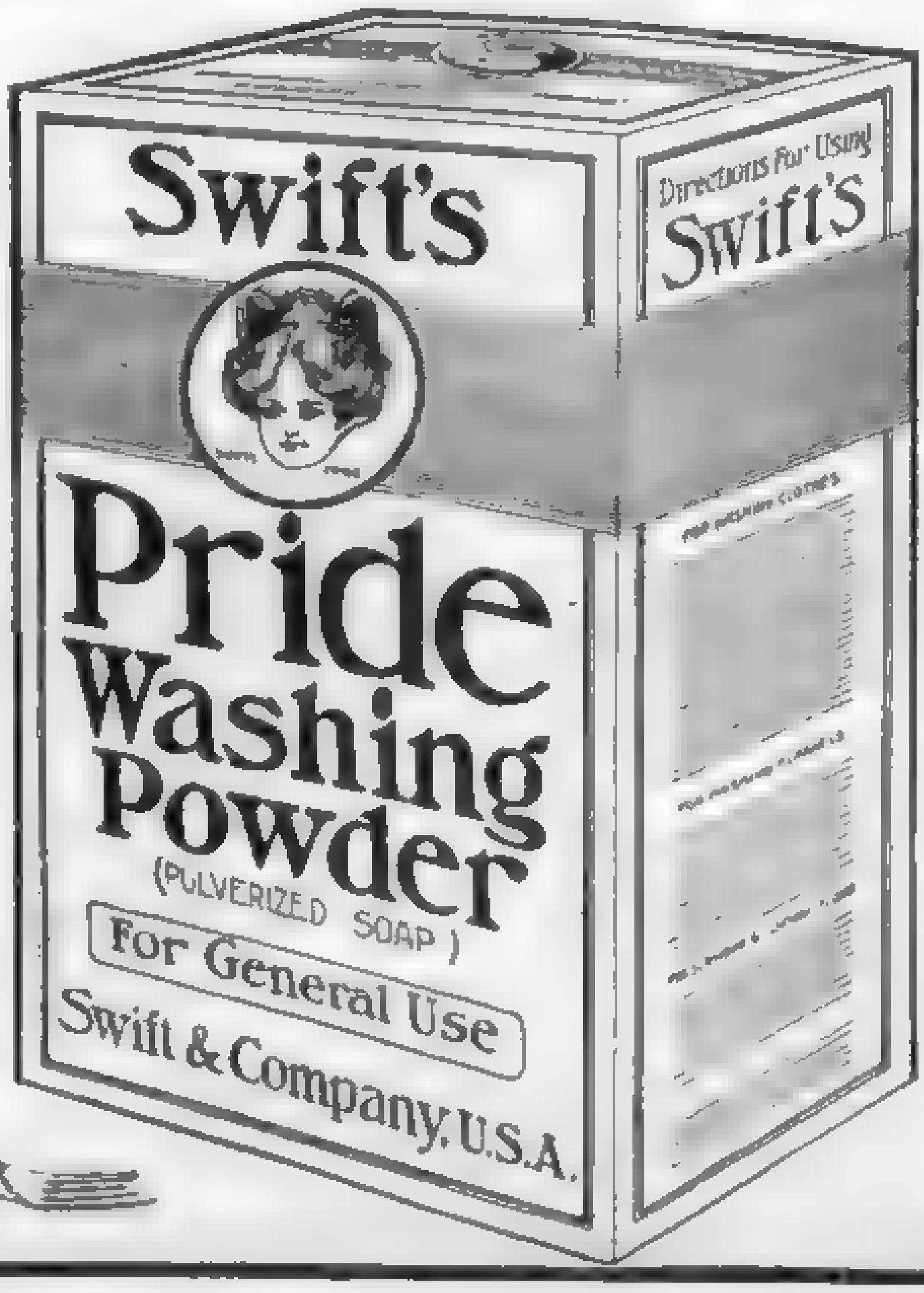
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Directions For Using
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(Continued from Page 54)

any time and they'll bring their rifles—and they'll shoot on sight—to kill."

The man drew out a paper anxiously. "I ain't interested," said Granny; "only I'll warn you that old man is dangerous to strangers and to court officers in particular. Ain't you gone yet?"

But he had; slow and grumblin' at first, then movin' faster till we heard the door slam in the hall below and his feet runnin' along the gravel walk. Quickly Granny opened the window to let in a man who had been standin' on the veranda.

"My Father!" whispered Robert, a tremble through his whole body. "See, Mother has him by the arm!"

"Hush!" I answered; "till we see how real they are. It may happen this way in magics."

"Sumner!" cried the old woman to Robert's father; "stand out and explain what one of our fambly means by havin' a court officer ambushin' him."

"No; you need not explain," said the lady; "this is our own affair!"

"It is an affair of the fambly." Mr. Sumner spoke in a firm voice, and his wife drew slowly apart from them. He went on quickly: "Years ago I was given control of a large estate. I was careless in business and this estate was looted by an agent whom I trusted. Then came the time o' settlement and I promised to make regular payments till the amount stolen was covered. This took a large part of my income; we hadn't enough to live on; I sold land—all but the land we stand on which can't be sold out o' the fambly ——"

"Still it wasn't enough," declared Granny, her eyes runnin' over him like a hawk's.

"That's so. I missed the payments and now the heirs have pounced on me." He had explained all this in a clear, brave voice; then his words hurt, they stumbled so, and a gray trouble smeared over his face. "My wife has been hidin' me here; I couldn't leave her and my boy, it seemed. Now I must go at once. Robert! Bobbie! Where is my boy, Bobbie? He came in with a little girl a while ago."

"Remember; you are down to your last cent," cried Granny harshly, and he stood fixed and starin' at the wall.

"True," he said, and laughed a little. "Why, they don't want to bother with me now. Good-by to you"; he held out his hand to Granny. "You've saved the name from disgrace, thank the Almighty. But how did you happen ——"

"Oh, I heard of the locked north wing and the movin' light. So I came up to warn you and move about with my own light."

"You got here in the nick of time." He was still holdin' out his hand, but Granny did not take it. Instead, she turned from Mr. Sumner to the lady who stood apart, lookin' on with her face set and white.

"Dearie me; and she wouldn't forgive you?" asked Granny in a curious, gossipy way.

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Sumner half angrily; "why should she? or my boy, either? I've made beggars of 'em."

The lady's lips didn't move, but a terrible word floated from them: "Beggars!"

Her husband's voice dropped to a whisper. "If I can only get away" he looked around, half stoopin' as if expectin' an enemy—"If I can only get away! I'll make good somewhere, I'll send money."

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Granny. "And him down to his last cent!" It was a dreadful moment for anything like this; as if some one had cursed wickedly in church.

"You know him," she said over her shoulder to the lady, "and bein' a Sumner, I know him." She pointed with her stick in mockery. "Do you think to fool us? Who—pillaged those heirs but—you—— Thief!"

She let fly the word in a quick yelp, and before I could watch the change that lady who had stood so stony and far apart was on her knees at Mr. Sumner's side.

"I forgive! I forgive! There is nothin' to forgive!" she sobbed over and over as he raised her gently in his arms. "Robert, she does not understand; you mustn't mind."

She seemed to forget Granny was there at all, and so changed was she by this one moment that she whispered and smiled to him anxiously, while drawin' his head close to her own.

"Why, I've been wasteful, husband; that's all. But we'll go somewhere into the world with Bobbie; and we'll be careful; and we'll get along. Now listen, dear; forget all this. You can lead and we'll follow." She laughed a trembling laugh.

The old woman stepped softly into the hall. "Begone! begone!" she muttered to herself, but we heard and scurried downstairs and into the witch's room like mice, for we hadn't gotten over the shock of seein' her come out o' that closet.

We listened to the click of her stick on every stair; then crouchin' behind a big chair in the chimney corner saw her peaked face in the doorway. She turned her head this way and that; she snuffed the candle and studied the book and, holdin' out her wrinkled hands to the spark in the ashes, grumbled: "Skelytons! Skelytons!"

At this moment the others followed her.

"They're not in the story now," whispered Robert, so hoarsely that I thought Granny should have heard.

"Hush! They're in and out. Granny wasn't a skelyton upstairs. Remember what she said about the Black Pit and the money closet. Wait."

Mrs. Sumner came forward quickly. "I know my husband better than any one," she said, "after a while you'll feel he's not guilty. Why, look; he's the noblest fellow!" As Granny did not turn the lady hesitated, and then ran back to her husband's side.

"And then," said Granny, "when it wasn't enough, you looked into the Pit."

"I looked," answered Mr. Sumner grimly; "but there's nothing in the Pit for me."

The lady looked from one to the other as if not understandin' this. "We are so grateful to you," she said in a low voice. "I've been proud toward you and didn't wish to recognize you as a member of my husband's fambly; but that seems a good while ago. You can't refuse to forgive me now—when we are fugitives, outcasts. But that doesn't matter to me. We'll be together; my husband and I and little Bobbie, and steal away to some furrin country——"

"I don't like furriners in my fambly," complained Granny. "Ah, little Bobbie!"

Mr. Sumner, who had looked at his wife, so proud and happy to be stuck by, turned his head aside. "Little Bob," he muttered with a great sigh; "he can't stand this; I know. He told me once ——"

"That Black Pit was a mine which held more money than any old clock," interrupted Granny sharply, and I had to clap my hand over Robert's mouth to keep him from cryin' out that he stuck, even though there wasn't any last cent.

"Magics now," I whispered, and as I held his head he shook his whole body. No; he didn't believe.

Then I hid my face in my arms, and he wanted to know why. "They'll take you with 'em to be an outcas'."

"Well, that ain't anything to be ashamed of," he whispered; but he folded his arms very proud and gloomy. "Janie, please don't cr-r-y. I'll never go without coming back to see how you get on."

Mr. Sumner had answered: "I've heard it was a rich mine, but your sister and my aunt had it sealed up and forbade my workin' it in her will—as you know. If I did, the whole estate was to go to you. I don't know why she willed it this way and often intended askin' you, but you always seemed proud and angry, I s'posed because the land was left to me ——"

"Well, whatever's this," cried Granny, surprised into turnin' clear around on him. "I thought you was the proud one; and I wasn't seekin' charity."

"That's my fault, too," said the lady in a piteous tone. "I don't know about the mine—that doesn't matter—but I didn't wish Robert to recognize poor relations. Of course, you didn't want for anything."

"No, ma'am," agreed Granny. "You know I let my farm go seven years ago."

"I hope you got a good price," said Mr. Sumner.

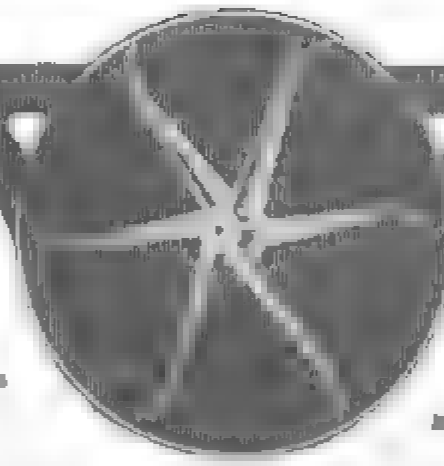
"Yes, indeed; we've always had a plenty o' money in the clock."

"Poor, poor Bobbie," said Mr. Sumner.

Now the Sumners stood as if just rememberin' what they'd come to, and we were all woe-begone beyond tears.

"Hark!" said Granny, who always seemed to change at the right time, and graspin' the candle she fluttered the leaves of the open book. "We're all a play game," she croaked in a funny way, while the others were puzzled and stared hard at her face.

"The book was all I had to read," explained Mr. Sumner, to quiet her. "I



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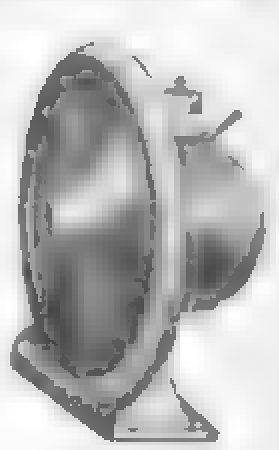

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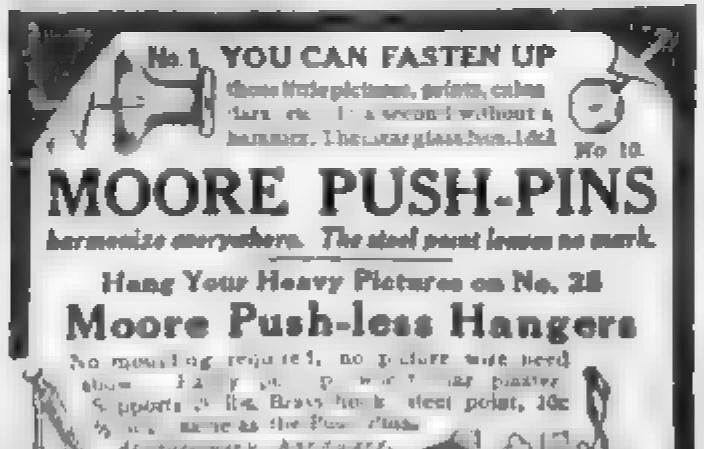

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left it when the children came in. I forgot the times, and those boy's tales seemed true and dear to a ruined man."

"You dare say boy's tales," called Granny sharply; "when here I can make out truly the riddle o' skelyton closets!"

"Magics after all," I hardly breathed, but Robert never unfolded his arms.

"A broody old woman," she read from the book—"Listen all"; and she pointed with her stick into the four corners, ours as well as the rest. "A broody old woman had a nephew who was a true prince to everybody but his own kin; to them he seemed selfish, anyway. Maybe that was because he'd been eddicated to it, for the old woman had found a buried treasure and had brought him up as head o' the fambly which had been great in General Jackson's time. The nephew was to make it greater, and little by little his aunt took money from the treasure to buy a great estate."

"Then all at once the nephew fell into a kind of stingy disease, and began to scrape money together and put it away secretly. The old aunt filled his pockets time and again, but the bulgy side was never turned toward anybody who was the least run down."

Granny read on: "The broody woman says: 'I'm soon to die, and I'll leave this miser nephew the best savin's-bank possible.' So she sealed up the mine and put her sister into it as a skelyton. I was to get the estate if he ever opened the mine. 'Robert Sumner must learn that money hoarded below the ground is worth just as much as money hoarded above it,' says she.

"Here's the riddle! How did the nephew get out the skelyton—who didn't like him very well?

"Why, his own little boy called one day into the pit: 'Come out; I'll stick to the last cent.' Wait now; wait for the answer, I tell you! That little boy had a dreadful secret; he thought his father was dead in the pit; but he kept it and bore with it like a little soldier, for his mother had trouble enough. Only he knew there was one person who should be told; he told me, the sister o' the broody woman. Oh, he must have felt me to be a Sumner. He said: 'If I had my father back, I'd stick to the last cent'."

Mr. Sumner gave the clearest, happiest cry I ever heard, and Robert rushed into his arms.

"Then the skelyton came out," went on Granny, but the others could not pay attention just then. "I say the skelyton came out," she repeated fiercely, and knocked over the candle with her stick, which left only a little glow from the lantern.

But in the moment of doin' this I saw her face. It was covered with tears, which was a wonder after she'd spoken so crossly. "Don't send 'em away just because you've come out o' the money closet; don't send 'em away," I begged, hangin' to her hand.

"I don't like furriners in my fambly. Tomorrow, Sumner, I make the mine over to you; it ought to pay the debt."

For a moment there was silence; then "No," cried the lady; "I know you are generous; but we'll go on away; we do not mind. For you don't believe in my husband."

"And him a Sumner!" demanded Granny. "Was there ever a dishones' bone in a Sumner body?"

They stood there still and ghostly in the lantern light, and then slowly, with a little sob, the lady came to Granny. "Oh, I have found you out now," she said softly. "You only pretended; and so you drove me to take his part. I've been the outcas'; but now I'm one of you."

"There should be a great deal more than enough," said Mr. Sumner.

"Then we'll share," answered Granny, and presently the gentleman and lady went out, one on each side of old Granny; for the magics were over and she walked wearily, callin' them her children.

Then in the dark I felt Robert's hand touch my shoulder. "Part of it is magics," he said so very anxiously; "but you and I ——"

"That is true," I told him in a weak little voice, and waited, for o' course I couldn't claim it first. I was only poverty folks, while he'd always been ——

"Cousin Janie," he whispered.

"Cousin Bobbie," I answered quickly; then he whistled softly and I called back with such a happiness, as we ran away from each other—though not for good.

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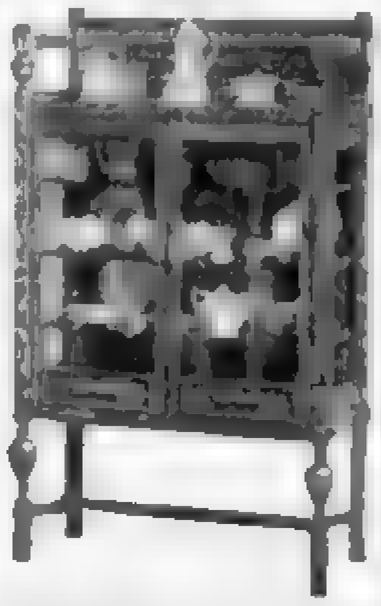

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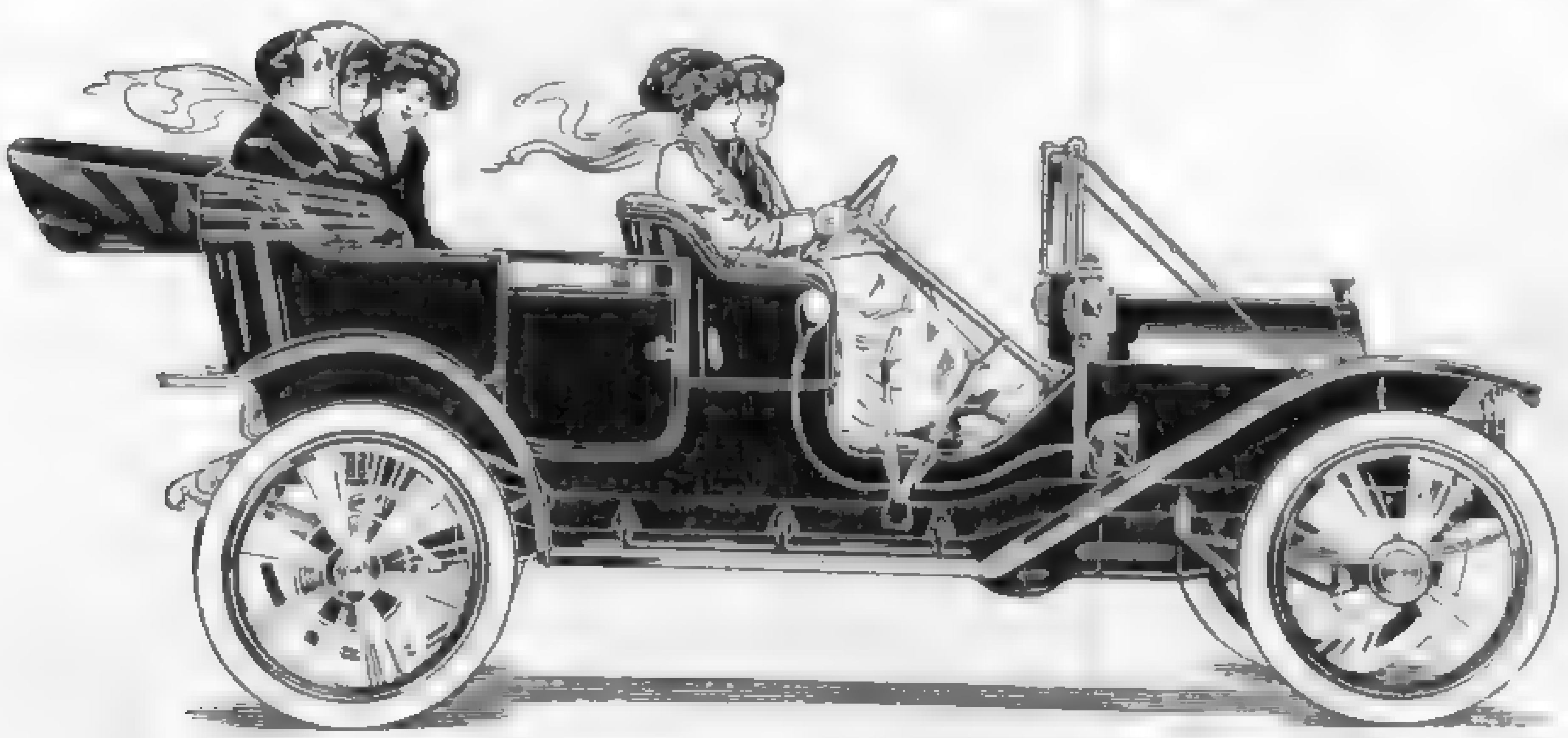

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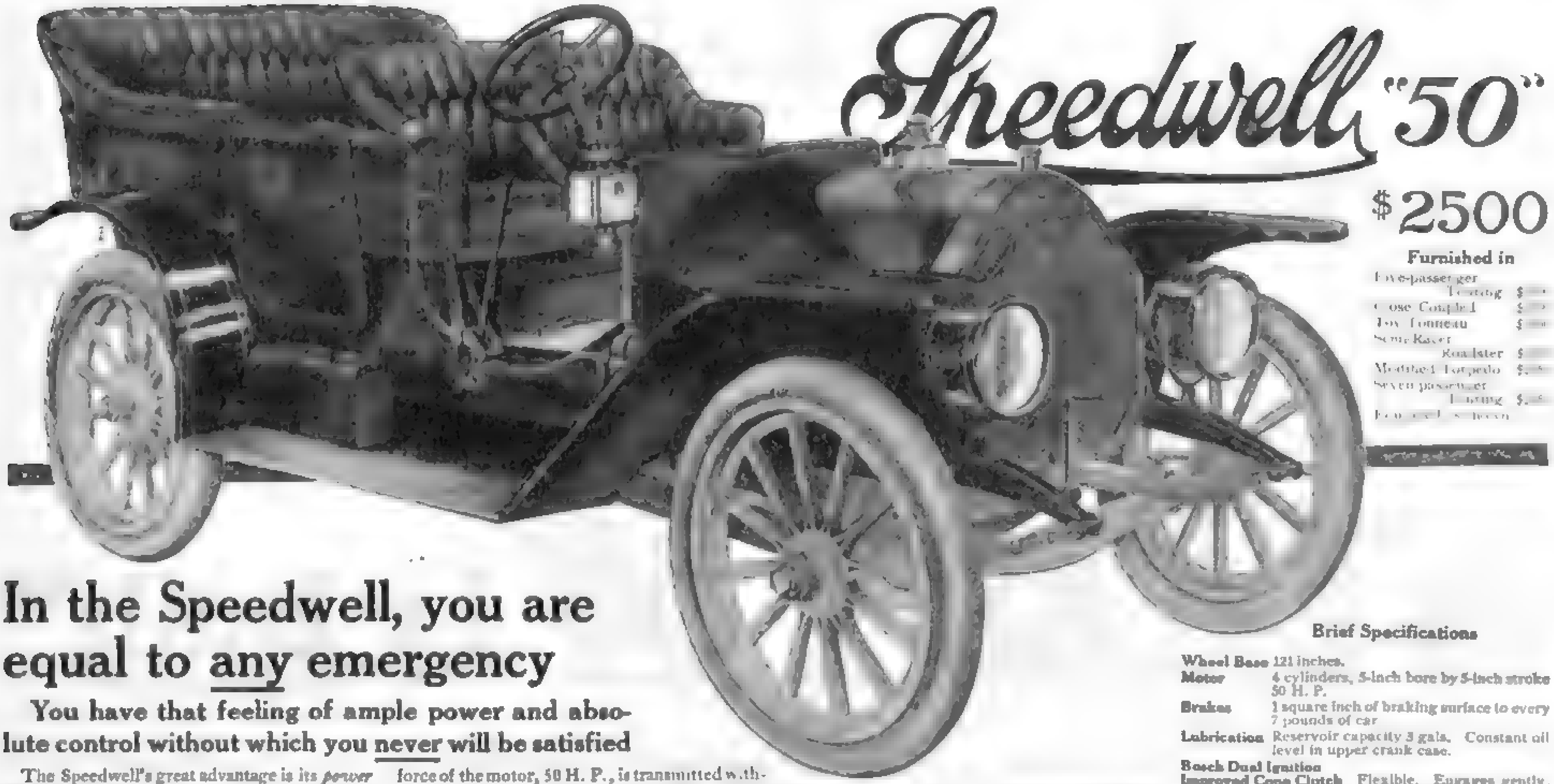
Speedwell "50"



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You have that feeling of ample power and absolute control without which you never will be satisfied

The Speedwell's great advantage is its *power efficiency*. You can get all the speed and power you want whenever you want it. You can do anything—go anywhere and always know that you could do still better if necessary.

Runs away from everything up the hills

The secret of the wonderful power and hill-climbing ability of the Speedwell is that the full force of the motor, 50 H. P., is transmitted without waste power, without lost motion, with a minimum of friction—**direct to the rear axle.**

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Wheel Base	121 inches.
Motor	4 cylinders, 5-inch bore by 5-inch stroke 50 H. P.
Brakes	1 square inch of braking surface to every 7 pounds of car
Lubrication	Reservoir capacity 3 gals. Constant oil level in upper crank case.
Bosch Dual Ignition	
Improved Cone Clutch	Flexible. Engages gently, free from complications.
Axles	Front axles one piece drop forging heat treated. Rear axle full floating type with drawn steel housing.
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Bearings	Timken roller bearings throughout
Tires	36 x 4 on all except 7 passenger models—36 x 4½.

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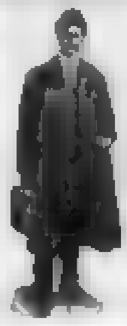

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SAM TURNER

(Continued from Page 25)

"Honestly, it was the little bird this time. I just had an intuition that you must like them because I do so well," upon which naïve statement Miss Josephine merely smiled and, calling her father with pretty peremptoriness, she loaded that heavy gentleman down with the flowers and with instructions concerning them, and then stepped briskly into the tonneau with Sam.

It was a pleasant ride they had to Restview, and it was a pleasant surprise that greeted Miss Josephine when the train arrived, for out of it stepped a youth who was unmistakably a Turner. He was as tall as Sam, but slighter, and as clean-looking a boy as one would find in a day's journey. There was that, too, in the handclasp between the brothers which proclaimed at once their flawless relationship. Miss Stevens was so relieved to find the younger Turner so presentable that she took him into her friendship at once. He was that kind of a chap anyhow, and in the very first greeting she almost found herself calling him Jack. Just behind him, however, was a little, dried-up man with a complexion the color of old parchment, with sandy, stubby hair, shot with gray, and a stubby gray beard, shot with red. His lips were a wide, straight line, as grim as judgment day. He walked with a slight stoop, but with a quick staccato step which betokened great nervous energy, a quality that the alert expression of his beady eyes carried out with distinct emphasis.

"Hello, Creamer!" hailed Sam to this gentleman. "I didn't expect you down here."

"You had every right to expect me," snapped the little man querulously. "After all the experimenting I have done for you chaps, you had every reason to keep me posted on all your movements; and yet I reckon if I hadn't been in your office yesterday evening when Jack said he was coming down here, you would not have notified me until you had your company all formed. Then I suppose you'd have written to tell me how much stock you had assigned to me. I'm going to be in on the formation of this company, and I'm going to have my say about it!"

"Will you never get over that dyspepsia!" chided Sam easily. "There was no intention of leaving you out."

"Just what I told him," said Jack, turning from Miss Stevens to them. "I have been telling him that as soon as we had found out today what we were to do I would have wired him at once."

"You were quite right, Jack," approved Sam, opening the door of the car for them, "and as a proof of it, Creamer, when you return to your office you will find there a letter, postmarked yesterday, telling you our exact progress here, and warning you to be in readiness to come on telegram."

"All right, then," said Mr. Creamer, somewhat mollified; "but, since that letter's there and I'm here, you might as well tell me what you've done."

Sam stopped the proceedings long enough to introduce Miss Stevens to Mr. Creamer, after he had closed the door upon them and had taken his own seat by the chauffeur.

"All right," he then said to Mr. Creamer; "I'll begin at the beginning."

He began at the beginning. He told Mr. Creamer all the steps in the development of the company. He detailed to him the names of the gentlemen concerned and their complete commercial histories, pausing to answer many side questions and observations from his younger brother, who proved to be as keen a student of business puzzles as Sam himself.

"That's all very well," said Mr. Creamer, "and now I'm here. I want to get away tonight. Can't we form that company today? At what figure do you propose offering the original stock?"

"The preferred shares at fifty, with a par value of a hundred," returned Sam promptly.

"Common?" asked Mr. Creamer crisply.

"One share of common with each two shares of preferred."

"Eh! Well, I've twenty-five thousand dollars to put into this Marsh-Pulp business if I can have any figure in the management. I want to be on the board."

"It's quite likely you'll be on the board," returned Sam. "We shall have a very small list of investors, and the board will not be unwieldy if every investor is a director."

"Voting power in the common stock?"

"In the common stock," repeated Sam.

"Do you intend to buy any preferred?"

"Ten thousand dollars' worth."

"How much common do you expect to take out for your patents?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand."

"Never!" exclaimed Mr. Creamer. "The time for that's gone by, young man, no matter how good your proposition is. It's too old a game. You won't handle my money with control in your hands. I have no objection to letting you have two hundred thousand dollars' worth of common stock out of the half million, because that will give you an incentive to make the common worth par; but you sha'n't have or be able to acquire a share over two hundred and forty-nine thousand; not if I know anything about it! Can you call a meeting as soon as we get there?"

"I think so," said Sam, with a more or less worried air. "I'll try it. Tell you what I'll do. I'll run right on over to get Mr. Stevens, who wants to join the company, and in the mean time Mr. Westlake can round up the others."

For the first time in that drive Miss Stevens had something to say, but she said it with a briefness that was like a dash of cold water to the preoccupied Sam.

"Father is over there now, I think," she said.

"Good," approved Mr. Creamer. "We can have a little direct business talk and wind up the whole affair before lunch. What time do we arrive at Meadow Brook?"

"Before eleven o'clock."

"That will give us two hours. Two hours is enough to form any company when everybody knows exactly what they want to do. Got a lawyer over there?"

"One of the best in the country."

Miss Stevens sat in the center seat of the tonneau. Sam, in addressing his remarks and in listening to those of the others, was compelled to sweep his glance squarely across her, and occasionally in these sweeps he paused to let his gaze rest upon her. She was a relief to his eyes, a blessing to them! Miss Stevens, however, seldom met any of these glances. Very much preoccupied, she was looking at the passing scenery and not seeing it. There had begun boiling and bubbling and seething in Miss Stevens a feeling that she was decidedly *de trop;* that these men could talk their absorbing business more freely if she were not there. Nobody seemed to give her a thought. Nobody seemed to be aware that she was present. They were absorbed in something far more important to them than she was. It was uncomplimentary, to say the least. She was not used to playing second fiddle in any company. She was in the habit of absorbing the most of the attention in her immediate vicinity. Mr. Princeman or Mr. Hollis would neither one ignore her in that way, to say nothing of Billy Westlake. She was glad when they reached Meadow Brook. Their talk all the way had been of Marsh-Pulp and company organization, and preferred and common stock, and who was to get it, and how much they were to pay for it, and how they were going to cut the throats of the wood-pulp manufacturers, and how much profit they were going to make from the consumers; and with all that not a word for her. Not a single word! Not even an apology! Oh, it was atrocious! As soon as they drew up to the porch she arose, and before Sam could jump down to open the door of the tonneau she opened it for herself and sprang out.

"I'll hunt up father right away for you," she said courteously. "Glad to have met you, Mr. Creamer. I presume I shall meet you again, Mr. Turner," she said to Jack. "Thank you so much for the ride," she said to Sam, and then she was gone.

Sam looked after her blankly. It couldn't be possible that she was piqued about this business talk. Why, couldn't the girl see that this had to do with the birth of a great big company, a million-dollar corporation, and that it was of vital importance to him? It meant the apex of a lifetime of endeavor. It meant the upbuilding of a fortune. Couldn't she see that he and his brother were two lone

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youngsters against all these shrewd business men, whose only terms of aiding them and floating this big company was to take their mastery of it away from them? Couldn't she understand what control of a million-dollar organization meant? He was not angry with Miss Stevens for her apparent attitude in this matter, but he was hurt. He was not impatient with her, but he was impatient with the fact that she could not appreciate. Now the fat was in the fire again. He felt that. Under other circumstances he would have said that it was much more trouble than it was worth to keep in the good graces of a girl, but under the present circumstances—well, his heart had sunk down about a foot out of place, and he had a sort of faint feeling in the region of his stomach. He was just about sick. He followed her in, just in time to see the flutter of her skirts at the top of the stairway, but he could not call without making himself and her ridiculous. Confound things in general!

Mr. Stevens joined him while he was still looking into that blank hole in the world.

"Glad I happened to be here, Sam," said Stevens. "Jo tells me that your brother and Mr. Creamer have arrived and that you want to form that company right away."

"Yes," admitted Sam. "Was she sarcastic about it?"

Mr. Stevens closed his eyes and laughed.

"Not exactly sarcastic," he stated; "but she did allude to your proposed corporation as 'that old company'!"

"I was afraid so," said Sam ruefully.

Stevens surveyed him in amusement for a moment, and then in pity.

"Never mind, my boy," he said kindly. "You'll get used to these things by-and-by. It took me the first five years of my married life to convince Mrs. Stevens that business was not a rival to her affections, when, if I'd have only known the recipe, I could have convinced her at the start."

"How did you finally do it?" asked Sam, vitally interested.

"Made her my confidante and adviser," stated Stevens, smiling reminiscently.

Sam shook his head.

"Was that safe?" he asked. "Didn't she sometimes let your secrets out?"

"Bosh!" declared Stevens. "I'd rather trust a woman than a man, any day, with a secret—business or personal. That goes for any woman—mother, sister, wife, daughter or stenographer. Just give them a chance to get interested in your game, and they're with you against the world."

"Thanks," said Sam, putting that bit of information aside for future pondering. "By the way, Mr. Stevens, before we join the others I'd like to ask you how much stock you're going to carry in the Marsh-Pulp Company."

"Well," returned Mr. Stevens slowly, "I did think that if the thing looked good on final analysis I'd invest twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Can't you stretch that to fifty thousand?"

"Can't see it. But why? Don't you think you're going to fill your list?"

"We'll fill our list all right," returned Sam. "As a matter of fact, that's what I'm afraid of. These fellows are going to pool their stock and hold control in their own hands. Now, if I could get you to invest fifty thousand and vote with me, I could control the thing, and I ought to. It is my own company. Seems to me these fellows are selfish about it. You think I'm a good business man, don't you?"

"I certainly do," agreed Mr. Stevens.

"Well, it stands to reason that if I have two hundred and sixty thousand dollars of common stock that isn't worth a picayune unless I make it worth par, I'd hustle; and if I make my common stock worth par I'm making a fine, fat profit for these other fellows, to say nothing of the raising of their preferred stock from the value of fifty to a hundred dollars a share, and their common from nothing to a hundred."

"That's all right, Sam," returned Mr. Stevens; "but you'll work just as hard to make your common worth par if you only have two hundred thousand; and there's a growing tendency on the part of capital to be able to keep a string on its own money. Strange, but true."

"All right," said Sam wearily. "We won't argue that point any more just now; but will you invest fifty thousand?"

"I can't promise," said Stevens, and he walked on out to the porch. Much worried, Sam followed him, and with many misgivings he introduced Mr. Stevens to his brother Jack and to Mr. Creamer. The prospective organizers of the Marsh-Pulp Company were already in solemn conclave upon the porch, with the single exception of Princeman, who was on the lawn talking most perfunctorily with Miss Josephine. That young lady, with wickedness of the deepest sort in her soul, was doing her best to entice Mr. Princeman into forgetting that important meeting, but as soon as Princeman saw the gathering hosts he gently but firmly tore himself away, very much to her surprise and indignation. Why, he had been as rude to her as Sam Turner himself in placing the charms of business above her own! Immediately afterward she snubbed Billy Westlake unmercifully. Had he the qualities that would go to make a successful man in any walk of life? No!

XIV

MR. WESTLAKE dropped back with his old friend Stevens as they trailed into the parlor that Blackrock had secured.

"Are you going to subscribe rather heavily in the company, Stevens?" asked Westlake with the curiosity of a man who likes to have his own opinion corroborated by another man of good judgment.

"Well," replied the father of Miss Josephine, "I think of taking a rather solid little block of stock. I think I can spare twenty-five thousand dollars to invest in almost any company Sam Turner wants to start."

"He's a fine boy," said Westlake. "A square, straight young fellow, a good business man, and a hustler."

"He's bound to make his mark," Mr. Stevens acquiesced. "Do you fellows intend to let him secure control of this company?"

"I scarcely think so," replied Westlake. "Of course, that all depends. I'm taking a little larger block than you are. I see him playing tennis with my girl every day, and she seems to think a lot of him, and of course, you know—well, a man has to look out for his family. Considered as a straight business proposition, however, I wouldn't let him have control."

"Huh!" grunted Mr. Stevens, and together the two heavyweights—Stevens, with his aggressive beard suddenly pointed a trifle more straight out, and Mr. Westlake, with his placidity even more marked than usual—stalked on into the parlor where Mr. Blackrock, taking the chair *pro tem.*, read them the preliminary agreement he had drawn up; upon which Sam Turner immediately started to wrangle, a proceeding that proved altogether in vain. The best he could get for patents and promotion was two thousand out of the five thousand shares of common stock, and finally he gave in to that, knowing that he could not secure the right kind of men on better terms. Mr. Blackrock thereupon offered a subscription list, to which every man present appended his name opposite the number of shares he would take. Sam, at the last moment, put down his own name for two hundred and fifty shares of the preferred, which meant a cash investment of twenty-five hundred dollars more than he had originally figured upon. He cast up the list hurriedly. Five hundred shares were still to be subscribed. With whom could he combine to obtain control? The only man who had subscribed enough for that purpose was Princeman, who was out of the question. The next highest man was Westlake, who would be in reach if Sam were to take two hundred and fifty more of the preferred, which carried one hundred and twenty-five of the common. The highest of the others were Creamer, Cuthbert and Stevens. Sam would have to subscribe for the entire five hundred in order to make these men available to him. McComas and Blackrock had only subscribed for the same amount as Sam. They could do him no good, and he knew it was hopeless to attempt to get two men to join with him. He looked over at Westlake. That gentleman was smiling like a placid cherub, all innocent without, and kindliness and good deeds; but there was nevertheless something fishy about Westlake's eyes, and Sam, in memory, cast over a list of maimed and wounded and crushed who had come in Westlake's business way. The logical candidate was Stevens. Stevens simply had to take enough stock to overbalance this thing, then he simply had to vote his stock with Sam's! That was all there was to it! Sam

(Continued on Page 64)

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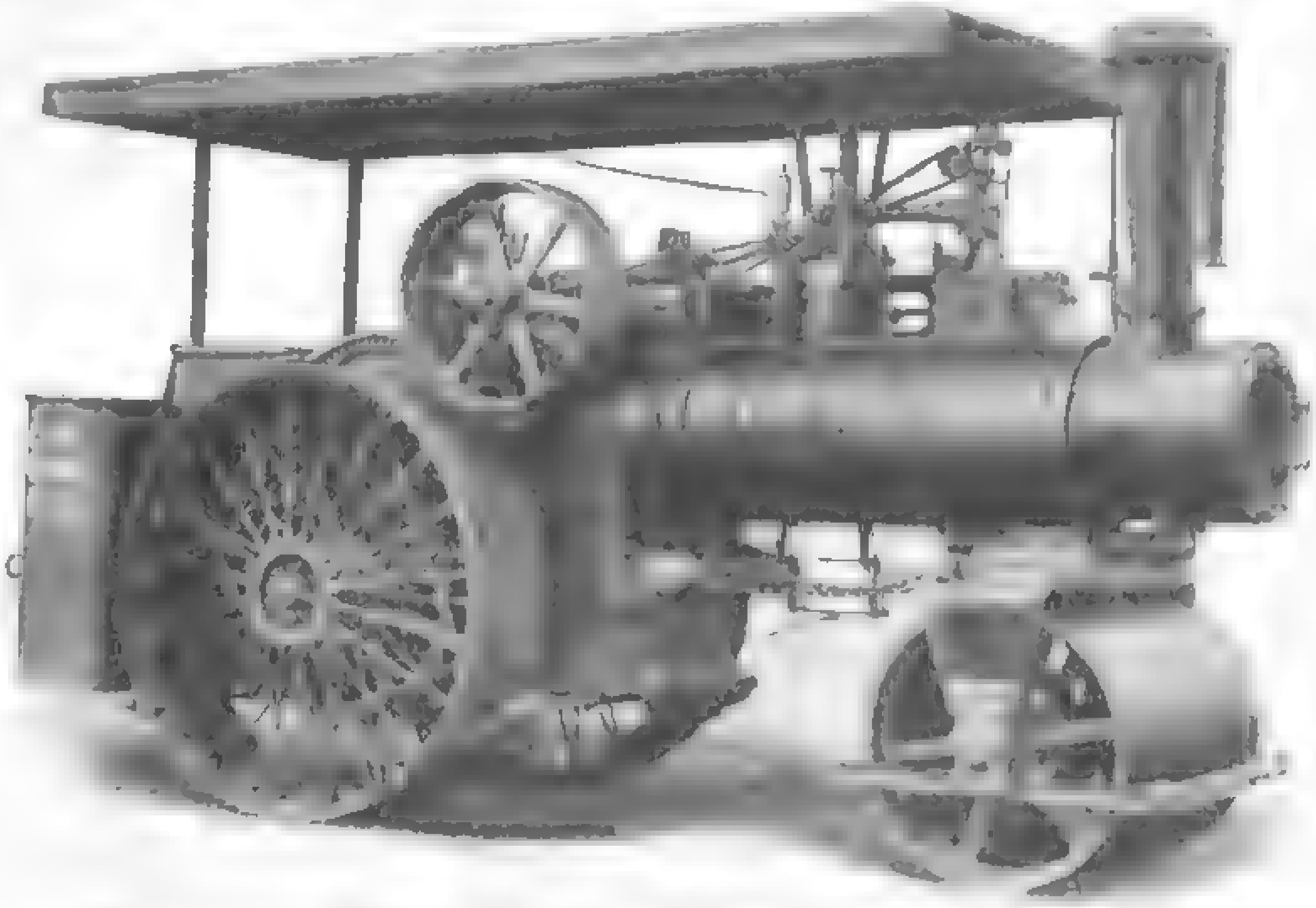

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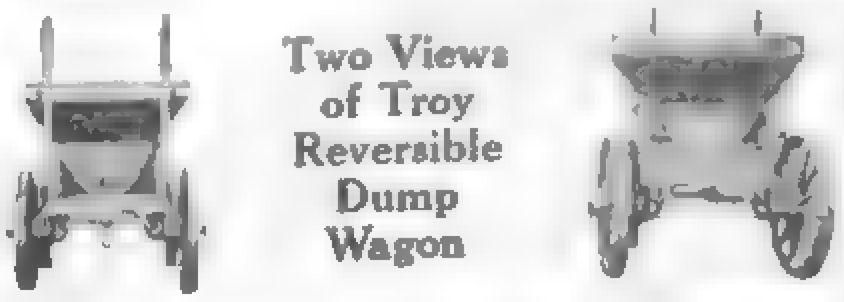
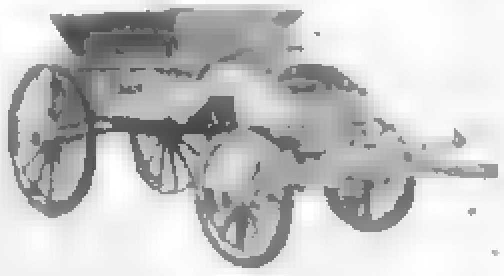


Two Views of Troy Reversible Dump Wagon

Municipal Troy Dump Wagon



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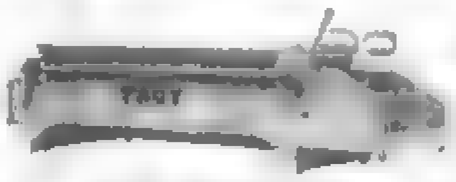

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Body for use on any wagon running-gear.

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Send your Road Roller Catalog, No. 25, your General Purpose Catalog, No. 30, your Troy Wagon Booklet, No. [illegible] *(cross out the ones not wanted)* to the [illegible] and credit him on your books with $5.00 to apply on the purchase at any time, of a Road Roller or Road Making Outfit.

Name and address of possible purchaser

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Only one coupon will be accepted to apply on the purchase of each Roller or Outfit

(Continued from Page 62)

did not pause to worry about how he was to gain over Stevens' consent, but he had an intuitive feeling that this was his only chance.

"Stevens," said he briskly, "there are five hundred shares left. I'll take half of it if you'll take the other half."

His brother Jack looked at him startled. Their total holdings, in that case, would mean a net investment of twenty-five thousand dollars cash. It was more money than they could spare from their other operations. It would cramp them tremendously, but Jack ventured no objection. He had seen Sam at the helm in decisive places too often to interfere with him, either by word or look. As a matter of fact, such a proceeding was not safe, anyhow.

"I don't mind," began Westlake, slowly fixing a beaming eye upon Sam, and crossing his hands ponderously upon his periphery; but before he could announce his benevolent intention Mr. Stevens, with what might almost have been considered a malevolent glance toward Mr. Westlake, spoke up:

"I'll accept your proposition," he said with a jerk of his beard as his jaws snapped.

"Thanks," said Sam, and shot Mr. Stevens a look of gratitude as he altered the subscription figures.

"Stop just a moment, Sam," put in Mr. Westlake. "How many shares of common stock does that give you in combination with your bonus?"

"Two thousand two hundred and fifty," said Sam.

"Oh!" said Mr. Westlake musingly; "not enough for control by two hundred and fifty-one shares; so you won't mind, since you haven't enough for control anyhow, if I take up that additional two hundred and fifty shares myself."

Sam once more paused and glanced over the subscription list. As it stood now, aside from Princeman there were two members, Stevens and Westlake, with whom, if he could get either one of them to do so, he could pool his common stock. If he allowed Westlake to take up this additional two hundred and fifty shares, Westlake was the only string to his bow.

"No, thanks," said Sam. "I prefer to keep them myself. It seems to me to be a very fair and equitable division just as it is."

In the end it stood just that way.

XV

AFTER the meeting, Jack took the first opportunity of a quiet talk with his brother.

"I don't like to worry you while you're resting, Sam," he began; "but I'll have to tell you that the Flatbush deal seems likely to drop through. It reaches a head tomorrow, you know."

Sam Turner grabbed for his watch.

"It can't drop through!" he vigorously declared. "I'll go right up there tonight and look after it."

"But you're on your vacation," protested Jack. "That's no way to rest."

"Vacation!" snorted Sam. "Of course I am. I'm not losing a minute of my vacation. The proper way to have a vacation is to do the thing you enjoy most. Don't you suppose I'll enjoy closing that Flatbush deal?"

"Certainly," admitted his brother; "and I'll enjoy seeing you do it. I know you can."

"Of course I can. But you're to stay here."

"It's not my turn for a vacation," protested Jack. "I haven't earned one yet."

"You're to work," explained Sam. "You see, Jack, in one week I can't become a bowling expert or a baseball pitcher enough to beat Princeman, nor a tennis expert or dancer enough to outshine Billy Westlake, nor a fancy horseback rider or croquet sharp enough to make a deuce out of Hollis. I wouldn't if I could. You can do all these things, and I want you to give this crowd of distinguished amateurs a showing up. Jack, if you ever worked for athletic honors in your life now is the time to do it; and in between times stick to Miss Stevens like glue. Monopolize her. Don't give these three or any other contenders any of her time. Keep her busy. Let me know every day what progress you're making; don't stop to write; wire! For remember, Jack, I'm going to marry her. I've got to."

"Well, then you'll marry her," Jack sagely concluded. "Does she know it yet?"

"I don't think she's quite sure of it," returned Sam, with thoughtful analysis. "Of course she's thought about it. Sometimes she thinks she won't, and sometimes she thinks she will, and sometimes she isn't quite sure whether she will or not. Don't you worry about that part, though, and don't bother to boost me. Just you take the shine out of these summer champions and leave the rest to your brother."

"Fine," agreed Jack. "Run right along and sell your papers, Sammy, and I'll wire you every time I put over a point."

Sam hunted up Miss Josephine.

"I'm sorry I have to take a run back to New York for two or three days," he said.

She bent upon him a glance of amusement; the old glance of mingled amusement and mischief.

"I thought you were on your vacation," she observed.

"And I am," he insisted. "I've been having a bully time, and I'll come back here to finish up the couple of days I have left."

"Then the ride that we were to have this morning, and which was postponed until tomorrow morning, will have to be put off again," she reminded him.

"By George, that's so!" he exclaimed. "In all the excitement it had quite slipped my mind."

"I presume you're going up on business," she slyly observed.

"Yes, I am," he admitted.

She laughed and gave him her hand.

"Well, I wish you good luck," she said. "I hope you make all the money in the world. But you won't forget us who are down here in the country dawdling away our time in useless amusements."

"Forget you!" he returned impetuously. "Never for a minute!" And he was in such deadly earnest about it that she hastily checked further speech, although she did not know why.

"Good!" she hurriedly exclaimed. "I'm glad you will bear us in mind while you're gone. Are you going to take your brother along?"

"No," he said with a smile. "I'm putting him in as my vacation substitute and I'll give him special instructions to call you up every morning for orders. You'll find him in perfect discipline. He'll do whatever you tell him."

Jack approaching just then, she took his arm quite comfortably.

"Your brother tells me that during his absence you are to be my chief aide and attaché," she advised that young man gayly; "that you'll fetch and carry and do what I tell you; and the first thing you must do is to call for me when you take Mr. Turner to the train."

It is glorious to part so pleasantly as that from people you have persistently in mind!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Ancient Manager

The Baseball Fan sat on a stone,
He could not choose but hear,
And then spake on that hopeful man—
The Bright-Eyed Manager.

"Although it's early, it would seem,"
The modest manager will say,
"We have the very finest team
The diamond's seen in many a day.
Yes, I am feeling pretty gay,
And you can take my little steer
That we will put 'em all away—
We ought to get the flag this year.

"Our staff of pitchers is supreme;
Our catcher is a veteran gray;
Our fielders are the very cream—
The finest in the U. S. A.
We'll take the lead in early May
And keep it till the end is here;
We'll get in front and there we'll stay—
We ought to get the flag this year.

"Yes, you can bet your last centime
The rest'll know there's been a fray
When we get through, and that's no dream.
Why, if you'd seen those fellows play
In practice you'd just yell 'Hooray!'
That pennant's on the chandelier—
The rest we simply overlay—
We ought to get the flag this year."

L'Envoi

Pin on thy premature bouquet,
O Prophet of the Leather Sphere,
We feel, what time we hope and pray,
We ought to get the flag this year.

—*Franklin P. Adams.*

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Every Victor Record is a new record—far better than ever before. New! Made by a new process from new materials and resulting in a new tone-quality.

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Victor Red Seal Records 10- and 12-inch $1, $1.50, $2, $3, $4, $5, $6, $7

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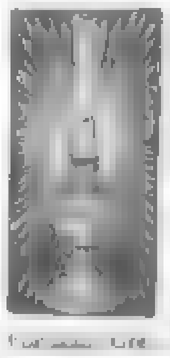
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The Ladies' Home Journal

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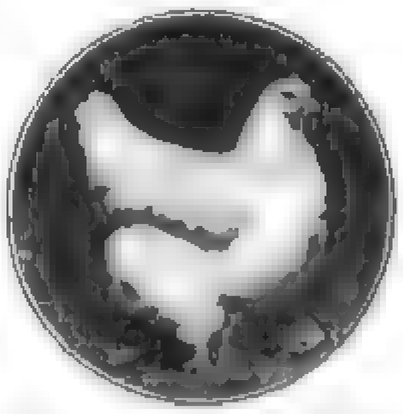

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Covers all branches necessary for Success with Poultry. It tells you what I have done. It was written from actual experience.

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HOW I made $3,600.00 in one season from thirty hens on a lot 24 x 40 by feeding them the scraps from my table three times a day. The test was made to show what can be done on a city lot as well as on a farm. I also furnish you the names of the parties who paid me over $2,000.00 for the eggs alone from these thirty hens, for reference, which is evidence undisputable. Remember this book is written by a man who has had the actual experience.

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HOW I raise ninety-eight chickens out of a hundred that I hatch.

HOW I took a flock of chickens and made them lay $68 worth of eggs per hen in ten months!

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HOW I raised the five chickens I sold to Madame Paderewski for $7,500.00.

HOW I feed my chickens for egg production.

HOW I keep my chickens healthy and free from sickness.

HOW I select a good laying hen from the poor layer.

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HOW I run my incubators and supply moisture.

HOW I raised my famous $10,000.00 hen "Peggy."

HOW I build my hen houses and plans for the same.

HOW I bred my big egg-laying strain.

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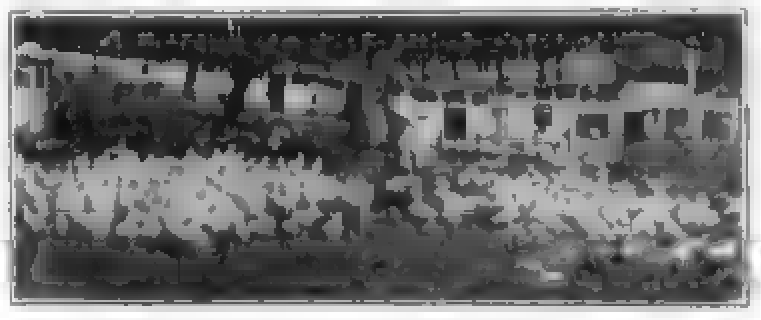
Remember, this book was written by a man who has sold the highest priced chickens in the world, who has sold $68.00 worth of eggs per hen from a flock of hens in one season, in fact, if you breed a chicken of any kind you know my reputation as a breeder. This is the [illegible] "secrets" to the breeder or to the public.



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Dear Sir: I recently [illegible] Crystal White Orpington Hen [illegible] that laid two hundred and sixty three (263) eggs in 272 days.

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Winchester, Kans.

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Yours truly, CHAS. FORSYTHE

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Respt. (Signed) L. R. HAYWARD.

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[illegible] 1st, 1909

MR. ERNEST KELLERSTRASS, Kansas City, Mo.

[illegible] I have already received more than my money's worth, and have only read about one third of the book.

Yours respectfully, (Signed) GEO. W. BENCKENSTEIN

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Dear Friend: The book at hand. [illegible] I never heard of such a thing. [illegible]

Yours truly, (Signed) H. M. GROVER

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ERNEST KELLERSTRASS, Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sir: Congratulations on the splendid showing you have made by selling $68.00 worth of eggs per hen [illegible]

G. M. CURTIS, Editor Reliable Poultry Journal, Quincy, Ill.

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ERNEST KELLERSTRASS. [illegible] Ave., Irvington, N. J., Nov. 8th, 1909.

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[illegible]

MR. E. KELLERSTRASS, Kansas City, Mo. Oct. 16th, 1909

Dear Sir: Received your book all right. Am well pleased with book, best dollar's worth I have ever received. Yours truly, (Signed) CHAS. P. GORTZ, Buffalo, N. Y.

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MR. ERNEST KELLERSTRASS, Kansas City, Mo. Springfield, Ill., Jan. 29th, 1910.

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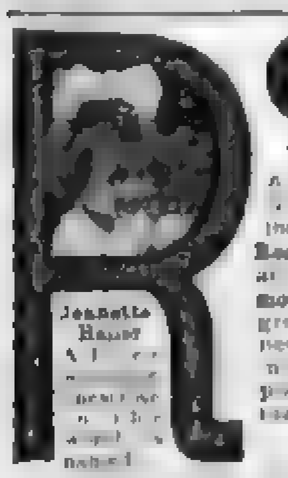

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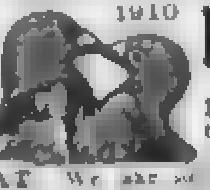

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WICKSTRUM, THE QUEEN INC. MAN, Box 77, Lincoln, Neb.

WITH LUCK AGIN HIM

(Continued from Page 15)

Lordee, Miss, I don't want to low-rate yo' chickens; dey's fine chickens, but you ought to see dem fat white 'uns what him and Calline raises." Gently, step by step, Ole Reliable led them from the fatal rosebush—just as a thrush feigns a broken wing and flaps away from its nest.

The sisters sat on the steps of the gardener's house and made their contract for the moving in of Oliver and Caroline: The house rent free, with light and wood and water; Oliver's wages twenty dollars a month and Caroline's ten. "It's so much better to have a business understanding," said Miss Savannah.

"Yas'm; dey needs a good home like dis."

Ole Reliable felt that his works were running down and the wheels needed another oiling; so he charmed the sisters back into the house and escaped long enough to hide the cane in the front hedge. Then he stood before them, hat in hand: "Now, Missy, I gotter be goin'. My ole 'ooman is so po'ly I hates to stay out late—I has a heap o' trouble tryin' to keep dat po' ole critter warm. Missy, couldn't you gimme a little whisky in a bottle?"

The sisters looked at each other. "Oliver and Calline, dey ——"

That decided the waverers; two souls with but a single thought, they went for the decanter. Ole Reliable followed into the pantry and hung upon their discussion as to the particular kind of bottle they should fill. Ole Reliable was not fastidious as to the shape of it, but he kept an eye on the size.

"This will do very nicely; that ought to last her a long time."

"Yas'm—she ain't hardly gwine to touch dis."

Miss Betsy rushed out of the room. "Wait a minute," she called back. Zack heard her enter the garret and went cold, thinking of that gold-headed cane. Miss Betsy came down with a quilt across her arm. Miss Savannah stopped her. "No, that's too good a quilt; we can use that ourselves ——"

Betsy asserted herself: "Charity does not consist in giving away what one does not need." She folded the quilt and laid it in Zack's arms. "This will keep your poor wife comfortable. We shall expect Oliver tomorrow morning."

"Yas'm; he'll come up here tonight ef you say so."

The sisters held a whispered consultation. "Yes," agreed Miss Betsy—"a dollar would be about right—send him away satisfied—Oliver and Caroline ——"

Miss Savannah opened her purse, searched and thought and searched again—one dime, a five-dollar bill—that was all. "Uncle Zack, I'm afraid we can't make the change." Then, seeing his disappointment: "But I'll send it to you at once—where do you live?"

Zack pointed down the hill. "You see dem two trees—jes' de tops—close togedder? Go straight down dis street into de bottom; soon as you pass de brickyard you'll git to dem two cottonwoods. Dat's my house, right dar."

"Of course," Miss Betsy volunteered; "we would know the place by Oliver's garden and the flowers and the white chickens."

Zack caught a quick breath. "No, Missy; don't pay so much 'tention to dat garden and flowers—keep yo' eye sot on dem big trees. Neber mind—I'll come back tomorrer for dat dollar." But he looked so mournful that Miss Savannah asked: "Have you no money?"

"No, ma'am," he answered simply. It had been a red-letter day for the Misses Trevelyan. They began it on a liberal-minded, if not a lavish, basis and Miss Savannah played the string to a finish. She thrust the five dollars into Zack's hand: "Get that changed—keep a dollar for yourself and hurry back."

If that bill had been a block of boiler iron it would have crumpled in Zack's hand. "Yas'm, yas'm, I'll come right back." At the rate he started he was due back in less than one minute.

The Trevelyans stood on the gallery with their arms about each other and watched him go. Half-way to the gate he began to slacken, debating whether it were more risky to get the gold-headed cane or

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LIQUID VENEER

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Lindsay Tungsten Gas Mantle

is the sensation of the gaslight world. Woven of a specially tough fiber, specially treated, the Lindsay Tungsten will long outlast any ordinary mantle. And it gives a light that, while stronger, is yet pleasanter to the eye than any other.

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We want to bring the Lindsay Tungsten Gas Mantle into universal use as soon as possible. So, for the lids from twelve Lindsay Tungsten Mantle boxes, and ten cents to cover packing and expressing, we will send you one of the beautiful Lindsay Lights illustrated. It is the famous Lindsay No. 5 Light—a beautiful creation of polished brass finish, with richly etched globe, and complete with Lindsay Tungsten Mantle.

Start saving the lids today—or better still, get a dozen mantles from any dealer and send for your first Lindsay Light at once.

Lindsay Gas Mantles fit any burner and are for sale by all good dealers

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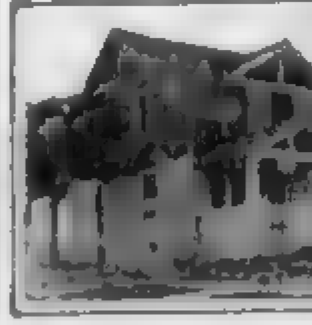
Don't fail to look for the name Lindsay and the lavender-colored mantle, or you may be misled by an imitation. Whenever you buy gas lights or gas mantles, look for Lindsay's name. (10)



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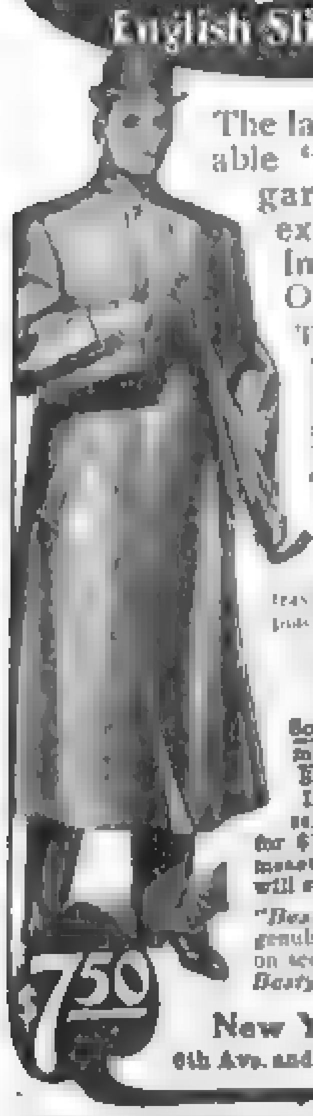

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Sold by most Clothiers and Department stores. Colors, tan and olive. Sizes 34 to 46 chest, length 51 in. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us express or money order for $7.50, state your weight, chest measure and color desired, and we will supply you direct.

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A Luxurious toilette necessity—cooling, refreshing and assuring a clear, refined, delicate summer complexion. It is prepared from purest materials, beautifying without injuring the skin. It is the complexion powder that keeps—the only one put up in a Wooden Box retaining all its delicate perfume until entirely used up.

Five Colors—Flesh, White, Brunette, Cream and Special Pink

50c—Everywhere—50c

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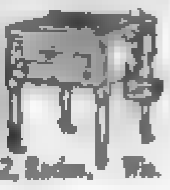


125-Egg Incubator and Brooder Freight Paid East of Rockies **Both for $10**

Hot water; double walls, copper tank—best construction. Guaranteed. Write a postal today for Free Catalog. Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 32, Racine, Wis.

leave it in the hedge for somebody else He glanced backward; their eyes followed him.

Zack carried a large stock of assorted expedients. He hurried out of the gate and turned down the street. A few steps farther he stumbled and dropped the quilt When Zack came up again he walked stiff-legged to the corner with the cane behind him, then struck a bee-line for home.

Two little sisters huddled on the steps planning Oliver's renaissance of their garden. In the midst of their dreaming one sweetly-solemn thought came to Miss Savannah: "But, Sister, he disappointed us before."

Miss Betsy's buoyant youth rejected her sister's unworthy suggestion. "Poor old man, he couldn't help it. If you had a sick wife and son-in-law, and no money in the house ——" But Miss Savannah was already ashamed.

They watched the sunshine fading from the hills until the far-away river took on its twilight illusion—a dim gray path reaching into the shadowy stretches of futurity.

"Oh, there he is!" Miss Betsy sprang up, for Ole Reliable hobbled toward them. There were troubled lines about his mouth.

"Here's de change, Missy," he said, and pocketed his own dollar. "I's got bad news—bad news. Oliver is tuk wid a misery dat makes him carry on scand'lous—all de time hollerin' fer Calline. Maybe he'll be able to git aroun' tomorrer; leastways, I'll come and tell you about it."

The morning morrowed and Ole Reliable did not show up; nor the next, nor the next. The sisters listened in vain for his shuffle upon the walk. Every time the gate clicked they ran out, and returned with an added disappointment. Then they began confiding fears to each other. From an apprehension they passed to a certainty of evil. "Oliver must be desperately ill; maybe the poor woman is dead."

The next day was the Sabbath, day of grace and tender deeds and human charity.

"I am going to see what's the matter," announced Miss Savannah—which meant that the two would go.

Mammy cleared away their tidy dinner. "Sister," suggested Miss Betsy, "I was thinking, if one of our friends were ill we would not go empty-handed, we ——"

She needed not to complete the sentence. Miss Savannah had already gone to the storeroom and got out a covered basket. Chicken broth, smothered chicken, rice, gelatin, various delicacies were put into the basket and covered with whitest napery. "Negroes notice these little things," remarked Miss Betsy with a smile.

Mammy choked on her disapproval, but said nothing: "Dem sho is hard-headed chillun."

When they were ready to leave Mammy put on her hat. "Lemme hab de basket. You can't tote dat through de streets on a Sunday."

Miss Savannah rebuked her gently: "Mammy, this is not like going to market—I shall carry the basket."

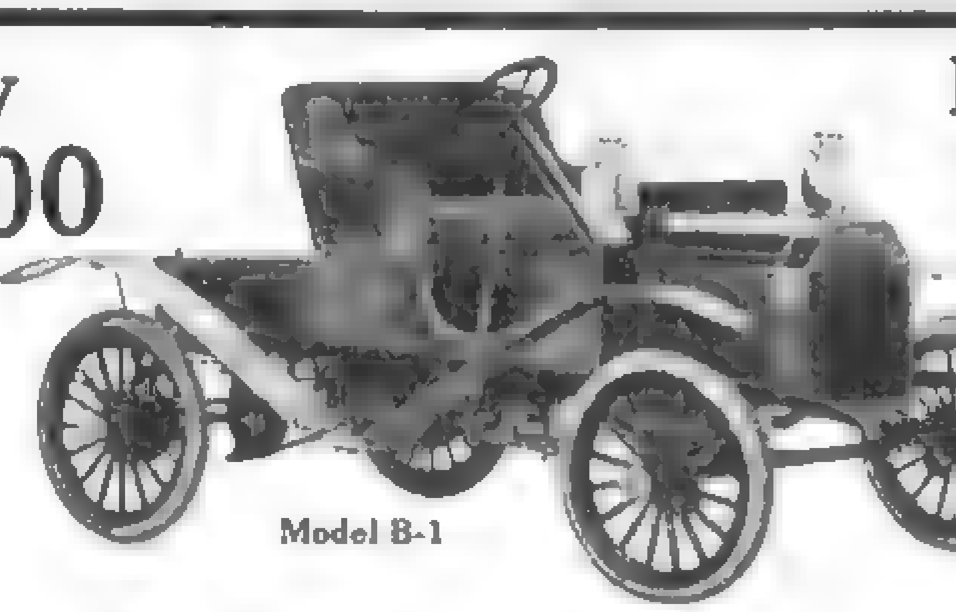
With serene and decorous steps they went down the hill as Ole Reliable had directed. They passed the brickyard; two tall cottonwoods rose straight ahead and there was no missing the house. It was Miss Savannah who first began to feel that there was something lacking in the landscape. She kept looking for Oliver's garden, the flowers, the clean white chickens. The two tall trees checked up with her mental list, but the garden-spot failed to tally. Weeds and cockle-burs grew where vegetables should have been. She stopped. "Sister, this cannot be the place." Miss Betsy looked puzzled; her eyes wandered and came back unsatisfied. Behind the two tall trees on the cabin gallery sat a negro woman—round-faced and generous-breasted—eating out of a pan. She couldn't be Caroline nor Zack's weakly wife.

"Oh," exclaimed Miss Betsy, pointing with a slim, gloved finger, "there's our quilt hanging in the window." Then she looked again at the woman. "Sister, that is Aunt Selina, Mrs. Ballard's cook; let us go in and ask her."

They passed through the gate, which, like a drunken man, clung with one hinge to the post. The woman rose and came to the edge of the gallery. "Well, I 'clar ef dar ain't Miss 'Vannah an' Miss Betsy—what's you doin' way down here?"

"Good-evening, Aunt Selina; do you know where Uncle Zack Foster lives?"

"Yas'm, he lives right here."



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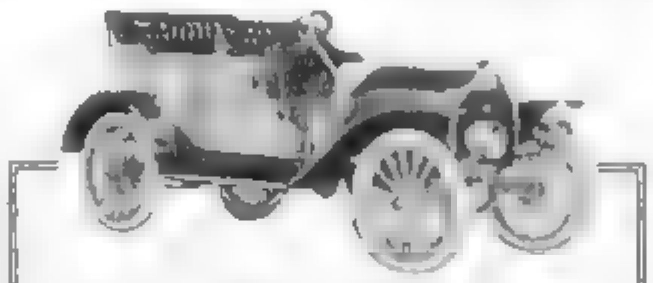

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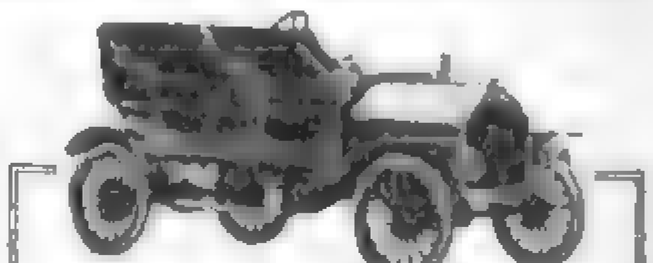

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$1,288.20 CLEAR PROFIT IN THE FIRST 60 DAYS

A young man working for about $18 per week installed four of our Box Ball Alleys with the above results. He purchased on our easy payment plan and his original investment was less than $[illegible].

A doctor realizing the great value of Box Ball for physical exercise, bought one alley and had it run by a young man, and his profit on one alley was over $500.00 for the first two months.

We want you to start this business in your town. Remember, Box Ball is no gambling device, but legitimate and thoroughly honorable. A high-class amusement and splendid physical exercise, and never fails to attract the patronage of the good people.

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The Corning Egg-Book is sold in combination with the Farm Journal, Philadelphia, Pa., and we have made arrangements to make this

SPECIAL OFFER:—For $1.00 (cash, money order or check) we will send postpaid the Corning Egg Book and the Farm Journal for two years, and American Poultry Advocate two years, all for $1.00 if order is sent at once to

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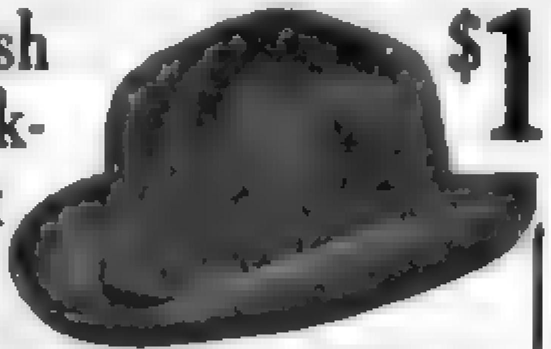

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FERRY'S SEEDS

Fifty years of study and experience make them reliable. For sale everywhere. Ferry's 1910 Seed Annual free on request.

D. M. FERRY & CO.
Detroit, Mich.

"Is his wife any better?" they demanded in one breath. "We brought some nourishment for her."

"His wife?" Selina gave a backward glance into the house, where Zack was peeping through the window. "Now, Miss 'Vannah, didn't you know I war Zack's wife?"

"You!" they exclaimed; "but you are not ill."

"Me—sick!" She burst into a laugh. "No, ma'am; I ain't never been sick a whole day in my life."

Dazed and bewildered the Misses Trevelyan set their basket on the gallery. "Oliver?—how is Oliver?"

Selina quit laughing and looked into the house. Zack shook his head vigorously.

"Oliver? He's dead."

"Dead? Dead?" They had come too late. Charity lagged on the way, while Death outstripped her.

"When did Oliver die? Poor, poor Caroline!"

It was Selina's turn to look bewildered. "Oliver? Lemme see. Oliver died de year o' de yaller fever—dat's been six years ago. Calline, she married dat same fall. We don't know whar Calline is at."

The sisters stood mute. Faith as strong as theirs is difficult to destroy. "You must be mistaken. Uncle Zack Foster came to our house on Thursday last and agreed that Oliver was to be our gardener and Caroline the cook. They were to begin the next morning. Is there any other Zack Foster in this neighborhood?"

"Now, Miss 'Vannah"—Selina laughed outright—"'twouldn't be no room in one neighborhood for two sech niggers as Zack. He come home dat night wid a quilt an' ——" She had almost mentioned the gold-headed cane, but Zack's luck had changed and the woman held her tongue. "Miss 'Vannah, is Zack done hired Oliver to you-all, an' him dead fer six years? Ain't dat de beatenest nigger trick? Zack! Zack!" She stepped within the house just as Zack squeezed through the back door.

The Trevelyans wheeled like indignant mocking-birds, marched out and forgot their basket. Selina followed them as far as the gate, apologizing that they ought not to blame her for Ole Reliable's business operations.

When Zack became assured that they were gone and nobody was looking he darted out of the house and snatched the basket. Selina strode up so wrathfully that the steps creaked. Zack backed into a corner with half a chicken in his hand.

"Zack, you's de out-lyinest nigger—hirin' Oliver an' Calline to dem ladies. You oughter be ——" Selina caught a whiff of mollifying odors from the basket. Zack saw that his luck had turned and boldly played the limit.

"Shut up, Seliny; don't come skull-draggin' wid me on er empty stummick. Miss Savannah she say, jesso: "Uncle Zack, you been so good to us I'm gwine to send you a basket - an' dar 'tis. Dat's what comes o' knowin' how to treat quality folks. Try some o' dat soup."

Selina took possession of the basket, lifted it to the table and sat with her mighty arms around it. Zack edged into a chair and moved up, inch by inch. Full of chicken broth and charity, Selina smiled as she asked: "Zack, how come you tole 'em all dat passel o' foolishness?"

"Lordy, chile, I war jes' runnin' on 'bout Oliver. When dey got deir heart sot on 'im I nacherly couldn't deny 'em nuthin'!"

Newspaper Etiquette

WHEN Grizzly Adams, who writes novels under the name of Frederic Upham Adams, was working on a newspaper in Chicago he went into a restaurant one night to get some supper. He had an evening paper with him.

After he had finished the paper he laid it down on the table and a little man, who was sitting on the other side, asked if he might see it.

Adams told him he might, and the little man read the paper. When his supper arrived he laid the paper down, and a big, rough-looking person, who had a third seat at the table, grabbed it. The little man was indignant, but afraid to say anything.

Adams saw what had happened. He reached over, grabbed the paper from the big man, thrust it into the hands of the little man, and then turning fiercely on the big man, said: "There, dodgast you; I'll teach you etiquette!"

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YOU will never know the reasons for Pompeian popularity—how clean you can be and look—how refreshed, healthy and wholesome in appearance—until you test Pompeian. Rub it on your moistened face, well into the pores; a few moments of massaging, and out comes the cream many shades darker than when applied. You are astonished—never suspected that so much dirt was in the skin, despite soap-and-water scrubbing.

Glance in your mirror—the old sallow "dead skin" appearance has gone, and in place is a skin with the freshness and smoothness of perfect health and youth.

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"Don't *envy* a good complexion; use Pompeian and *have* one." If you wish to try before you buy, send 6c in coin or stamps for a trial jar. Or read poster-calendar offer below, and send 16c for trial jar and a copy of "Pompeian Beauty."

Send for 1910 "Pompeian Beauty" Poster-Calendar

Our lavender-and-gold 1910 Poster-Calendar panel is 3 feet high and 7¼ inches wide. The small reproduction of "Pompeian Beauty," as shown on the right, gives but a faint idea of the exquisite detail of color and costume. No advertising matter is printed on front of panel—just the artist's name-plate as you see it in the small reproduction herewith. 1910 Calendar is printed on rear to permit of artistic framing, but the panel effect obviates the necessity of framing. A loop at top permits easy hanging. This "Pompeian Beauty" girl will be the Poster-Calendar sensation of 1910. The supply is limited—send for one early enough to avoid disappointment. Write now before you lay this magazine aside. Enclose 10c in coin or stamps. For 16c we will send a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream, the standard face cream, and "Pompeian Beauty," 3 feet high and in lavender and gold. You may order either or both.

Pompeian for Men

READ WHAT USERS SAY

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4. "Introduces you to your handsomer self." Mr. L. G., Buffalo, N. Y.
5. "A neck easer for the close shaver."—Mr. F. H. S., New York City

The above lines are a few of the many thousands entered in a recent contest for the best lines describing the merits and benefits of Pompeian Massage Cream. Get Pompeian to-day at your druggist's or have it used at your barber's. Look for "Pompeian" on the jar. There are countless cheap, injurious imitations on which the barber makes more money—at your expense.

Pompeian rubs in and rolls out, cleansing the pores as even soap and water can not. The dead-skin "old-man" look departs with it.

A TRIAL JAR sent for 6c in coin or stamps. Why not send 16c to-day for poster-calendar and trial jar? Read description above.

Sold by 50,000 dealers—used in 40,000 high-class barber shops.

Dealers Everywhere; 50c, 75c and $1

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 49 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio

See Poster-Calendar Offer

DELIVER THE MAIL RIDING A YALE

Scores of rural mail carriers have discarded the horse for the Yale motorcycle within the last year. They are finding the cost of upkeep far less than the maintenance of a horse; that they can cover their routes in less time and give better service. They find, too, that the Yale is ready to go at all times and over all roads.

6½ H. P. Twin cylinder $300 F. O. B. Toledo

YALE

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Ride a Yale—They Never Fail

This splendid machine has repeatedly proved its reliability and durability. It holds the world's record for [illegible] 1909 the average upkeep cost to owners was 29[illegible] per machine, a Yale motor ran [illegible] for 132 hours, without fan or other cooling device, and did not overheat. Long stroke motor, cylinder specially heat treated, silent muffler, easy to operate, comfortable to ride. Send to-day for the booklet "What Is Reliability?" and complete description of the two Yale models for 1910. Deliveries now being made.

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THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

The Choice of Champions and Best Rinks

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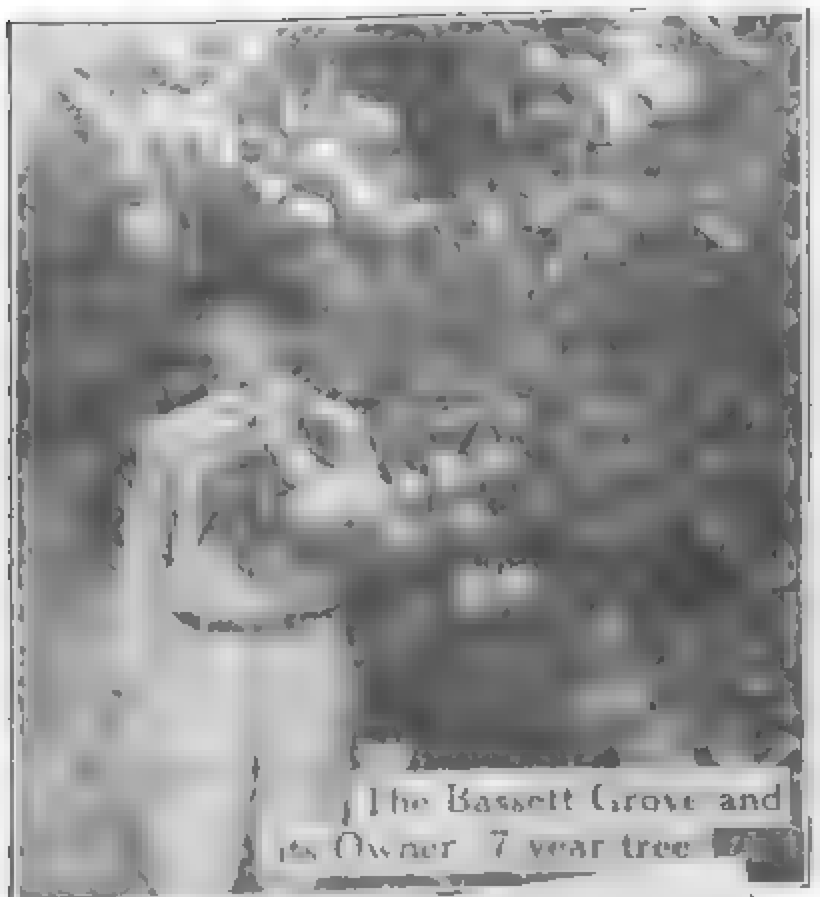
We Urge Conservative, Long-Headed People to Investigate this Land

At Largo is the best grape fruit section in all America. No one questions this. The profits in grape fruit growing are amazing. To any who have not investigated they are almost beyond belief. The most careful are urged to find out all about our grape fruit land. We have issued a handsome book, telling the facts. Send for it today. It is FREE.


The Bassett Grove and its Owner 7 year tree

Fruit Packing Sheds, Largo

Celery Farm
Southeast Largo

Street in Largo

Grape Fruit

Grow the Golden Grape Fruit

GRAPE-FRUIT growing presents the greatest *opportunity* in the country today—for persons of either large or small means—for the city man struggling to live on insufficient pay—for the farmer.

Five years ago less than one million grape fruit supplied this entire country. Last year more than *fifty million* grape fruit were consumed. Yet even these fifty million failed to meet the demand. It greatly exceeds the supply—and grape fruit increases in popularity daily.

We now offer you land at Largo, on the Pinellas Peninsula, Florida, as low as $20 an acre—at terms of only 25c a week per acre. No "deposit" is required. Your money back with 8% interest at any time within 30 days if you're not wholly satisfied.

Get Our Free Book About

LARGO

"America's Golden Grape Fruit Garden"

Between St. Petersburg and Belleair, Pinellas Peninsula, Florida

A Bond for Your Deed

The area where grape fruit can be grown is very small. Most of the choice fruit comes from this Pinellas Peninsula. Last year more than five hundred solid carloads of grape fruit and oranges were shipped from the town of Largo. The prices secured have made the growers independent.

Commission men do not get all the profit here. There are five buyers for every man's crop. They buy the fruit on the trees. All the picking, hauling and marketing they do themselves.

It is nothing unusual for grape fruit groves at Largo to yield $1,500 a year per acre clear profit. S. H. Coachman recently refused $27,000 for his 10-acre grove near Largo. If you secure an allotment in the tract we offer you will be a neighbor of Mr. Coachman. Yet your land need cost you only $20 an acre—on long time payments.

All about Largo are other groves, hugging the border-line of our tract. They are heavy with the golden fruit—golden in color, golden in commercial value. It is all the same soil—the same climate. Mr. Coachman's grove, for instance, before he set out his grape fruit trees, was such land as we offer you.

Oranges can be raised here, too. But there is more money in grape fruit. Yet it costs no more to bring a grape fruit grove to bearing than the commonest apple orchard. For making money—for huge percentage of profit on the investment—grape fruit is the *wonder of the day.*

25c a Week per Acre—No "Deposit" Money Back With 8% Interest if Dissatisfied

JOHN MAGEE, Sole Selling Agent

Pinellas Groves, Incorporated, 1129 1st National Bank Building, Chicago

JACKSONVILLE
ST AUGUSTINE
FLORIDA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
LARGO
GULF OF MEXICO
PALM BEACH

TRUCK FARMING, which can be done between the rows of young grape fruit trees for the first four years, pays big profits at Largo.

The average yearly yield of celery, in this very COUNTY, is shown by government reports to be $972.29 per acre,

On the same land in the same year a crop of lettuce can also be grown. The Florida Department of Agriculture shows the average returns from lettuce as $953 56 per acre. A return of $1,925 85 per acre in one year, when the two crops are grown based on these averages.

You can buy 10 acres on easy terms, live on the land, get your living from truck-farming and meanwhile develop a grape-fruit grove that should make you independent, if not rich

Or, if you can buy the land, stay at home and have it developed for you under contract. In four years you can move upon it. It should be producing a goodly income.

The climate, summer and winter, is ideal. It is summer resort country as well as winter resort. The highest temperature ever recorded for the Pinellas Peninsula is 96 degrees. The average summer temperature, computed from 25 years' observation, is 80 degrees.

The northern purchaser—who desires—can continue to operate a business in the north, spend only the late winter and spring at Largo and realize a capital profit on his grove. For grape fruit and oranges require practically no cultivation from July to January.

But send today for our FREE book. Read the Government reports, all the facts and figures and actual statements from men who have grown rich here.

We have only a limited number of acres of this land to offer now at these terms. So it's best for you to send for the book and investigate at once, so you can secure an early choice of ground. We allot the tracts to the applicants in the order they apply.

Send Coupon Today For Handsome Free Book

Pinellas Groves, Inc.
1129 First National Bank Bldg.
Chicago, Illinois

You may send me your large illustrated FREE book about Largo.

Name ....

Street and No ....

City .... State

D&M TRADE MARK

This trademark insures satisfaction

All D. & M. Athletic Goods are covered by

Our Iron-clad Guarantee:

Any defective article will be replaced if returned to us.

The D. & M. Official League Baseball

conforms to league specifications and is guaranteed to last a full 9-inning game without ripping or losing its shape. It sets a new standard for selection of materials and rigidness of inspection.

It was selected, after thorough competitive examination, by the U. S. Government for use by soldiers and sailors. It is used by scores of professional and amateur leagues, because they have found it more reliable than any other ball.

Ask your dealer for our Catalog and "Official Baseball Rules for 1910"—free. If he hasn't them, write us.

THE DRAPER & MAYNARD COMPANY
Dept. P, Plymouth, N. H.

THE EASIEST PROFITS

(Continued from Page 13)

per cent divided between blue and purple copying ribbons. So, instead of a possible two hundred different styles and colors of typewriter ribbons in stock, there were just three when the standardization was finished, and the outcome has given uniformity and dignity to the correspondence of a great corporation.

Carbon paper furnished another pretty study. This was being purchased like ribbons, each office getting its own supplies and having individual preferences. Prices ranged from one dollar to two dollars or more a hundred sheets. Very often Tillie, the stenographer, favored a certain brand or way of wrapping, and these cost the company as much as the paper itself. Laboratory tests were made to settle upon a satisfactory type of such material, and a kind costing seventy cents a hundred sheets became company standard. There were naturally complaints from some quarters when the purchasing department reduced all these supplies to dead uniformity, for standardization always looks like an invasion of the rights of the individual when it is first effected.

"That new carbon paper won't make as many copies as the kind I was using," protested Tillie.

"Well, use two sheets where you used one," directed the purchasing department. "You paid two dollars a box. We pay seventy cents. Use twice as much and we still save thirty per cent."

In getting employees to accept standard supplies the purchasing department adopted a device suggested by a stationery salesman who had long sold pencils to draftsmen and artists, handling a line made in this country. Customers had strong preference for an imported drawing pencil costing twice as much. Argument would not meet this prejudice. So this salesman took the wood off both his own and the foreign pencils and handed half a dozen naked leads to a customer, asking if he could tell which was which. Without the familiar trade-marks to guide him an artist or architect could not tell, nine times in ten. The purchasing department applied that trick, and after it had been worked a few times in connection with standard supplies people around the company's offices were afraid to have any preferences.

A Big Saving in Pencils

This company uses half a million pencils yearly, costing about six thousand dollars. Pencil-sharpening machines were installed to save time and pencils, yet it was found that stubs of about three and a half inches were being thrown away as too short to use. This is exactly half the pencil. So a couple of hundred dollars' worth of holders were distributed, making it possible to write with the stubs down to nearly an inch. That effects an economy of two thousand dollars yearly, or one thousand per cent return on the investment in pencil-holders.

Large savings have been brought about by reducing the number of printed forms employed in various departments, making it possible to get close prices on great quantities of stationery, envelopes, blanks, and the like. Pens and writing ink yielded good margins. A waste-basket census was taken in the main office one night to see what was being thrown out carelessly, and the waste in rubber bands in that office amounted to a hundred dollars yearly. The result of this careful standardization has been to save the company thirty thousand dollars yearly in office supplies, and at the same time the investment in such materials has been cut almost in two through simplification of forms.

This company is only one in hundreds with as large an office business, and these economies, it must be remembered, were effected in its mere accounting details and have no reference to manufacturing processes.

When it comes to standardizing mechanical things, like materials and processes, opportunities for saving profits are to be found all through our industrial system. Here, it is a little opportunity such as drawing up specifications for a certain kind of cotton cloth. There, it is something gigantic, such as determining standard measurements and nomenclature to be

"YANKEE" Automatic Drill No. 44

The only drill with adjustable tension spring

IN boring holes in wood you can work easier, faster and better with **No. 44**, than with any other drill, because **you can ADJUST the tension**, to suit hard or soft wood, large or small drills. And you can **save** undue breakage of drills!

Pushing on handle revolves drill, and handle is forced back by a spring. This spring is made [illegible] and the tension greater or less, by turning the cap on handle.

Another improvement of **No. 44** is the drill-magazine with open end up, same as chuck. Eight drill points, 1/16 to 11/64, in magazine.

Ask your dealer for "Yankee" Automatic Drill No. 44. Price, $1.75

Mechanics and house[illegible] are invited to write for "Yankee" Tool Book, illustrating and describing 66 kinds and sizes of "Yankee" Tools.

North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

"Visible" [illegible] other makes **sold or rented anywhere at ¼ to ½ mfrs.** [illegible] price. Shipped [illegible]

Typewriter Emporium, 92-94 Lake St., Chicago

When you want to enamel, paint, or finish in any way remember Acme Quality

THE ACME QUALITY KIND — PAINTS ENAMELS STAINS VARNISHES

That's the important thing—Acme Quality. Under this trade-mark you can obtain the finish needed, whatever surface you want to cover.

To make a bedroom pretty and dainty, your choice will be **Acme Quality Enamel (Neal's).** Select the color your fancy dictates. Apply it yourself—it's easy to do a good job with Acme Quality. Enamel the bed, the other furniture and the woodwork—then finish the floor with **Acme Quality Varno-Lac**—a stain and varnish combined—and you'll have a daintily and prettily finished room if there ever was one.

Of course you'll want to know about all the other

ACME QUALITY Paints and Finishes

You'll want to do over the whole house with them, outside and inside, and everything in and about it, and you'll find an Acme Quality Kind made for every purpose you have in mind.

Write For
The Acme Quality Guide Book

It's free. A complete manual of painting—tells what to use for each purpose and how it should be applied. Handsomely illustrated in colors.

Your dealer has Acme Quality Paints and Finishes and will give you color cards from which to choose. If not, write to

Acme White Lead and Color Works,
Dept. Q, Detroit, Mich.

I MADE $3,000 AND BUILT THIS HOME IN ONE YEAR MRS. J. LEE, OKLAHOMA

Selling Improved IDEAL Steam Cookers

I. C. Poling made $44 in 8 hours. Fastest, latest seller. W. T. [illegible] 148 in 4 weeks. Cooks meal for 6 to 16 on 1 burner, cooks tough meat tender. Saves half the fuel and labor. Holds 14 one-qt. jars in canning fruit. [illegible] **STATE AND DISTRICT MGRS. AND AGENTS WANTED** to sell [illegible] and 200 household articles. Write quick for new sales plan.

Toledo Cooker Co., Box 29, Toledo, O.

IRONING MADE EASY

Your bed and table linen, plain [illegible] per cent of family wash, can be ironed **Easier** no backache or tired feet, **Quicker** in ¼ the time, **Better** with finish far superior to hand work, by using the

SIMPLEX IRONER THE BEST IRONER

[illegible] per hour to heat by gas or gasoline. **Price within reach of all.** [illegible] booklet sent free on request. Write for our **30 Day Free Trial** offer and nearest dealer.

American Ironing Machine Co., B24 E. Lake St., Chicago

100 ENGRAVED WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS $7.00

Highest quality, including inside and outside envelopes. Express prepaid. Samples of die stamped stationery and engraved visiting or reception cards, etc., on request.
THE CHAS. H. ELLIOTT CO., 1636 Lehigh Avenue, Philada.

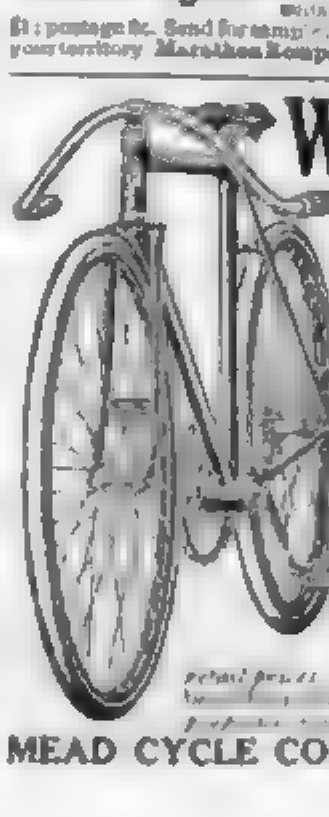
Ann Arbor Lighting System

The most up-to-date and complete lighting system on the market. Beautiful fixtures for the home. Attractive high candle power inverted [illegible] Best proposition for hustling agents. Write today for terms and territory. Catalog free.

SUPERIOR MFG. CO.
276 Second St., Ann Arbor Mich.

Women Agents (or Men) sell Marathon Rompers to every mother. Substantial, dressy play suits [illegible] Retail 50c, 75c, $1; postage 8c. Send for sample [illegible] your territory. **Marathon Romper Co. 131 Filbert St., Philadelphia.**

BIG MONEY selling our New Gold Letters for office windows, Store fronts and glass signs. Anyone can put them on. Samples and particulars FREE.
METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 424 No Clark, CHICAGO ILL.



WANTED—A RIDER AGENT IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a 1910 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. [illegible]

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. [illegible] **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL**, during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and [illegible]
DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and remarkable special offers to rider agents.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our [illegible] and study our superb [illegible] *derfully low prices* we can make you. We sell the highest grade bicycles [illegible] any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS**, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at [illegible] our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from $3 to $8 or $10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the usual retail prices.* **DO NOT WAIT**, but write today and we will send you free by return mail our **large catalogue**, [illegible] a great fund of interesting matter and useful information; also a *wonderful proposition* [illegible] bicycle going to your town. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. F-55 **CHICAGO, ILL.**

Fifteen Times Better

The National has fifteen special features that make it better than any other carpet sweeper.

You need to sweep with it to learn how perfect a sweeper can be. This will give you an idea: The National is "spill-proof," has "finger-touch" brush release; "Never-split" handle; brush of best Hankow Chinese bristles—little deft fingers that never fail to pick up every raveling, bit of string and speck of dirt. Roller Bearings make it run exceptionally easy.

NATIONAL
ROLLER BEARING
Carpet Sweeper

Ask Your
Dealer to
Show You

The National

Roller-Bearing Carpet Sweeper

See it at your dealer's—that's the best way. Anyhow, before you think of buying any other sweeper, send for our book—"How to Select a Carpet Sweeper." You'll get practical information out of it.

National Sweeper Co.

Dept. P-3, Newark, N. J., or Chicago, Illinois

Put in Dimes, Take out Dollars

What you **save** not what you **earn** makes you independent.

This Bank Clock $1.00 Down

Returns You $36.50 Each Year, if you keep it running by dropping in a dime each day. **Compels** you to save because it won't wind without a coin. A reliable time-piece in solid dull brass case—a beautiful ornament. You keep key and unlock at bottom. Teach your child to save. Clock may be wound with nickel or penny. Price $4.00, payable $1 down, $1 when it arrives, $1 in 30 days, $1 in 60 days. The Bank Clock collects its price. Grasp this opportunity today. **Simply enclose $1** bill with your letter and we will ship Bank Clock express prepaid.

American Bank Clock Specialty Co.,
6 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Live representatives wanted.

$2,000 TO $3,000 A YEAR IN VACUUM CLEANING BUSINESS

A steady, sure, permanent income of from $2,000 to $3,000 a year is easily and quickly established in cities from 5,000 up, with the Aero Vacuum Cleaning Power Wagon. Running expenses are small and profits remarkably big. Safer, more profitable than any other line of staple investment. Makes money from the day wagon arrives. $1,000 starts you. The Aero Power Wagons are standard—established by years of test. The apparatus of enough power to do effective commercial cleaning. Send for wagon catalog. Largest builders in the world of Built-into-the-house Vacuum Cleaning Systems. Send for "Stationary Plant" catalogue, stating kind and size of building.

American Air Cleaning Co.
990 Sycamore Street
Milwaukee, Wis.

Buy TOBACCO DIRECT From FACTORY Then you will learn to know the exquisite aroma of a pure, perfectly blended, clean and wholesome smoke.

French's Mixture The Aristocrat of Smoking Tobacco pleases instantly, and satisfies continuously. Fragrant, rich, mellow and never bites tongue. Not sold by dealers, but direct to smokers in perfect condition. **Send 10c silver or stamps for Large Sample Pouch and Booklet**

French Tobacco Co., Dept. K, Statesville, N.C.

The Game that Instructs

Plastic work develops latent inventive faculties. It furnishes enjoyment as a game or toy, but is really educational. It leads to handicrafts and the use of tools.

Harbutt's Plasticine

is sold everywhere. Complete outfits from 50c. up. "**Builder Box,**" boys' delight, "**Designer Box,**" girls' favorite, entertaining "**Add-a-Bit**" game, etc. Avoid unsatisfactory imitations by looking for the name "Harbutt." If not at your dealer's, send for illustrated booklet "S."

THE EMBOSSING CO., Albany, N. Y.
Manufacturers of "Toys that Teach."

MAKE MONEY WRITING

SHORT STORIES—1c. to 5c. a word. We sell stories, plays, and book **Manuscripts**, on commission; we criticise and revise them and tell you where to sell them. **Story-Writing** and **Journalism** taught by mail. Send for free booklet, "**Writing for Profit**"; tells how. **The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.**

We will mail this excellent imported electric **FLASH LIGHT** for 50c, money order, cash or stamps. Battery capacity 9000 flashes. Intense white light. Send 2c stamp for 128-page electrical-cyclopedia No. 7. Over 100 experiments. **Electro Importing Co.,** 82A W. Bway., N.Y.

used in electrical industry and science all over the world, a project now under way which, after an international conference or two, has got as far as debating universal terms for several of the major electrical units.

Opportunities exist everywhere. In almost any factory or mercantile establishment it is easy to figure out where money may be saved by uniformity. But figuring standards is one thing and putting them into practice another. If only arithmetic were needed everybody could standardize. The main factor, however, is the human equation—fitting the standards to live men and women.

Our paper mills make a million-odd tons of print paper yearly for newspaper publishers. It has been maintained that several dollars a ton might be taken off the price if paper men and publishers could agree upon definite standards. Each publisher buys paper of width, weight, color, quality and surface to suit himself, so that two hundred and eighty-five leading daily papers use paper of a hundred and sixty-five different widths alone. By adopting a standard of sixty-seven inches many publishers would need less paper than they use now, and would save money. Then paper manufacturers could run their mills all year round on this standard size, instead of making up miscellaneous sizes on order for different customers, and the cost would thus be reduced.

The arithmetic of this situation is simple. But making standards stick is much harder than figuring them out. For one thing, newspaper publishers consider it worth while to be a little different from their competitors. One great Eastern publisher sticks to eight-column pages where other journals in his city have seven, and has withstood one costly boycott of department stores who withdrew their advertising patronage to force him down to the same size pages as other newspapers.

Again, the paper manufacturers find selling advantages in dealing with the publishers individually, for where there is no uniformity in width, weight and other matters there can be little uniformity in price. If all mills turned out a staple sixty-seven-inch roll of paper the price would probably become more or less staple, too. But where the manufacturer can take his customer's individual measure for paper there is always a salesman's chance to lead him over into a dark corner and whisper a price that is to be kept sacredly confidential.

Some Points From Toronto

To bring about uniformity in such a situation involves the finest order of diplomatic work among interests that are indifferent, if not hostile. And the work of standardization inside one's own organization is often as difficult. Last summer a merchandise manager with one of the leading New York department stores went to Toronto for his vacation, and spent a day looking over the organization of a prominent mercantile establishment in that city, with a view to bringing home new ideas. Among other things he was much impressed with a uniform method of keeping track of goods purchased and in stock. Each article of merchandise in its dozens of departments was tabulated in a way that showed just what was on hand, what had been bought for future delivery, and the position of each department buyer with reference to his investment in goods, the rate at which he was moving stock, the margin of capital he had for purchasing, and so forth.

"By George, I like that!" said the New York manager. "Will you let me have a set of those forms and an outline of the way it works? We can copy that system bodily."

"Why, your house originated it!" replied the Toronto men in surprise. "Our merchandise man brought it home from your place three years ago."

When the New York manager investigated he learned that this was true. An expert in his own house had laid out the plan just as it was being followed in Toronto. But putting it in operation involved much detail work and the overcoming of buyers' prejudices. The New Yorkers had never put the scheme into practical operation. The Canadians had.

Uniformity of methods is as important in standardization as uniformity of materials. For if the best thing is profitable when found and stuck to, so is the best way.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Collins on business economics.

When You Refurnish Your Home—Select Globe-Wernicke Bookcases

You can get far more pleasure and satisfaction from your books when they are neatly housed and instantly accessible.

Globe-Wernicke Bookcases afford the ideal place for preserving the Winter's accumulation of literature—lending charm and refinement to any room, without obstructing light or encroaching upon needed floor space.

Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases

are moderate in price—unique in construction—correct in style—elegant in finish—and are ready for immediate delivery.

The **Globe-Wernicke** trade-mark is your guarantee of quality—your protection against inferiority—your assurance of being able to obtain duplicates at any future time. ***Uniform prices*** and ***freight prepaid everywhere.***

Mail This Coupon To-day for New Catalogue ☛

showing artistic suggestions for home libraries, studies and dens—also to secure Lists of the "World's Best Books" as selected by the foremost literary authorities, and classified for quick reference. Both cheerfully delivered to you upon request, with our compliments.

The Globe-Wernicke Co., Cincinnati, U.S.A.

Branch Stores: New York, 380-382 Broadway. Chicago, 224-228 Wabash Ave. Boston, 91-93 Federal St.

The Globe-Wernicke Co. Dept. D, Cincinnati, U. S. A.
Mail to address below lists of "The World's Best Books" and your new illustrated catalog of Globe-Wernicke Bookcases.
Name............
Address............
Town............
State............

Some Inside Facts About the Enger 40 That the Prospective Automobile Buyer Ought to Know

By H. C. George

The reader may or may not know *that there are two* distinct methods of building an automobile.

One is to construct it without reference to any other car—the sole aim being to build according to certain *price* (rather than high-efficiency) specifications. This is an extremely *simple* method. It sometimes produces a car that is worth what is asked for it. It *always* produces an "automobile." The other method is to build *according to a definite pattern*—to model after a selected car of known *merit*. This method is by no means an easy one, as it involves securing only the highest grade of material—some of which is not used *at all* in cars of no *required standard of merit*.

As to which of these methods will come nearest to producing the kind of a car *you* would like to own nothing need be said.

The writer of this advertisement was impressed with the marked advantage of the *reproduction* method of building during an investigation of the Enger 40.

Here is a car selling for only $2000, *fully equipped* (including top, glass front, speedometer, full set lamps, magneto, etc.—*everything you would expect to buy*), that has the size, the wheel base, the lines, the power, and those miscellaneous advantages that one *expects* in "cars for the rich," but not in cars at two thousand dollars.

Cars of this Enger kind do not "happen"—they are invariably *reproductions*.

Mr. Enger (who is a manufacturer of unlimited means) gave me this explanation of his method in building his 40.

"For several years I have owned a car that is known the world over as being one of the five best cars manufactured—either American or Foreign. The car is as fine a piece of mechanism as it is possible to build when no thought of cost is considered.

"Two years ago it occurred to me that if it were possible—at a nominal cost—to duplicate my car minus the *luxuries that are wholly unnecessary*, the car would meet an immense demand from those who want the *vital working parts* of the *best* cars, but who are willing to sacrifice the luxurious and costly extras.

"The Enger 40 is the result."

This statement explains many of the features of the Enger car and is the best possible guarantee of its high quality.

It explains the *size* of the car;
It explains its *style;*
It explains its rich *upholstering;*
It explains its *easy-riding* quality;
It explains the *quietness* and *power* of the engine;
And it explains the *exceptional finish* that is readily noticeable to a trained eye.

This car is obviously intended for those looking for genuine quality and refinement—

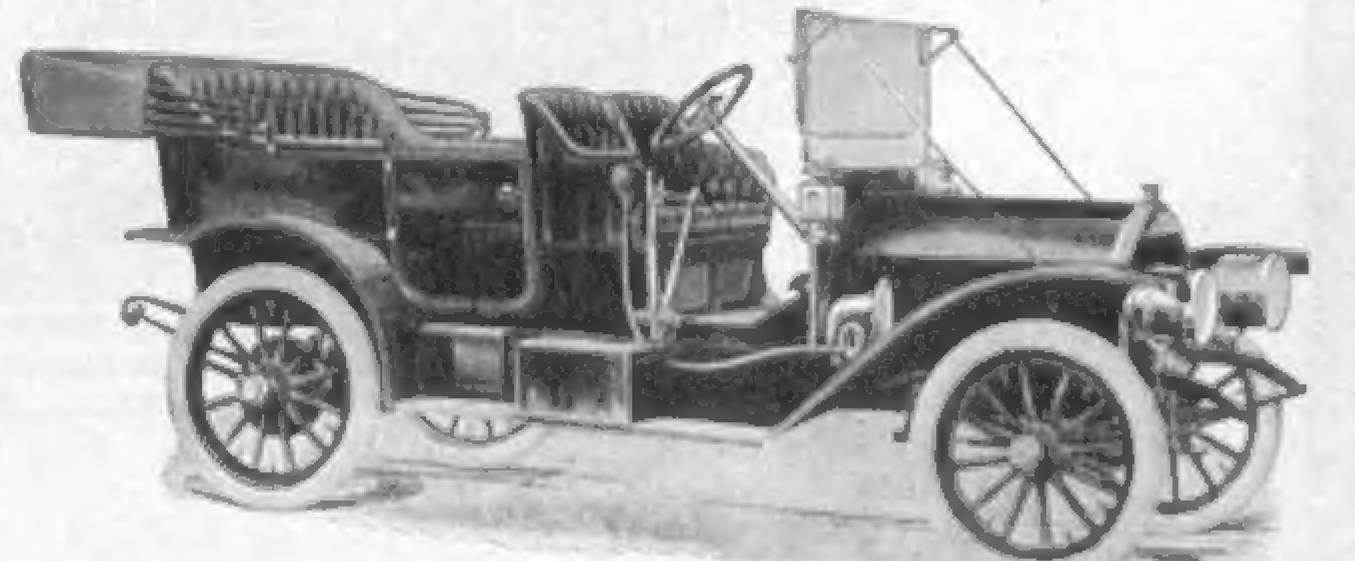
For those who would *much prefer* to pay $4000 or $5000 but who are not ready to do so, and who want the *nearest possible approach*, at moderate cost, to cars selling at these prices.

In order that you, as a prospective automobile buyer, may get a more definite idea of this built-to-model car, and know *why* you ought to buy it in preference to other makes, I am preparing a pamphlet entitled "Seven reasons why you should buy an Enger 40." (Ask for "pamphlet A" for short.) This pamphlet goes into detail about the car and tells you *what you want to know*.

It gives illustrations of the working parts of the car, as well as detailed specifications.

You ought to get a copy of it *no matter what car you buy*.

Drop the Company a line (a postal will do) while you have it on your mind. Address



"Just Get Oil and Gasoline—and Start"

ENGER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Summer and Gest Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio

Abbott-Detroit

The Car With A Pedigree

THE task this company set for itself was to give the utmost permanent value in a motor car that could be produced for $1500. Not the largest-looking car, but a car that would represent tried and proven mechanical principles, developed and refined, both in design and materials, to a point hitherto seen only in what are known as "high-priced" cars.

Naturally this was not a task for any but the most experienced men—men whose knowledge of automobile construction has been gained in the school of long service, and proven in the success of their past productions.

It is Important to Know Who Builds Your Car

It means a great deal to you, if you are considering the purchase of a car for the coming season, to know the men who stand behind your car—who they are, and what they have done in this big industry.

To design the car we saw the public wanted—a car that would not only meet the demands of this season, but of many seasons to come—we selected the best designer we could find in America. Mr. John G. Utz, designer of the popular Chalmers "30," and formerly head of the Engineering Department of Autocar Co., and before that with the Olds Motor Works.

Mr. Utz has been right in the heart of the livest part of the industry. He had his part in the experimental steps made in the early days of motor car construction and has achieved some of the most notable successes a designer can achieve.

As superintendent of construction, we secured Mr. John B. Phillips, who held a similar position with the Chalmers Detroit Motor Co. and before that was prominently connected with the construction department of the Ford Motor Co. and the Olds Motor Works.

Mr. A. T. O'Connor, in charge of sales, was formerly Asst. Salesmanager of the Packard Motor Co. and Manager of their New York Branch. Mr. O'Connor's experience has taught him the importance of perfect factory organization and rigid adherence to delivery dates, and in this respect he will serve the purchasers of the Abbott-Detroit as faithfully as the more important branches of design and construction.

THE FACTS 4
About the Abbott-Detroit
"BOILED DOWN"

The Motor—The four-cylinder motor is cast in pairs, and by very conservative rating delivers over 25.6 horsepower. Size of cylinders, 4 x 4½ in. Compression 54 pounds. Inlet and exhaust valve openings, 2½ in. Crankshaft supported by three large plain bearings, die cast. Connecting rod bearing of Parson's white bronze, of generous size. Fan blades in fly-wheel.

Transmission—Sliding gear, three speeds forward and reverse. Annular ball bearings. F. & S. clutch, multiple disc.

Front Axle—Drop forge, one-piece I beam. Timken bearings.

Rear Axle—Special new design, full floating type. Nickel steel drive shafts, F. & S. bearings.

Lubrication—Constant level splash; sight feed on dash.

Control—One pedal, clutch and brake.

Driveshaft—Two Spicer universal joints. Tubular one-piece torque arm.

Wheelbase—110 inches.

Equipment—Splitdorf dual magneto. Squareside light, combination oil and electric. Six-inch headlights, equipped with silver parabolic reflectors and powerful Tungsten bulbs. 120-ampere hour lighting battery, specially suited for purpose. Horn, tool kit, pump and jack. Diamond tires. Q. D., 34 x 3½ in.

Weight—About 2,100 pounds empty.

The Car Luxurious

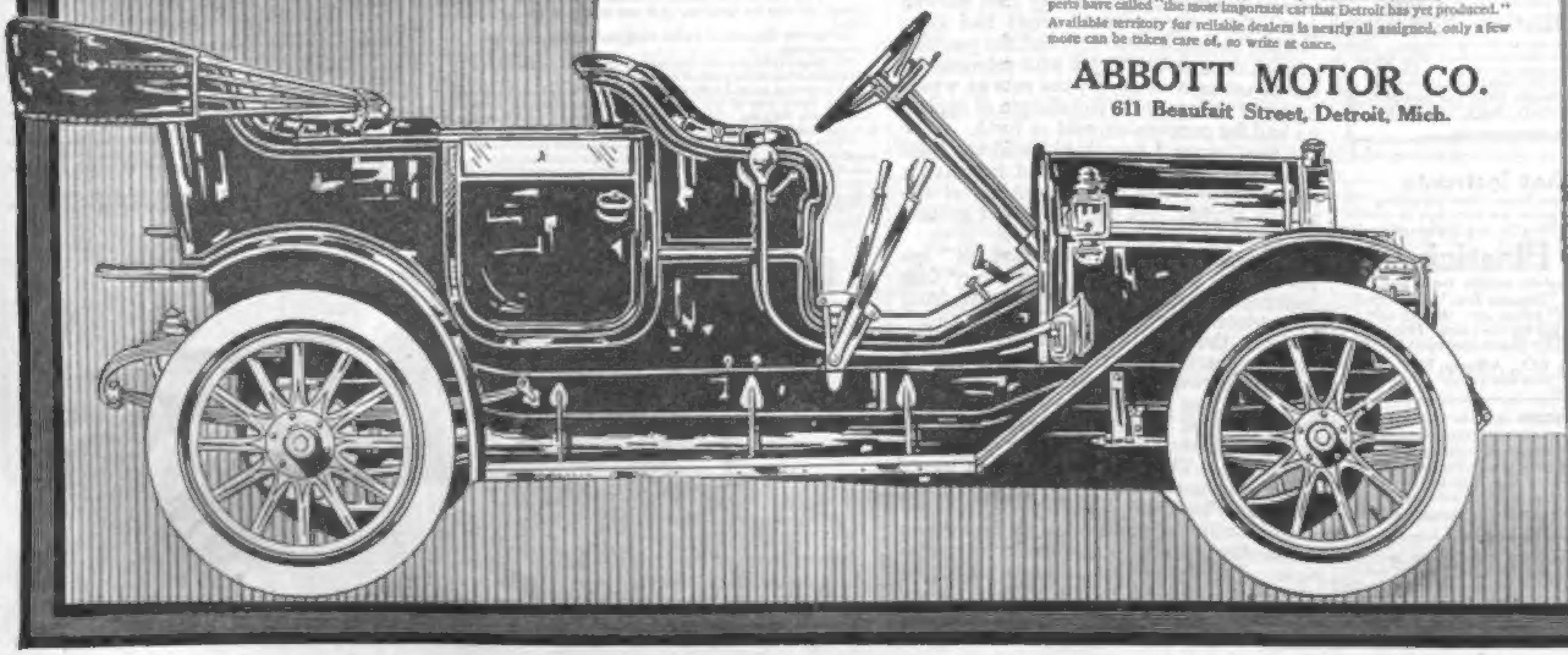
Hitherto purchasers of medium-priced cars have been content with rather cheaply made cars—good enough for the money, it may be, but certainly not representing the highest perfection of design, construction and finish.

The Abbott idea is refinement in every part. This policy is apparent in the perfect working out of details in design, in the selection of materials, in the balance of materials against weight, and finally, in the luxurious design of the body, its finish and equipment.

Have a mechanical friend read over with you the adjoining table of specifications. Write us today for the name of our nearest representative. It is really your duty to give every attention to this car, which experts have called "the most important car that Detroit has yet produced." Available territory for reliable dealers is nearly all assigned, only a few more can be taken care of, so write at once.

$1500
Fully Equipped

ABBOTT MOTOR CO.
611 Beaufait Street, Detroit, Mich.

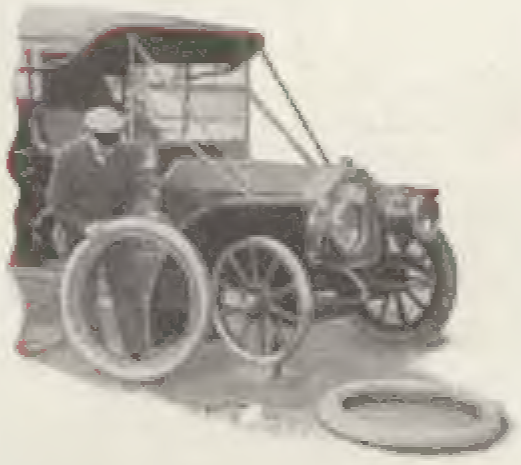


Ask Your Intelligence

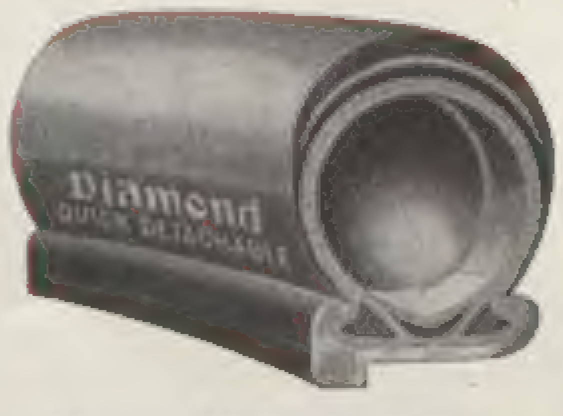
WHY

Diamond TIRES

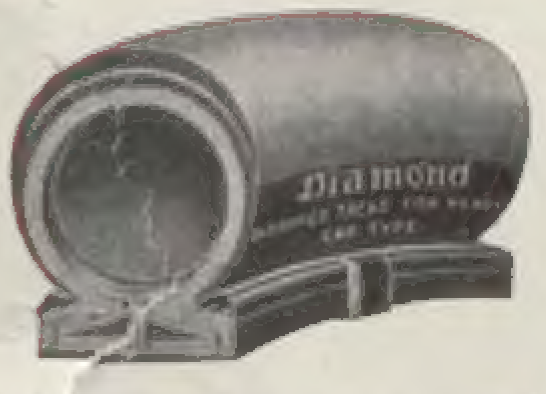
Users Know—Do You?



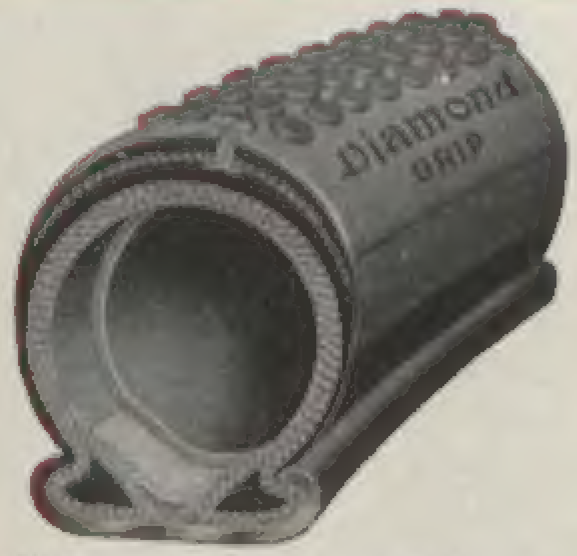
Diamond Demountable Rims
Quick Detachable or Clincher
The "Already Inflated" Kind



Diamond Wrapped Tread
Quick Detachable Tire
on Marsh Rim



Diamond "Bolted On" or Fisk
Type. Diamond Construction
All Through. For Fisk Regular and Demountable Rims



Diamond Grip Anti-Skidding
Tires. For three years the
most efficient and durable

An Immense Amount of Absolutely Misleading Publicity, Word-Juggling and Misinformation Has Been and Is Being Put Before You All.

YOU are considering your tire equipment for this year. You are basing your judgment on all kinds of information. Remember, if your premises are wrong your conclusions will inevitably be costly.

TAKE CAR MANUFACTURERS' CONTRACTS, for instance. Some tire concerns would have you believe that nearly all the well-known automobile makers had contracted to make their tires regular equipment. They have done nothing of the kind. Tire contracts of such a nature are not written. There was never a year when tire contracts meant less, anyway. Most of them were made only as protection on prices.

STILL OTHER TIRE FACTORIES endeavor to force the impression that certain conspicuously large automobile manufacturers approve the use of their makes of tires only, or place them above all others, at least. Which are not the facts.

WHY! AS TO CONTRACTS WITH THE AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS, there is not one tire factory which has as many of them for 1910 as The Diamond Rubber Co.—because, being the standard tire, every builder of high grade cars must have many of them. Again, there is not one tire manufacturer whose aggregate of contracts calls for as many tires within 30 per cent as do the contracts for Diamond Tires. There is not one whose aggregate business volume, as represented by tire contracts, comes within 50 per cent of the Diamond volume as similarly represented.

THREE TIMES AS MUCH IN TIRE BUSINESS, as represented by contracts, could have been written by The Diamond Rubber Co. had price concessions been made which we refused to make, and which we knew to be absolutely incompatible with the maintaining of quality. We shall always keep Diamond the standard of all tires.

BUT WHAT DOES IT SIGNIFY?—The leading automobile manufacturers contract for a maximum or minimum of tires of such makes as they are willing to furnish on the specifications of their agents or of individual purchasers. Nothing else to it. They all recognize Diamond as the standard high grade tire.

AND THERE IS NOT ONE manufacturer of automobiles who does not supply Diamond Tires when desired, excepting only those with whom the price, and **price only**, is the basis of refusing. Any of them would put on Diamond Tires, if desired, if **prices were equal.** And mark this—It is for **you** to

CONSIDER WHETHER ANY CAR MANUFACTURER has the right to sell to you or any purchaser of his product a **pre-created** liability in shape of excessive cost for tire maintenance—a liability felt only by the purchaser, for the car manufacturer says when the trouble comes, as **inevitably it does with cheap equipment**—"We didn't make the tires."

WHAT DOES COUNT? WHAT IS WORTH WHILE TO YOU?—Nothing whatever that does not trace straight back to merit and merit alone. We can say to you that Diamond Tires—casings and tubes—are developed for 1910 to a degree of tough, strong, wear and shock-resisting excellence greater than ever before attained. So much for the coming year. Some fifteen thousand sets now in use confirm this statement. As to the past—

THE ONLY UPKEEP CONTEST and the **only** official tire tests ever made in the world were all won by Diamond Tires, "hands down."

IN EVERY SORT OF CONTEST, from shows to races, where tires have been chosen on merit and not on account of special inducements, Diamond Tires have had for **ten years past, and have to-day,** a wide lead.

ON MILEAGE COST the victories of Diamond Tires have been conspicuous in every kind of endurance run, from the Glidden Tour, each year, to the individual motorist's experiences.

TAKE COUNSEL WITH YOUR INTELLIGENCE—Don't be misled or misinformed by extravagant claims and sensational announcements. Look up the record.

BE INFLUENCED BY NOTHING in which experience does not verify the argument. As to the merit of Diamond Tires—the **pioneer** motor tires of America—

Users Know

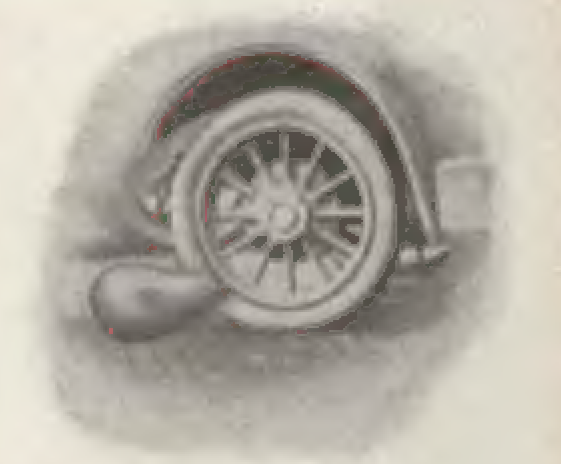
Valuable Literature Regarding Tires of all Types on Request

P. S. Whatever make of pneumatic tires you use remember that to pump them up hard is the surest guide to the best service they are capable of giving

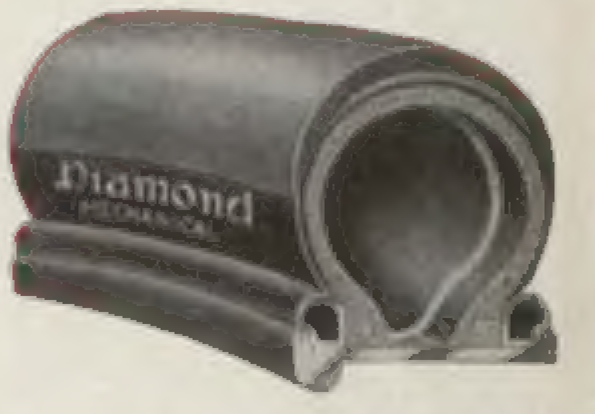
The Diamond Rubber Co.

Akron, Ohio

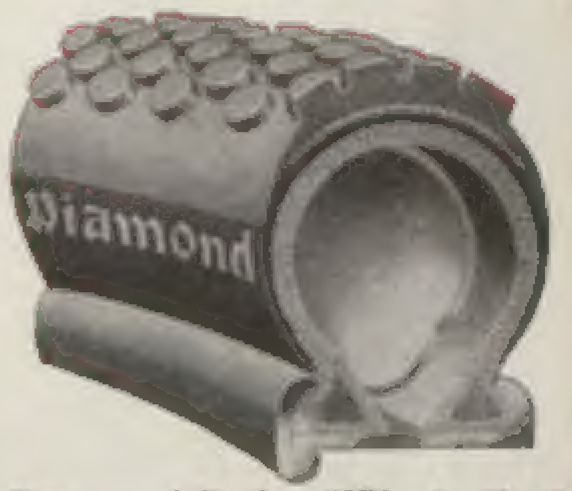
Direct Distributing Establishments in Principal Cities



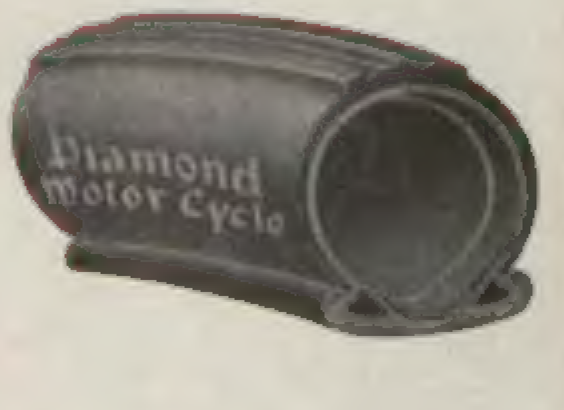
STRONG!
Diamond Inner Tubes
The illustration explains the experience of N. F. Braham, of Burlingham, Cal.
The tube did not burst



Diamond Mechanical (Dunlop
Type) Tires. Exclusive
Diamond Quality



Diamond Bailey "Won't Slip"
Tread. Good for rear wheels
the year 'round



Diamond Motor Cycle Tires—
more service, more
mileage

A WOMAN'S ANSWER
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
WASHBURN'S
TRADE MARK
Gold
MEDAL
FLOUR
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR
Every Day-The Grocers Say
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